

AKWESASNE NEWS

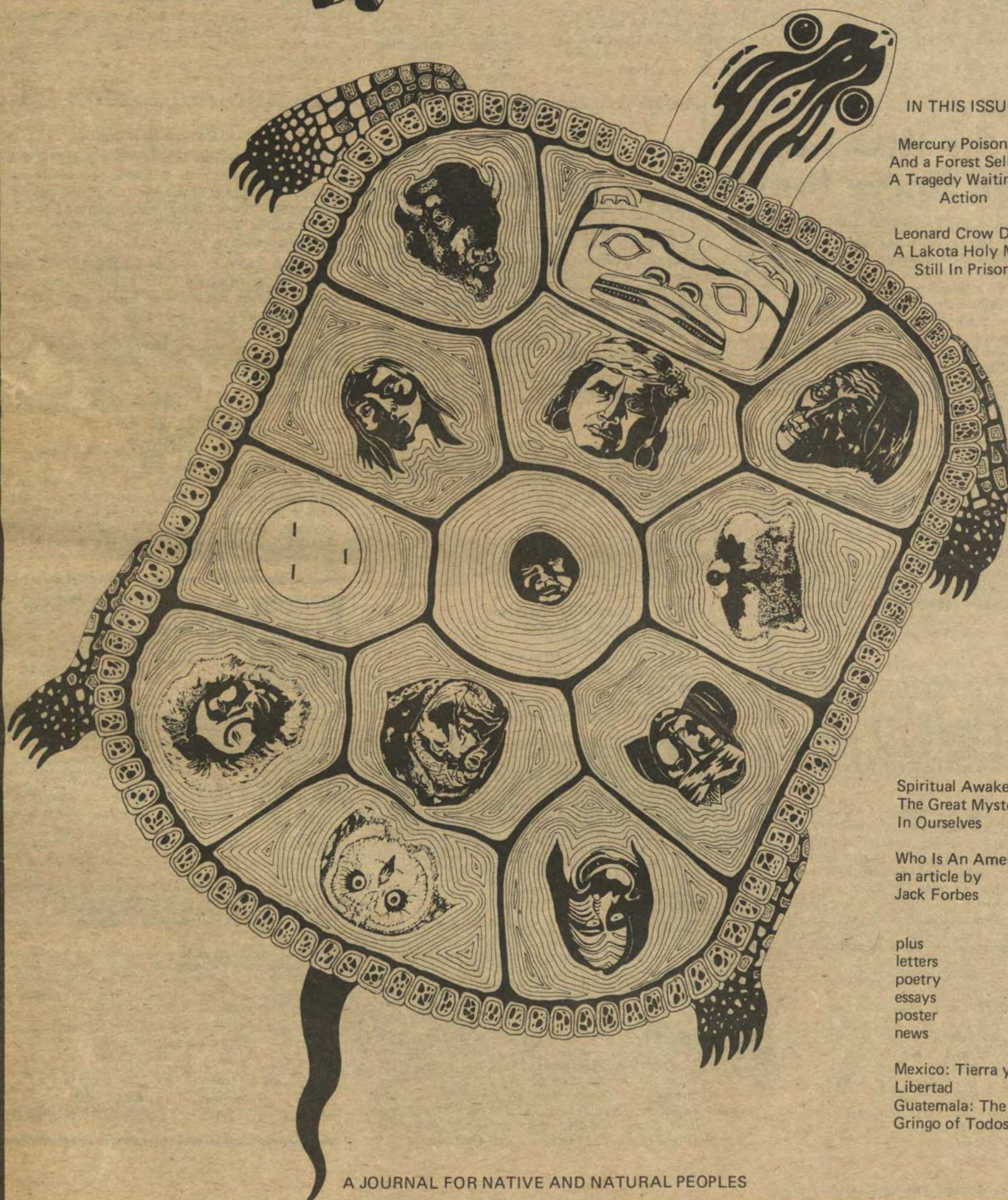
Volume 8, Number 5

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WHERE THE PARTRIDGE DREAMS



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A JOURNAL FOR NATIVE AND NATURAL PEOPLES

HOW IT IS WITH US



"I must be a mushroom — they keep me in the dark and feed me manure." Funny thing to hear around an office which publishes this kind of newspaper. Yet it is one of the seeming contradictions around which we work. From our scattered camps and different work, we don't always know what is happening among ourselves nearly as well as we may know what is happening remotely.

You might catch us wondering about natural ways of living while digging our gas-guzzling pickups out of the snow so we can go for the bags of mail. Or wonder how we can print words of those who tell about the power of one-mindedness and of the ceremonies that focus our consciousness when we don't often have time to meet together to practice these things about which we write.

We don't understand all these twists in the order of things. We're not even sure these are really contradictions. We have come from different places to work on AKWESASNE NOTES. We are bound into a haphazard community where there are no lines between work, home, and play life. We juggle the endless things to be done, hoping to keep some in the air long enough to handle others. Personal problems are like sore thumbs which tempt us to drop everything, or which sometimes force us to drop everything.

What makes us a community is simply this: we spend time together. We work, eat, laugh together. We respond to the same pressures, and inadvertently sometimes, we take care of each other. Our visions intertwine. What makes us haphazard is that we don't have time to work much at being a community, and, in fact, not all of us are here for that purpose.

Some of the pressures are from standards we set for ourselves, like cutting our own wood. There are pressures as we try to live up to the ideals and expectations of the Mohawk Longhouse at Akwesasne, plus our elders and native people throughout this land, plus the pressures of the work we do on behalf of the unborn generations, angry young people who feel cheated, readers expecting information to support their struggles or inspiration to guide their changes in lifestyles or to counter the destruction of the Earth.

This winter, we have responded to a stream of visitors. Some come simply to help. Others come to help and teach or to help and learn — and they do help. Some are disappointed because we aren't pure enough, while others urge us to stop being ascetic and get running water, electricity, and more telephones. We would become paralyzed if we took seriously all the advice we receive.

Counteracting the pressures, we have supports from many places. Good strong thoughts from many people. We live in the mountains where the Earth is whole, apart from the complications and excesses of cities. We catch a glimpse of how the Creation intended this planet — uncut, unsifted, unbleached, sometimes a glimpse of how human beings are supposed to live. We hear from and speak to many who are appreciative of our existence and whose work we support. We are guided by the wisdom of the Mohawk Nation, and other nations of natural peoples all over the land.

We are growing. If the support dwindles, we will know it is time to die. Until then, we know that we've got a lot of work to do in our own lives and to communicate in the movement to return harmonious living to this land and life in the Creation.

That's how it is with us mushrooms. We'd like to know how it is with you.

— Emmy

Will We Miss You When You're Gone?

THINKING ABOUT MOVING? JUST MOVED?

Let us know right away so we can change your address. Going home for the summer? Let us know. If you're not at the address on our list, either the paper will be forwarded at a high cost to you, or it will be destroyed and NOTES will receive a notice for which we have to pay 25 cents. Since 5% or so of our readers do move between issues, that would mean more than \$700 cost to us, plus the loss of 3,000 newspapers. So please — write BEFORE you move!

With the 50th issue of AKWESASNE NOTES, we announced the establishment of a building fund to create a permanent home for AKWESASNE NOTES. While we're happy and not complaining, our present two cabins and a house-trailer are really not adequate to publish a newspaper, ship books and posters, and all the other work we have — not to mention adequate space for people to live.

We set a goal of \$1 per copy of NOTES printed, which seemed like a reasonable amount — \$84,000 to be gathered in over a period of several years. At this time, we have received \$6,444.88.

We are cutting spruce logs ourselves to help with this work. This summer, we hope to construct one building long enough to use for shipping AKWESASNE NOTES and posters, and to warehouse our books. We also hope to construct a number of simple cabins, yurts, lean-tos and such for ourselves to live in.

We invite the readers of AKWESASNE NOTES to participate with us in this work by sending a special contribution marked "Building Fund" for depositing in a special account until construction begins. We think NOTES is going to be around for a while, and that it deserves a permanent home. We hope our readers agree and that they will help.

WHEN YOU'RE DONE READING THIS NEWSPAPER

We ask our readers to help us in our responsibilities. Trees were cut to make this paper. We value their gift, and we try to use it well. Keep the paper moving — give it to a friend who might like to read it. Save it for future reference or study. Donate it to a library or school. If you must discard it, try to recycle it, or use it for some purpose. Thank you.



Help Wanted

[The staff of AKWESASNE NOTES are volunteers. Contributions to the newspaper go entirely to cover printing and postage costs. Readers' help to make the staff comfortable and efficient and capable is sincerely appreciated, since full-time staff do not have the opportunity to work privately to gain these things for themselves.]

NEEDED FOR NOTES

- a recent U.S. road atlas
- maps from National Geographics
- pheasant tail feathers
- ostrich plumes
- mitts
- blankets
- wash clothes
- splitting wedges
- office supplies: clips, staples, markers
- warm hats & caps
- flashlights
- hammers
- towels
- used file cabinets
- baby clothes
- high chair
- file folders
- used large thermal glass patio doors
- back-pack firefighting pumps
- used rugs and canvas
- zoom lens for Canon FT camera
- cast iron pots & pans and crocks
- canning jars
- tools: hammers, saws, planes, adz
- a good buy or gift of a tractor
- draft horse
- rear-drive rototiller

We need a resident Spanish-English translator to work on letters, books, and articles here at NOTES, for two months, and possibly to travel with White Roots of Peace to help with translation and conversation. Interested persons should call or write AKWESASNE NOTES, Mohawk Nation, via Roosevelttown, N.Y. 13683 (518) 483-2540 for further information.

THIS PAPER COMES OUT WITH THE LOVE AND ENERGY OF MANY, INCLUDING:

Rarihokwats, Kaherahare, Dorothy Thomas, Snowbird, Susie Boots, Katsitsiakwa, Elmer, Medicine Story and Emmy, Jose Barreiro, Bob & Cheryl Antone, Sotsisowah, Dan Coy, Edmund Francis, Skatateh, Wilkie, Clayton & Margaret Brascoupe, Kaientares, plus friends and helpers like Kanieweinton, Kahratohen & Ma Boots, Maarten Duk, Vanessa Lea, Kawisokwas, Jake Boots, Vickie and Barbara Buckshot, Jayne George, Allan Swamp, Dean George, Ursula Wolf, Jean-Francois, Hampshire Paul, Jim Berenholtz (to whom we are grateful especially for the cover illustration in this issue and other art work), Heather & Sid, Tall Steve, Todd Tecumseh, Ed, Ken, Rick and Kathy, Rose Auger, Jonathan Rose, and many, many more. Special thanks to Doug and Connie Bradway.

DO YOU HAVE A RED LABEL?

Look at your address label on this paper. If it is marked in red, this is the last issue you will receive UNLESS WE HEAR FROM YOU. We hope you will understand — this is the only way we have of cleaning up the mailing list every so often, since there are no paid subscriptions to expire.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS WRITE US and your name will be reinstated. This is not an appeal for money, although this might be a good time to renew your support.

This month, red-labels will appear for Kentucky, Ohio and Indiana. Also for British Columbia and parts of Europe.



The next issue of AKWESASNE NOTES will be in preparation immediately, and material for publication should be here during February, with a deadline of February 20. Funds permitting, health and strength holding, and enough time to do it, readers should have another issue of AKWESASNE NOTES in mid-March.



**AKWESASNE
NOTES**
WHERE THE PASTORAL DRUMS

ISSN: 0002-3949

AKWESASNE NOTES is the official publication of the Mohawk Nation at Akwesasne (People of the Longhouse) and contains (from time to time) Longhouse News, the official publication of the Mohawk Nation at Kanawake.

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AKWESASNE NOTES is published five times annually: March, May, July, September, and December. It is published by Program in American Studies of the State University of New York at Buffalo; co-publisher is D-Q University, Box 409, Davis, California.

Editorial and circulation offices are maintained on the Mohawk Nation at Akwesasne and in the Adirondack Mountains, and on the northside of the reservation at Route 3, Cornwall, Ontario.

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Mohawk Nation
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telephone (518) 483-2540
PLEASE NOTE NEW TELEPHONE NUMBER!

HOW TO SUBSCRIBE TO THIS NEWSPAPER

Just write to us, and we'll add your name to the mailing list. There is no fixed subscription price — but that does not mean the paper is free. Printing alone for this issue costs well over \$5,000, and rising postage costs will come to about \$2,000. Then there are typewriters, ribbons, glue, supplies — and that doesn't include costs of bare maintenance for full-time staff. We are not funded by universities, foundations, government, etc.

Our money comes from our readers, most of it in small donations such as \$1, \$5, \$10. Some people have lots of money, others have none — we ask people to do what they can. If you want the paper, we're glad to send it to you. If you want to help with the costs, we will appreciate that — that's how the Creation's cycles keep moving.

Another issue will be ready for mailing as soon as funds for printing have accumulated. Write:

Dorothy Thomas
AKWESASNE NOTES
Mohawk Nation
via Rooseveltown, N.Y. 13683
telephone (518) 483-2540

KEEP US STRONG!

This paper cannot exist without the support of its readers — you the human beings who read these words. There are many ways — responsibilities, actually — readers have to keep the paper alive and strong:

— take action on what you read. Write letters, think, give support, change your lifestyle, lend spiritual help, form a community support group.

— send clippings from your local papers. If there is a good photo, ask the newspaper if they will send you a glossy print. Date and identify all clippings. Who will clip in Philadelphia? Asheville? Miami? Milwaukee? Albuquerque? Portland? Edmonton? Kenora? Helsinki? Melbourne?

— send us your own articles, essays, book reviews, editorials, letters, poems, photos, tapes. All can be returned upon request. You are the staff of NOTES.

— take the responsibility of covering events for NOTES. Send a completed article, or information, feelings, tapes. Conduct interviews. Record speeches and conferences.

— send us mailing lists. We will send sample copies of the next issue. How about a list of tribal members? claims recipients? urban center addresses?

— sell the paper at a powwow, meeting, church, on your reservation, at the Indian center, in stores, in town, on campus. Great chance to talk about the issues for consciousness-raising. Educate your community. You send us 35 cents for each paper after and if they are sold, or 25 cents each in advance.

— Indian education funds available? Title IV? Library grant? Suggest that your group order books from NOTES to boost their selection of native materials, and to bolster NOTES income.

— form a committee, or go by yourself, to encourage bookstores, poster shops, gift stores, tobacco shops to carry NOTES books, crafts, smoking mixtures, calendars. Tell them to write — or send us their addresses. Follow up in a month to see if they did.

You can be a participant in the native causes by helping to spread the word, to create change, to inform. AKWESASNE NOTES is a part of that. You can work together with us, from your own area, no matter how far away that might be in miles. Everything in this issue of NOTES came from someone who cared — and to you all, we are grateful.

— let us know of people who should have the paper. Native people in institutions, friends, anyone who may want/need to read NOTES.

MICROFILM

AKWESASNE NOTES is available on microfilm and microfiche from a number of sources:

University Microfilms (\$4.60 and \$6/year)
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48105

Microfilm Corporation of America
21 Harristown Road,
Glen Rock, New Jersey 07452



Extra copies of this issue are available for further distribution. We can send one copy or a hundred or more. Distributing this paper is useful to raise consciousness about native causes, and it also helps to finance the next issue. On consignment, the paper is 35 cents each. You pay after they have been sold. If payment is made in advance, the price is 25 cents. For \$5, then, a person could give 20 copies to friends, a class, or pass them around the reservation or church group. For \$25, 100 families on a reservation could each receive a copy. Send your order to: AKWESASNE NOTES, Mohawk Nation, via Rooseveltown, N.Y. 13683 or telephone (518) 483-2540.

BACK ISSUES

Volume One (1969) is out of print, and available only on microfilm. There were ten issues that year.

Volume Two (1970) had seven issues. All are now out of print, available only on microfilm.

Volume Three (1971) had nine issues. All are now available only on microfilm.

Volume Four (1972) had six issues. Three are still in print — numbers 3, 4, and 5.

Volume Five (1973) had six issues. Numbers 3,4,5,6 are still available.

Volume Six (1974) had five issues, and all are still available.

Volume Seven (1975) had five issues, and all are still available.

Volume Eight has had five issues, of which this is number 5. The others are still available.

Back issues cost 50 cents each. All available back issues can be obtained for \$7.50 — that will be about seventeen of them as supplies hold.



WHITE ROOTS OF PEACE/AKWESASNE NOTES TRAVEL PLANS ANNOUNCED: HELP IN SCHEDULING REQUESTED

Plans for the spring White Roots of Peace trip are being finalized, with travels through Texas and Colorado starting out the itinerary.

Among the speakers will be Phillip Deere, a Muskoke traditional leader and spiritual advisor to the American Indian Movement; a Nahuatl scholar and teacher from Atzlan; Coyote, a well-known Ylaki speaker and conservationist; Medicine Story, a Wampanoag artist; Rarihokwats, an editor of AKWESASNE NOTES.

White Roots of Peace has been travelling since 1969, meeting on reservations, in urban centers, prisons, university campuses and elsewhere. Its members are craftsmen, spiritual leaders, writers, artists, farmers, singers, dancers and others working to keep the traditional values of their people, working to establish revitalized strength and unity in this land and life of the Creation.

The name, White Roots of Peace, is from an ancient Iroquois tradition, symbolizing the first United Nations the world ever knew. Its members are volunteers.

Also included on this trip are a group of Mayan weavers and marimbists, active in village organizing in Guatemala. A group of Nahuatl native people from Mexico come with the powerful spiritual dances, Danzas de los Concheros, representing the conquest which we each have over our selves to remain on the road of the Creation. Half of the group are Spanish-speaking, and half are English-speaking — and about half speak their own American languages.

The tentative itinerary:

March 12: Crystal City, Texas*
March 13: University of Texas at San Antonio
March 15: University of Texas at Austin
March 16: Sam Ross State University, Alpine
March 18: El Paso Community College, Texas
March 19: Zuni Pueblo
March 21: Taos Pueblo
March 23: Southern Colo. State Univ., Pueblo
March 24: Colorado Springs, Colorado*
March 25-29: Denver area
March 30: Arapahoe Com. College, Littleton
March 31: Boulder, Colorado
* (sponsorship uncertain)

The exact itinerary from there will be published in the next issue of

AKWESASNE NOTES. However, it will proceed from Colorado to South Dakota, including Yankton, Sioux Falls, and across Iowa. In Wisconsin, there will be meetings at Eau Claire, Stout, Ladysmith, River Falls, Stevens Point, Lacrosse, and Milwaukee.

From there, White Roots of Peace will meet in East Lansing, Michigan; New Brunswick, New Jersey, and Greenwich, Connecticut. The tour then heads to Rhode Island, Cape Cod, Wampanoag Nation, Boston and Amherst. Meetings are tentatively scheduled in southern Vermont; Manchester, Franconia,

Hanover, and Concord, New Hampshire; Portland, Maine, and Burlington Vermont during late April and early May. After all that, it will be time for spring planting.

The Texas and Colorado itinerary is still tentative, and local people should check with area sponsors or call (518) 483-2540 to check out the exact schedule before they inconvenience themselves.

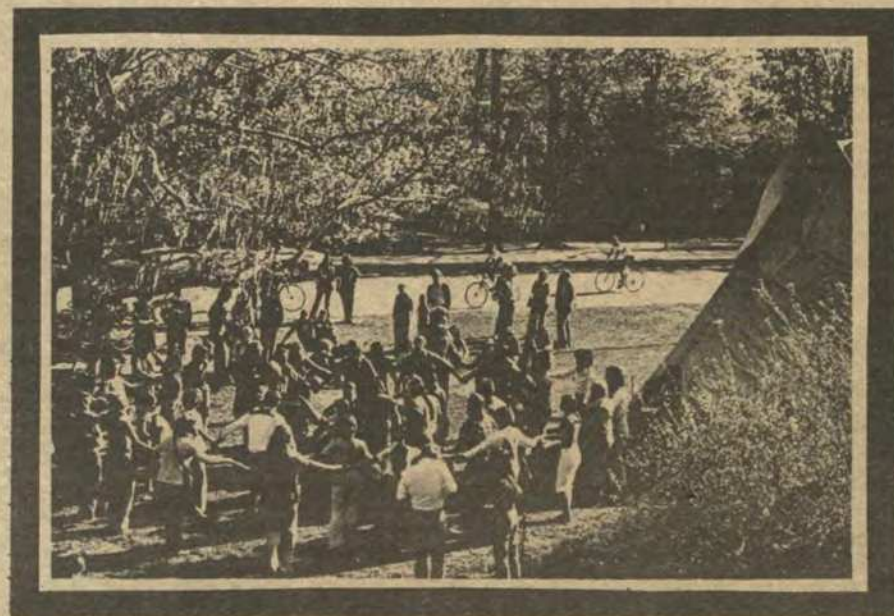
Additional sponsorship is still being sought for the tour, especially from reservation groups, urban Indian centers, NASC chapters, and college groups. Information on how to sponsor a White Roots of Peace event can be obtained by writing:

White Roots of Peace
Mohawk Nation
via Rooseveltown, N.Y. 13683

Next autumn, White Roots of Peace hopes to travel in the Maritime Provinces and Quebec, again through Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey, and into New York State, Pennsylvania and Delaware.

A winter trip will have meetings at various sites in the District of Columbia, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Puerto Rico, Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee.

Because many groups make plans early, local sponsors are asked to start making arrangements with White Roots of Peace as soon as possible for the autumn and winter tours.



University of Indiana students and faculty join hands with native people in the Circle of Life for the Round Dance at a White Roots of Peace social.

YOU CAN HELP FREE CROW DOG

by Cy Crow Dog Griffin

[The author of this article is a 43-year-old man whose ancestors came here from Norway and Ireland. In 1970, he was adopted by Crow Dog in a traditional Lakota ceremony with Henry Crow Dog and Lane Deer. Grandma Crow Dog says the adoption makes Cy "half-Indian". Since the adoption, all traditional native people have treated him as a brother, he says, while all white people pretend he doesn't exist. Cy says he is, therefore, a modern version of the Vanishing American. The Editors]

As 1976 came to an end, Leonard Emmanuel Crow Dog was still held against his will in a U.S. Prison in Terre Haute, Indiana. Crow Dog, 34 years old, is a traditional Lakota-speaking Medicine Man of the Rosebud Sioux Reservation in the Dakotas.

Crow Dog is a spiritual leader, active in the Sun Dance, Ghost Dance, and an Ordained Minister in the Native American Church. He has been framed and railroaded into the slammer by those who deny Crow Dog's spiritual ministry, and who wish to suppress it.

Yet Crow Dog's power has remained unshackled, and still moves people of many nations in America, Africa, Asia, Australia, Europe and Oceania, for in the words of the spoken Lakota tradition, "If this vision was true and mighty as I know, it is true and mighty yet, for such things are of the Spirit, and it is in the darkness of their eyes that men get lost."

The Crow Dog Generations

For generations, the Crow Dog family have been traditional leaders in the struggle to preserve their People's land, language, religion and culture. A hundred years ago, Great Grandfather Crow Dog was a buffalo hunter, a freedom fighter against the European invaders, and a religious leader of the Ghost Dance Movement. In 1883, he helped make U.S. legal history when the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that the United States of America had no legal jurisdiction amongst sovereign peoples, specifically in a crime committed by one Indian against another Indian on an Indian reservation. Great Grandfather Crow Dog died in 1911, a respected headman of the Rosebud People.

Henry Crow Dog

Henry Crow Dog, father of Leonard, was born in 1900. As a child, he learned the traditional Lakota ways from the 100-year-elders of his People. Today, Henry is 76, a respected elder of his People. Every day he chops wood and hauls water, and at least once a week, Henry will conduct a sacred sweat lodge for those in need. Almost weekly, too, the Crow Dogs will have a religious meeting of the Native American Church. In the 1950s and 1960s, Henry Crow Dog was a leader in the revival of the sacred Sun Dance, and since 1971, a Sun Dance has been held at Crow Dog's Paradise every summer.

Thousands of people have come to the Crow Dog's home for spiritual guidance, coming from Alaska and South America. White, Black and Yellow People have also been welcomed at Paradise when they came with respect. On July 4, 1975, Henry Crow Dog received an award from the National Education Association for his outstanding efforts in working for cultural understanding between the races.

Henry and Mary Gertrude Crow Dog were married in 1921, and they have lived together ever since.

The Glorious Woman, Mary Gertrude

Mary Gertrude Crow Dog, the mother of Leonard, is a legend in her own time. Age 75, she is known as "Grandma" to thousands of people who have visited Paradise. When there was a pre-sentence investigation of Leonard in 1975, Grandma Crow Dog described herself: "I'm a good woman. I don't drink. My word is good everywhere, even at the store."

Before her home burned down in November, 1976, it was recognized as a spiritual center of Paradise. Thousands of religious ceremonies had been held there. Marriages, wakes, naming ceremonies, and meetings of the Native American Church were conducted in this strong and gentle woman's home. The lodge had been built by Henry from logs and old cars, and it had a spirit about it that no one who ever enjoyed its shelter will ever forget.

At dawn each morning, the old man would rise, chop wood, and build up fire in the battered twenty-dollar stove. The old woman would rise before the sun to prepare breakfast for the many grandchildren the old Crow Dog's cared for. No one — red, white, black or yellow — who came to Grandma Crow Dog's lodge ever went away hungry. Even after some of the boys and girls who called themselves "AIM" came and stole Grandma's knives, forks, pots, pans, blankets and food, the elder Crow Dog's still offered the open hospitality of a traditional Indian home.

Since Wounded Knee II, Grandma's lodge has been repeatedly shot at by night-riding goons, yet the old man and the old woman refuse to leave, saying: "This is our home."

Son Of The Great Spirit

Henry and Mary Crow Dog's first boy-child died of exposure in 1940, after U.S. Indian Police forced them out of their home in St. Francis community in the

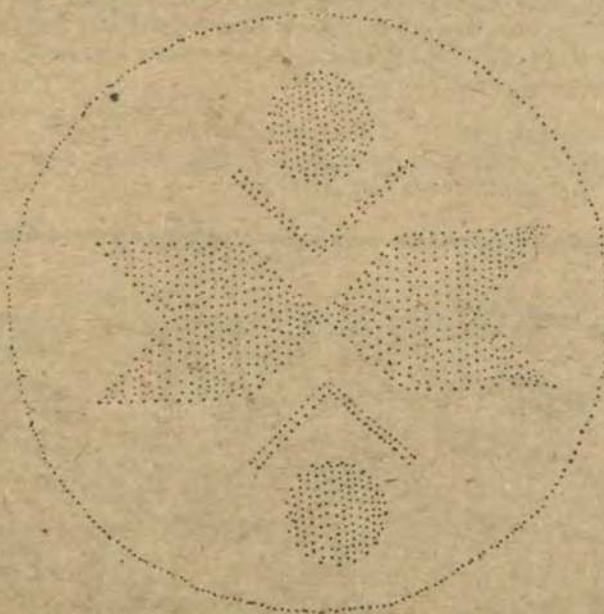
dead of winter for attending a meeting of the Native American Church.

In August, 1943, a second boy-child was born. Henry and Mary named him Leonard for his first name, and Emmanuel, meaning in the language of a Hebrew tribe, "Son of God". They kept the boy out of school so that he would not be corrupted by the myths and world view and values of the people who had invaded the Lakota lands.

To earn money, Henry and Leonard would do seasonal work in the Nebraska potato fields. When Leonard was 14, Henry prepared him for a vision quest, a four-day fast in a vision pit next to the grave of Great Grandfather Crow Dog.

Henry also trained Leonard as a hoop dancer — at 16, Leonard won \$1500 as the best hoop dancer in the country. After this, he gave up competition dancing to devote himself to the Medicine Way.

In 1967, Henry and Leonard marched with Martin Luther King, Jr., in a civil rights demonstration for all people. By 1970, Leonard was a recognized Medicine Man among the Lakota People. That year, he faced a 30-year prison sentence over his religious use of the sacred herb, Peyote, in the Native American Church. He won the case after the family mortgaged their land to pay the lawyer.



The Symbol of Crow Dog's Vision

In 1971, the founders of the American Indian Movement [AIM] came to Crow Dog and asked him to be their Medicine Man. He accepted. Later, Crow Dog would remember: "I didn't start the movement. It was already moving. I didn't know what I was getting myself into." AIM was founded in 1968 as an urban movement to protect the urban ghetto Indian People from police harassment and to provide educational centers for the study of native culture. Crow Dog and his religious ceremonies provided a traditional spiritual center for the movement, and later, other medicine people came to help.

Many urban people found the sacred trail of their ancestors and a respect for all things with Crow Dog. But the family notes that some of the AIM people used Crow Dog as a front for their own selfish ends. The family considers this type of AIM member as "Holiday Inn Indians". They say that AIM is eight years old, and exhibits both the strength and the clumsiness of a spirited youth — one day, they believe, it will reach the maturity of Crow Dog's sacred vision.

Wounded Knee II

In the summer of 1971, Crow Dog and other Lakota Medicine Men tried to lead a Sacred Sun Dance at Wounded Knee. This religious rite was viewed as an economic threat to the official Pine Ridge Sun Dance/Rodeo staged each summer primarily for the tourist trade. Crow Dog and the Sun Dancers were threatened with arrest by the U.S. Indian Police, who justified their action by citing an Oglala Tribal Ordinance 71-06 which reads: "There shall be no Sun Dance, sweat lodge or other religious ritual within 45 days of the Official Pine Ridge Sun Dance." To prevent a conflict from arising in the sacred activities, Crow Dog and the Sun Dancers withdrew to Crow Dog's Paradise at Rosebud — and a Sun Dance has been held there every year since.

In 1972 and early 1973, Crow Dog and the American Indian Movement held civil and religious rights demonstrations in Gordon, Nebraska; Cass Lake, Minnesota; Washington, D.C.; Custer, South Dakota. These actions brought national attention and massive federal surveillance and repression to Crow Dog and the movement.

In February, 1973, Ben Black Elk, the son of "Black Elk Speaks", passed into the spirit world. He had earned his living guiding tourists at Mount Rushmore.

His family wished to give him a traditional Lakota burial, but were frustrated by the U.S. Indian Police and the Nixonian "Tribal Government" in Pine Ridge headed by Dick Wilson. The denial of a traditional burial for Ben Black Elk brought to a boil the frustrations of the Lakota-speaking Peoples whose language, religion, and culture were being actively repressed.

The recently-formed Oglala Civil Rights Organization called for a meeting on February 23. AIM came. For four days, the People met to decide on a course of action. The traditional Lakota Headmen and Chiefs, as well as the elder men and women, voiced their opinions. They prayed for guidance, and decided that to preserve their way of life, they had to take a stand. Old Chief Bad Cob spoke: "There's something higher than the [BIA's] Constitution — and that's the will of the People."

At sundown on February 27, over 200 Lakota People liberated Wounded Knee. Thus began the epic 71-day siege of Wounded Knee II. Spiritual guidance was provided by Crow Dog, Black Elk, and other Lakota Medicine People. The Nixon Administration replied with a \$7,000,000 military operation against the People.

Using Phantom photo-reconnaissance jets, armed helicopters, light tanks, gas grenades, heavy 50-caliber machine-guns, the Army, the Air Force, the FBI, CIA, BIA, goons, vigilantes, ranchers and rednecks, the U.S. Government failed to intimidate the People. By the U.S. Government's own count, they fired over half a million (500,000) bullets at the defenders of Wounded Knee, probably more than in any other engagement ever fought in the Western Hemisphere.

In an area about the size of the mall in Washington, the People stood up to this murderous firepower for ten weeks. At night, the entire area would be laced with tracer bullets as the surrounding fields and houses were ignited by federal incendiary bombs. The bullets fell so thick at Wounded Knee you could walk on them — yet not one ever penetrated the sacred peace tipi or sweat lodge. The medicine of Crow Dog, Black Elk, and other medicine people worked to prevent the wholesale butchering of the 300 men, women, and children inside Wounded Knee II. Crow Dog and Black Elk always prayed and worked for a peaceful settlement.

Secret White House Meeting, 1973

By late March, 1973, Richard Nixon, John Erlichman, Bob Haldeman and Alexander Haig had secret meetings over Wounded Knee. There is talk about crushing the People inside the Knee. Meanwhile, Crow Dog is working for a peaceful settlement. The young warriors are prepared to hold out at all costs. On April 5, 1973, a peace agreement is signed in the tipi in "no man's land" between the defensive Wounded Knee perimeter and the lines of the surrounding U.S. forces. Chief Tom Bad Cob, Medicine Man Crow Dog, and AIM's Russell Means helicopter out of Wounded Knee. They will journey to the White House for talks, the agreement says, then the Wounded Knee people will submit to arrest. On a television set in the Wounded Knee hospital, the People watch Crow Dog and the delegation get the runaround in Washington.

Then U.S. Marshall "Chief" Wayne Colburn demanded immediate surrender of everyone in Wounded Knee. Over the telephone, Crow Dog sends his vision — we are to "stack all the firearms inside the tipi with a Sacred Peace Pipe in front of the door. Then no harm will come to anyone." Somehow, this doesn't happen. The shooting starts again. Of those who left for Washington, only Crow Dog returned, coming in one night with a back pack of food and medicine.



During the second two weeks in April, Frank Clear Water and Buddy Lamont were killed. The telephone and electricity are cut off, and food supplies dwindle as the feds tighten the lines. On May 5, 1973, Crow Dog helped negotiate a "new" peace agreement.

U.S. Grand Juries meet. Crow Dog is indicted for "interfering with a postal inspector" and listed as one of the "seven leaders" the U.S. has singled out for the spotlight and special treatment.

The Wounded Knee Trials

During the siege and after, 428 persons were arrested. There were indictments, grand juries, hearings, trials. The legal maneuvers sap all the energy from the People.

Those who occupied Wounded Knee are divided about the legal strategy. They worry about creating Super-Stars, and Super-Lawyers. We all "knowingly and willingly aided and abetted the uprising at Wounded Knee — it should be the Wounded Knee 4,000 vs. the U.S. Government.

But the lawyers play the government's game. During the rounds of press conferences and hearings for the few, the everyday Indians of Wounded Knee are killed, jailed, hunted and harassed.

By the fall of 1976, Crow Dog will have had eight lawyers, and through management and mismanagement, his legal file is over four feet thick. Most of the lawyers have been unwilling to use Crow Dog's defense — Freedom of Religion. They do not understand spirituality. They do not understand Peyote. They do not want to admit that Crow Dog's spiritual ministry does not cloud the minds of the People.

Crow Dog's spiritual defense is never brought out in his trials.

The Crow Dog Family Prays: Help Us, Grandfathers

Leonard Crow Dog is ordered to surrender himself to U.S. Marshals on June 22, 1976, to be taken to prison. He does so, and the family returns to Crow Dog's Paradise from Rapid City. Many people have come to pray with the family, and on the evening of July 3, there is an all-night meeting of the Native American Church. The family prays: "Help us, Grandfather. Help our brother, Leonard, in the jail. Give him strength to survive, Grandfather. Help our lawyers with the words. Help them write clear true words this time, Grandfather. Help the U.S. Justice Department, the FBI, the CIA people understand that Leonard is a holy man and should be returned safely to his people. Help us say the right words, Grandfather. Help us act in a spiritual way with respect for All Things. Help us to be able to listen, Grandfather. Help us to be able to see, Grandfather. Help us have patience, Grandfather. Mitakuye oyasin — All my Relations."



Winter, 1976

In late December, 1976, Crow Dog's legal situation is that his official lawyers are working on a parole and a U.S. Supreme Court motion to dismiss the entire case due to "government misconduct". Maybe in the Spring, Crow Dog will be released. Maybe not.

Four senior lawyers in the U.S. Justice Department have signed papers stating that Crow Dog should not be released. The Supreme Court, if it decides to take the case, could take two years to render a verdict. Meanwhile, the legal profession does well by Crow Dog — while his family suffers.

At Crow Dog's Paradise, the lodge of Henry and Mary Gertrude burns to the ground. Early reports are that arson is suspected, but these prove to be ungrounded.

While the good Christian people of America enjoy their Christmas dinner, the sacrificing minister of his People, Leonard Emmanuel (Son of God) Crow Dog waits in his prison cell while his holy mother Mary prays by the ashes of her burned out lodge at Rosebud.

Today You Can Help Free Crow Dog

Everyone who reads this can help free Crow Dog from prison. It can be done from your home, your place of work, your church, or any place in the community in which you live.

I. Pray for Guidance. Nothing can be accomplished without a spiritual beginning. If you don't know how to pray, or know anyone else who can pray, find a spiritual center.

II. Sacrifice Four Hours of Your Time. Write letters, make phone calls, visit people. You don't have to know all the details of Crow Dog's case to know that a Native American Spiritual Leader should be returned to his congregation. Speak from the Eye of your Heart.

III. Write the President of the U.S. Just tell him you want Crow Dog out of the U.S. Prisons — now. Telegraph or telephone the White House. The Indian People used to call the President the Great White Father, but now he is called "brother". As you know, he's a little hard of hearing. Write the President at POBox 2600, Washington, D.C. 20013, or at the White House. Use your letter like a petition — get others to sign it with you. Encourage your friends to write — call some up and ask them to take five minutes and do this.

IV. Pray for Peace With Justice Among All People. The People's will is the law of the land.

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM CROW DOG'S PARADISE

Henry Crow Dog

I'm a poor man and I like it that way. When I have money, I feel stingy.

See with the eye of the heart.

You white people call us nomadic. We're not nomadic — you're nomadic! Your problem is that you have no culture.

Leonard Crow Dog

We must sacrifice to know what this movement is all about.

I'm sure there's a good white man somewhere.

The law is another English dialect.

The Women of Crow Dog's Paradise

Spirituality is our recreation.

Obedience is not a word in our language. We teach respect to children by being respectful of the child.

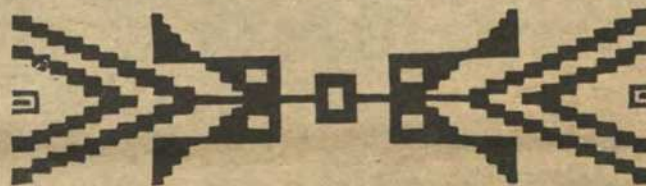
These days, it seems the boys are fathers before they're men.

The Men of Crow Dog's Paradise

Every move is a prayer.

A visitor asked me which way is the town of St. Francis. I told him just follow the Pampers. When you see nothing but Pampers, you're in St. Francis.

To be Indian, you must be able to listen and have patience.



— AKWESASNE NOTES photo by Richard Erdoes
Henry Crow Dog

[From prison, Leonard Crow Dog had this letter written to a person who wrote him saying he was supporting his struggle. These are excerpts from that letter.]

You are not only supporting Crow Dog, but you are supporting the value of the spiritual foundation. Why I use 'foundation': Because we are the evidence of this Western Hemisphere. (There are many races in this United States, but we are the divine human beings — we live our forefathers' customs and cultures.

Many years ago, a great man named Crazy Horse — Government could not incarcerate him, so they kill Crazy Horse. But now, I, spiritual leader Crow Dog — U.S. Government put me in a penitentiary. I cannot see any [change].

I represent the knowledge of my people, and the spiritual guidance of them. In this year of the Bicentennial, I am incarcerated in the penitentiary. I wonder how my Grandfathers feel about that today?

I have a lot of words to say in my own native language, to thank all those people who are supporting me. I cannot speak to them in person today, but they could perceive my thoughts — how much I care for my Mother Earth.

I appreciate, if you keep in touch with me and send me any news.

— Crow Dog



— AKWESASNE NOTES photo by Richard Erdoes
Leonard Emmanuel Crow Dog

In December, Canada's Justice Minister, Ron Basford, signed papers turning Leonard Peltier over to the United States Federal Bureau of Investigation to stand trial for aiding and abetting in the alleged murder of two FBI agents at Oglala, Pine Ridge Lakota Nation-lands, in June, 1975 and two other charges.

And so the chain of trials arising from the Trail of Broken Treaties in November, 1972, and leading to Wounded Knee and beyond still continues. Thus far, the legal persecution has involved over 400 persons, even more arrests, and yet fewer than a dozen have been convicted.

Of all those trials, however, there has been none that the United States and the FBI want to win more than the trial of Leonard Peltier. Getting the Canadian Government to rule that Peltier was not a political refugee gave the U.S. points for round one after nearly a year of intricate legal maneuvers within the British "system of justice" and within polite Ottawa diplomatic cocktail parties.

the extradition of leonard peltier

During that year, Peltier was held in solitary confinement in British Columbia's Oakalla prison. He was handcuffed and heavily guarded, and allowed exercise of only a half-hour each day. He received this type of treatment although he has never been convicted of any crime, and was called a "model prisoner" by the Oakalla warden.

Peltier, a Turtle Mountain Chippewa, is the last of four defendants accused of the shooting deaths of two FBI agents. A native man, Joseph Stuntz, was killed later the same day, June 25, 1975, in a shootout between native people and an army of law enforcement officials. There are no witnesses to the FBI deaths. Peltier was known to be present in the encampment that was being fired on by the police, and is charged with "aiding and abetting", not for the actual murder. Although there have been massive manhunts and "search and destroy" missions to find the slayers, there has been no attempt to investigate the death of Little Joe Stuntz.

Peltier is not as worried about being convicted as he is worried that he will meet some "accident" while he is in the custody of the FBI which has been heartbroken at not being able to find a culprit upon which to blame the death of two of its own.

Peltier's fears he may be killed by the FBI are not idle fantasies. On September 10, 1975, six FBI agents broke into an apartment in Boulder, Colorado. Carmen Sanchez and Leroy Casados described the incident in sworn affidavits: "One agent put a gun to my head and another rushed Leroy with his gun out, yelling at him: 'Don't move or I'll kill you.'" Another agent said, "Kill him! It's Peltier!"

When the agents realized their mistake, according to the affidavit, one said, "If we find Peltier, we'll kill him." Another stated he'd "shoot on sight".

This type of police paranoia could easily be predicted from information Wounded Knee Legal Defense/Offense Committee lawyers uncovered last summer while researching for the Butler-Robideau case. They found FBI-originated teletypes alerting police to possible assassination attempts and bombings by 2,000 fictitious "Dog Soldiers" during Bicentennial celebrations which passed by uneventfully. However, the lurid accounts gave policemen good cause to fear any and every Indian was out to get them.

The FBI's handling of the Anna Mae Aquash murder on Pine Ridge last February is another reason why Peltier opposed extradition in fear for his life. She was among those sought because of her activist activities with the American Indian Movement. She was found in a field near Wanblee village at Pine Ridge, but the FBI agent who had been involved in her arrests came to the scene and said he didn't recognize the body. A coroner hired by the U.S. listed her death as caused by "exposure" but a later autopsy obtained by her family and friends found a bullet in her head.

Canada's External Affairs Minister, Don Jamieson, said he had been assured by U.S. authorities that a federal grand jury and a special investigation were looking into the death of the Nova Scotia Micmac woman — but officials in South Dakota say that the case is not an active one.

The struggle against Peltier's extradition had good support across Canada. In the U.S., two hundred persons marched to FBI headquarters in Washington, D.C. on December 4 to demand Peltier's release, and other pickets of Canadian Consulates in New York, Washington, and Boston had been organized by the Native American Solidarity Committee [NASC].

The U.S. took no chances — Peltier was spirited out of Oakalla Prison by helicopter, while 24 native people and their Drum kept up an all-night vigil. The order was signed December 17, the airlift took place on the 18th.

After Peltier's departure, prison director H.B. Bjarnason told the press that Peltier was one of the most dangerous men ever held in the prison. He said he had concluded that because of information received "from a number of sources" shortly after Peltier arrived at the prison. Bjarnason said Peltier would have committed "any sort of act to stay in Canada — even so far as to murder or maim an inmate or prison official." He said that letters sent to Peltier, and letters Peltier had mailed out, indicated he was planning to escape.

"He was a real sociable fellow to talk to, but I would never have turned my back on him," Bjarnason said. He said he did not consider Peltier a "political prisoner."

Noel Star Blanket, president of Canada's National Indian Brotherhood, said if there were any reports of mistreatment or unfairness to Peltier, his organization would conclude that Basford had acted unwisely, and this would have a bearing on future negotiations between Ottawa and Indians of Canada.

The Importance Of The Peltier Case

Peltier's case is important because from the beginning, he made a defense based on the political conditions on the Pine Ridge Reservation, and their need to defend themselves from U.S. armed repression.

Thus, Peltier's case is the first in which a political defense was made under a new extradition treaty between the U.S. and Canada, in which the Canadian Justice Department acts on behalf of the U.S. Government and Peltier's accuser, the FBI, against whom exists a prima facie case of perjury and the criticism of such prestigious agencies as the United States Commission on Civil Rights and of various federal judges.



Leonard Peltier is led across the Oakalla Prison exercise yard to a waiting helicopter to be delivered over to the United States Government.

The case is important too, because most major Canadian police forces are tied into an intelligence network that is heavily dominated by the same forces that are at work at Pine Ridge and other reservations. In fact, it is probably easier for Washington to mobilize Canada's police forces than it is for Ottawa.

The Peltier case has provided an opportunity to document the charges of political harassment of Indian activists by U.S. authorities, and Canadian complicity in that harassment, with footnotes from U.S. judicial proceedings, Senate Committee investigations, or the Commission on Civil Rights reports. Peltier's lawyers, Don Rosenbloom and Stuart Rush, focused their defense on the political conditions that have existed at Pine Ridge since late 1972 and before.

Peltier's first arrest took place in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in 1972. He had just returned from the well-publicized occupation of the BIA building in Washington, and police all over the U.S. were anxious to pin something on the AIM occupation force when U.S. authorities decided against prosecuting them in

Washington. Peltier was arrested in an incident involving two undercover police officers, and charged with "attempted murder" although the gun allegedly used by Peltier has been admitted by the U.S. to have been mechanically inoperative and incapable of firing. He was released on bail — and although the case was a state matter, he was placed under surveillance by U.S. Marshals.

Peltier was involved in the siege on Wounded Knee by U.S. forces in the early Spring of 1973. The U.S. Federal District Court dismissed the charges against two of the leaders, Russell Means and Dennis Banks, following one of the longest trials in U.S. court history. The court found that so much evidence had been tainted by FBI misconduct that when that evidence was discounted, there was virtually no case to send to the jury. An unofficial poll of the jury indicated that 11 of its members would have voted for acquittal, and rather than disbanding after the trial, the jurors decided to form a group called Jurors and Others for Reconciliation and went to Washington to complain about the abuses of native people by the U.S. Government.

Then came the South Dakota FBI matter. Shortly afterwards, Dennis Banks, an AIM leader, went underground as a defense against South Dakota persecution. A motor home and another vehicle were stopped by troopers in western Oregon, and police claim Peltier and Banks fled from the motor home, which was soon bullet-ridden by anxious officers. In the subsequent manhunt, it is alleged that Peltier broke into a cabin, and he is charged with breaking and entering.

The Complexities of the Peltier Case

The story of the situation which included the death of two FBI agents, for which Peltier is charged, is so involved and complicated that AKWESASNE NOTES has run a half-dozen tabloid pages over a number of issues to cover the various facts in the case. And facts have been hard to come by, since the FBI, in a variety of statements to the press and courts, has changed (1) the location of the shooting, (2) those said to be present, (3) the list of those who observed the shooting, (4) the manner of death, including the number of bullet holes in the bodies.

The first person arrested was Jimmy Eagle, who was alleged to have confessed and to have implicated the Peltier and co-defendants Dino Butler and Bob Robideau, but one of the prisoners Eagle was said to have sung to denied that Eagle told him anything more than jailhouse gossip based on news reports which were based on FBI statements.

The original complaint had the shootout take place at a cluster of houses near the village of Oglala. But the

agents were found next to their cars several hundred yards away. The FBI's Annual Report says the agents died in an "ambush", but in the Eagle hearing, an FBI agent said that Cole and Williams were caught in a cross-fire — but they did not indicate there were four other law enforcement agencies all firing at the same time. The agent who led the final assault on the houses at 5:30 p.m. admitted in court that they knew the houses had been virtually empty for two hours. And the fact that Joseph Stuntz Kills Right died in the assault has been all but overlooked by official agencies.

When Leonard Peltier was brought before a Canadian Court in Vancouver to see if Canada would turn him over to the U.S., the major incriminating evidence against him came in the form of two affidavits signed by Myrtle Poor Bear. She claimed to have been Peltier's girl friend, to have been present when the shootout occurred, and to have seen Peltier participate in the shooting.

In July, during the Butler-Robideau trial, Myrtle Poor Bear signed another affidavit. However, the Govern-

ment suppressed the document, and it was found only accidentally by the defense during pre-trial discovery motions. This affidavit was dated before those sent to the Canadian court — and in it, Myrtle Poor Bear denies having been anywhere near the site where the FBI agents died on the day in question.

The Butler-Robideaux defense had expected Myrtle Poor Bear to be a witness against them, and had done extensive research on her background. She lives on Pine Ridge — about 100 miles away from Oglala where the shooting occurred. During the past two years, she has testified in a number of trials for the FBI, and has admitted the FBI has paid her. During the trials, she has claimed to be the girl friend of a number of AIM leaders, and, in fact, she has attributed the paternity of her two children to three different AIM leaders.

The profile of Myrtle Poor Bear is of a woman with very great emotional needs which she has learned to satisfy by cooperating with her two FBI managers. Her family does not believe she has ever been to the Oglala part of Pine Ridge. Leonard Peltier has never met Myrtle Poor Bear.

The Butler-Robideau trial and the Peltier extradition hearings are silhouetted against the oppression of native people in South Dakota. FBI Director Clarence Kelley was not eager to admit that the homicide rate at Pine Ridge was greater than in New York or Chicago. A U.S. Commission on Civil Rights investigator testified that Pine Ridge people believed weapons were necessary for protection against the BIA police, the FBI, and the goon squad of ex-tribal chairman Dick Wilson. "There was no police authority that people could turn to for any assistance — there had been too many attacks in the presence of the FBI and BIA police in which they had done nothing," he said.

Peltier's attorneys had urged Canadian officials "not to be a part of the deception of the U.S. Government, and in the light of its misconduct, to stop the surrender." However, since the time when Sitting Bull and part of the Lakota Nation sought sanctuary in Canada, Ottawa and Washington have worked hand in hand and with similar minds in dealing with native peoples. Sitting Bull eventually was forced back south as Canada made their starvation inevitable.

To a considerable degree, the Crown often held private interests in abeyance in order that the Nations of Natural People would not be incited to take a militant stand against British rule. During this military period, cautious control and manipulation for military ends defined the dominant policy.

As the 18th Century came to a close, the native nations declined in military strength and importance, often as the result of European-introduced disease. Pressure from the private sector to exploit the native lands and resources became powerful enough that the government was moved to alter its Indian policy for the first time since the Royal Proclamation of 1763. By 1830, the pressure had gained enough momentum that the Crown transferred Indian Affairs from the province of the military to the arena of civilian government.

As Canadian Society has changed, minor adjustments have been made. For example, as the Industrial Age progressed, the emphasis moved from transforming independent native nations into masses of peasants toward transforming them into low wage earners at the bottom rungs of an industrial society.

The marginal societies into which native peoples have been forced are controlled by interests other than their own. The usual results of marginal societies all over the world emerge — the "social problems of the Indians" are not problems peculiar to Canada, for they exist among oppressed peoples in marginal communities on every continent. However, the fact of the existence of these forced problems is used to further the oppression of the people through an interesting process.

Since Canadian citizens are taught to regard themselves as good Christian civilized beings, they cannot conceive of themselves as oppressors. Thus, the problems of the native people could not be caused by good Canadian citizens, and must be due to some inherent defect in native peoples. Thus a people who have had their land, language, culture, and livelihood taken from them, and who thus have nothing much to do, are regarded as "lazy". When the oppression is resisted, it is because native people are "warlike".

It was against that background that Canada's Justice Minister Ronald Basford concluded that the charges against Leonard Peltier are not politically inspired. On December 17, Basford handed down a decision to extradite Peltier to the United States. In doing so, he solemnly assured all that his decision on behalf of Canada was not politically inspired either.

But the Basford decision spotlighted Canada as an active collaborator in the oppression of native people in the U.S., and demanded that Canada turn a blind eye to the current U.S. policy to use the criminal justice system as a tool of political oppression of native peoples and nations.

But the Peltier decision should not be viewed as extraordinary or isolated, and Basford's decision was not in the least surprising. The Peltier case is unusual only in terms of the amount of documentary evidence which has emerged, and the enormous amounts of money and energy expended by the prosecution and defense, and the little bit of extra publicity the case drew.

Canada's policy toward native nations and peoples and resources is the same as the U.S., although Canada's colonial heritage gives it a bit more expertise in smoothly executing her policy. Both Canada and the U.S. have emerged as states from a heritage of exploiting the resources of the native nations, and it is necessary that they continue to cooperate with each other in regard to native people so that their exploitation can continue.

Sometimes native people themselves come to believe the propaganda, that since Canadian citizens are good Christian civilized beings, native people come to believe they really are an inferior people, and turn their feelings inward in self-destructive ways — sometimes a quick death of suicide or careless accident, or the slow death of booze, or they turn upon each other to fulfill the prophecy.

Racism feeds on itself.

One concept which is necessary that Canada ignore if its policy is to work is the concept that native peoples are citizens of their own sovereign nations. The nationalism of native peoples has stood as one of the strongest points of resistance to oppression in many native communities. Native nationalism often stands in direct opposition to Canada's racist policies. Nationalism has served as a more effective tool of native resistance even than that of native spiritual beliefs, although often the two are intertwined.

Thus, Canada denies that the Dene Nation or the Cree Nation or the Mohawk Nation exists. Those native people who continue to identify themselves as members of native nations know the true meaning of oppression, for they are frequent targets. Canada moves constantly and consistently to destroy both the concept and the legal base of the native nations.

The only logical reason for Canada to behave in this way is that it wishes to continue the oppression of native peoples and the exploitation of their resources. It cannot justify denial of sovereignty in the name of

(continued on next page)



Leonard Peltier's extradition struggle was supported by AIM in a Parliament Hill rally

Last November, when she was scheduled to testify that Russell Means was guilty of murder, she attempted suicide and was put into a mental hospital. She was not called to testify in the Butler-Robideaux trial, although the allegations in that case rest on the same facts as the charges against Peltier.

The documented evidence of government misconduct is so massive that no summary here can begin to be adequate — the FBI has been proven to have manufactured evidence, employed agents-provocateurs, infiltrated defense teams, and spread false news to the press and to local law enforcement agencies, all as a matter of course in its work on Indian reservations.

The most public example of that strategy is the story of Douglass Durham, an FBI informer and CIA associate, who infiltrated AIM to become bodyguard for Dennis Banks. When Senator James Eastland released his Internal Security Subcommittee report that AIM was a dangerous revolutionary organization, Durham's was the sole testimony on which the report was based. That report received extensive coverage in the Canadian press because Durham claimed that AIM's main activity was an underground railway smuggling weapons and people from Canada into the U.S. in cooperation with Communist groups in Canada, Puerto Rico, China and Cuba. Another FBI report widely circulated was that 2,000 Indians were training as death-squad dog soldiers in the Northwest Territories, preparing for terrorist activities against innocent farmers, governors, and policemen.

Dino Butler and Bob Robideau were the first persons ever to be acquitted in a U.S. Court on a charge of murdering police officers by a plea of self-defense. Actually, they and Peltier are not accused of the murder itself — they are charged with "aiding and abetting" simply by being present in that place at that time.

Thus it came as no surprise that the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and the Federal Bureau of Investigation are one of a kind wearing different uniforms, and that the Canadian Government was willing to trade off Leonard Peltier as a pawn in its games with its monstrous neighbor to the south.

Peltier was arraigned in Rapid City, South Dakota, and now awaits trial at an undetermined time and place.

A Long Historical Line of Racist Policy

Any student of history could tell that Canada would extradite Leonard Peltier.

To do any differently, Canada would veer away from a long and unbroken line of colonial policy which it inherited from Great Britain.

A look at the Peltier decision and Canada's policy is instructive to all natural people who may wonder where in the world are their friends.

One of the earliest statements of policy relative to the native people of Canada is contained in the 1670 instructions of King Charles to the Governor of Canada. The king admonished his subjects to maintain the peace with the natives, to avoid provocation, to develop contact people who can communicate with the native nations, and to develop strategies to get the Indian People to become Christians. Early British records indicate a legalistic bent for a clear and consistent record of recognition that native people held some kind of title to the land, that they were separate and distinct nations. The Crown acted accordingly. British Imperial policy, until around 1830, was generally in the hands of the military. It involved treating Indian Nations as potential military allies or military enemies, and relations were often characterized by intrigue and propaganda tactics clearly aimed at territorial acquisitions of land belonging to allies and enemies alike.

"civilization" — the right of a people to determine their own destiny in their own homelands has little to do with "civilization".

What native nationalism does is to force Canada to set aside the mask of "benevolent civilizer" and to show the face of an oppressor, greedy for land, natural resources, and cheap human labor. Canada tries to avoid showing this face by claiming that it cannot recognize the Dene Nation, as one example, because to do so would create a "security risk". In fact, it would inhibit the ruthless exploitation of the Dene Territory. To recognize Dene sovereignty would be to raise the position of the Dene People from that of peasants to that of owners of valuable natural resources. But this is not in Ottawa's or corporate interests, and so it says simply that the Dene Nation does not exist.

As 1977 rolls around, the Canadian Government is showing itself to be a willing partner in the hemispheric exploitation of native people. If there has been any major change, in fact, it is that Canada now cooperates more fully than ever before with the United States Government in the repression of native nations and peoples. It is moving against native people in Ontario so that the U.S. can have paper and water. It is moving against native people in the Northwest Territories so that the U.S. can have natural gas.

Canada's early experience with native people had indicated that unless they had some protection from the wily and aggressive Europeans, the native people became impoverished, and their societies decimated. In fact, that was the result even with protection. One means adopted was to give native people food in order to keep them from starving and becoming an embarrassment to Canada's civilized image, and at the same time, keeping them away from the worst aspects of civilization. Too, support could keep the natives allied to the Crown against Canada's most dangerous foe — the United States of America.

The process of "civilizing" the native people had some interesting mechanics. In theory, "civilization" was a casual process by which a native would leave his "nomadic and amoral ways" and settle down to the pursuit of agriculture. The general idea was to isolate native people from white settlers — who had notoriously bad habits even in the eyes of the Crown — and to send good white people, like missionaries and teachers to instruct them.

The process needs to be seen in its true light. The Reverend James Coleman described one process: "It is necessary the Indian youth should be prevented becoming hunters or fishers, and this can be done by locating the village where there are no facilities for either."



A Natural World People are defined as a people whose subsistence is provided by the Natural World. By consciously eliminating access to the Creation, the Canadian Government's policy became one of conscious impoverishment of native communities. In short, Canada's Indian policy for most of the 19th Century was the same policy which exists today: a policy of self-confessed oppression of native peoples. That policy is supported by racist underpinnings, as most oppression is. The argument was that native people need to be "civilized" because their economy is in conflict with the needs of Canada's expansion. The native

people were to be "civilized" to guarantee that they could be exploited, and they were being exploited because, according to the rationale of the day, they were culturally inferior.

Generally, the Natural World People of Canada have been systematically denied access to the Natural World and subjected to policies which establish them as peasants in their own homeland. That has been Canada's policy — and a look about us will show that the policy has had that result. Reduction of the native land base was justified by the ideology that farming is a superior occupation to "hunting and gathering". That not only caused the native people to become impoverished, but it opened their hunting lands to European exploitation.

But the explicit goal, "civilizing" the native people, i.e., integrating them into Canadian society, has failed. There has never been any real effort to do this, in fact — just enough effort is put forth to give the appearance that integration is a goal. The question here is not whether native people even want to be integrated — the point is that Canada did establish that as a goal, and then failed to achieve the goal because it didn't really want that to happen — it just wanted the lands and resources.

Native people have been allocated just enough resources to educate the few, but not the many. Just enough money is spent each year to establish some cases of social justice, but not enough to make justice a reality for all native peoples. There has been just enough money allocated to enable a few native people to utilize their own labor and resources to maintain a good standard of living — but not enough to make any real difference.

This process is one which is called Planned Underdevelopment. It has been Canada's Indian policy since the 1830s, and has been rediscovered and refined time and again.

CANADA CREATES A PELTIER MYTH

After Peltier was "safely" out of the country, the *Vancouver Sun* told Canadians the dangers it had been facing. The newspaper said the reason Peltier was kept in such close security was the fear that "violent elements of the American Indian Movement" would attempt to kidnap some prominent official to exchange for Peltier's release. Police leaked this information, saying that their informers had told them of the hostage-swap which was to have taken place prior to last June's Habitat Conference in Vancouver.

British Columbia's Attorney-General sent a special delegation to Ottawa to urge that security be beefed up for Habitat as protection against the "Indian threat". Guards were quietly put on some "potential victims". Prominent visitors to Habitat were warned of the potential danger, and some increased their own security forces.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police security division squads shadowed known AIM members in their every movement. In retrospect, all of this seems ironic: the police knew that Peltier was going to be extradited, hearing or no hearing, while the native people had put their faith in the judicial process, rather than in violence.

Whether the source of the Canadian authorities' fears were from their own paranoic voices or from COINTELPRO-like sources in the U.S. is not known at this time.



DACAJEWIAH (JOHN HILL), ATTICA DEFENDANT, HAS SENTENCE CUT BY NEW YORK GOVERNOR; OTHER POLITICAL PRISONERS STILL HELD

Albany, New York — Dacajewiah (John Hill), the sole remaining Attica defendant in jail, had his sentenced commuted by New York Governor Hugh Carey on December 30, making him eligible for parole which is expected to be granted shortly.

Carey also pardoned seven other former prisoners convicted on Attica charges who had already served their sentences. At the same time, Carey said he was "closing the books" on the Attica rebellion of September, 1971, thus precluding the possibility of charging state troopers or guards who may have committed offenses in retaking the facility and rehousing the inmates.

Ten prison guards, seized as hostages by inmates, along with 29 inmates, died on the final day of the rebellion in a barrage of state police gunfire. Following the rebellion, state prosecutors issued a massive set of indictments charging 62 inmates for their role. However, public disclosure of the prosecution's failure to investigate police actions in retaking the prison, and its conduct in securing evidence against the defendants eventually led to dismissal of most of the charges. Hill became the scapegoat for Attica.

Akil Al-Jundi, a former Attica inmate and defendant, praised Carey for releasing Hill, but pointed out that the conditions which led to the rebellion still exist in New York prisons, citing a wave of strikes which swept the New York prisons this summer. But, the member of the Attica Now Committee said, "Attica has caused everybody in the country to get a better understanding of the entire prison system, and caused many people in

the communities to become more concerned and active in changing the prisons."

Salvador Argon, a Puerto Rican activist/writer, also had his sentence commuted by Carey.

Other political prisoners:

Herb Powless, Phil Bautista, and Mark Powless are serving sentences in the South Dakota State Penitentiary (POBox 911, Sioux Falls, S.D.) on concocted charges stemming from the search of a van in March, 1975. The three men were workers in the Native American Alcoholism Center in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. They were found guilty on a series of explosive charges by an all-white jury. Their convictions are under appeal.

Carter Camp was re-indicted for "interfering with a postal inspector" who came into the Wounded Knee occupation. He was re-arrested on the same day he was released after winning an appeal on a legal technicality. He is out on \$5,000 bond and has been active in organizing the native community around Ponca City, Oklahoma, to deal with police harassment.

On December 9, a North Platte, Nebraska, jury acquitted Bob YellowBird on two felony charges.

Alonzo Victor King, an Apache, has been incarcerated by the U.S. Government longer than anyone for involvement in Wounded Knee 1973. He is in the Leavenworth County Jail in Kansas, fighting extradition to the State of South Dakota. King served three years in the Leavenworth Federal Prison from May,

1973, until January, 1976 — and then South Dakota served him with an indictment which had been issued in August, 1973.

Six members of the Sisseton Warriors Society were arrested and charged with eight counts each of attempted murder. The men, all residents of Sisseton, South Dakota, were arrested October 16, following an incident during which they were attacked by a large group of people. On November 12, fire broke out in the Roberts County Jail where the men were incarcerated. Donald Hill, Stacey LaBlanc, and Ted St. John were injured and moved to the Sioux Valley Hospital in Sioux Falls. Tom LaBlanc, Rocky St. John and Ed St. John were transferred to the South Dakota State Prison after threats were made against their lives. The six are being held on \$10,000 bond each.

Jack Cody, an outspoken advocate of native rights, is in the U.S. Prison at Springfield, Missouri.

The Warledo Brothers of the Seminole Treaty Council are in the U.S. Prison at Terre Haute.

Undoubtedly there are others who regard themselves as political prisoners, and we invite persons to write suggesting names of those who should be listed in this regularly updated column.



WHY PELTIER IS ON TRIAL

by JOHN TRUDELL

[Rallies in support of Leonard Peltier's campaign against extradition from Canada were held all over North America. At one of them, in California, John Trudell, national chairman of the American Indian Movement, spoke. These are excerpts from his speech, explaining the background of Peltier's case.]

"To understand the Leonard Peltier case, we have to understand what was going on at Pine Ridge long before any FBI were shot. For two years, Indians were being killed — Indian after Indian after Indian. Indians were being wiped out on the Pine Ridge Reservation, but no one cared enough to stop it. We looked at the list of dead people and we saw the Indian names. We saw the FBI's failure to solve these crimes. We saw that prior to the arrival of the FBI on the reservation, that kind of violence did not exist. So we understood we were involved in an organized campaign of violence against us. A decision was made at Oglala that if people had to shoot back at law enforcement officials in order to save the lives of innocent people, then they would shoot back.

"The FBI wasn't engaged in playing nice games with us, like they were with the Socialist Worker's Party, breaking into their offices and stealing their briefcases. They were playing a deadly game with us, setting us up to be offed all over the reservation.

"And that's why the FBI attacked. That's why the FBI has been attacking the American Indian Movement for the last three years. What is going on between the FBI and AIM is the same thing that went on between Captain Jack and the U.S. Army, between Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse against Custer.

"It's the same war — it's a war for our land and a war for our minds and our spirits. Nothing has changed but the technology they use, and the faces. They call it law enforcement — but law enforcement hasn't got anything to do with it. If there was truly law enforcement and law and order, there would be a lot of people in jail who have never seen the inside of a cell. They don't go to jail because they are the ones who make the rules.

"Actually, the white people have been victims of a longer war than we have. They have been enslaved by the value system of this corruptness for the last 2,000 years.

"If you intend to be truly free, then you're going to have to understand liberation.

"The FBI may think they have power, but they only have power as long as they can convince us in our minds that they have it. They can kill us. They can lock us up. They can beat us — but that does not mean that they have power. That means they know how to use force. That means that they know how to use their laws against us. But that does not mean they have power.

"Power is something that the human being can generate and create. Power we create. They have tools and symbols of oppression — we have power. If we want to understand what power really is — we have it.

"In 1972, the American Indian Movement occupied the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington, D.C. AIM made a mistake, a serious mistake, but not a fatal mistake. We were given amnesty. We should have stuck it out. We should have demanded that we be charged and tried right there, in Washington, D.C. But the government wanted us to have amnesty, because they didn't want to put us on trial in black Washington, because they knew we would walk away free and there would be a further indictment of the U.S. Government in its treatment of Indian people. The government wanted us away from the East Coast, so they got us back. The FBI went out to Pine Ridge to meet us there. They were there for one purpose — to create a climate of terror at Pine Ridge to draw the Indian People and the American Indian Movement into that area. The convictions they knew they

could not obtain in black Washington, D.C., they knew they could get in white South Dakota and Nebraska.

"The FBI has not even attempted to play the role of law enforcement as far as Indian people are concerned. They have been out front, a military army, an extension of the war against our people.

"Senator Eastland and the Senate Internal Security subcommittee, through the hired testimony of informer Douglass Durham, said the American Indian Movement was a frightening, violent organization, dedicated to the overthrow of the U.S. Government. He said we were a Communist organization, dedicated to revolutionary goals.

THE DEATHS AT PINE RIDGE IN THE REIGN OF TERROR, 1973-1976

[After the U.S. siege on Wounded Knee in 1973, a reign of terror continued on the Pine Ridge Reservation. Many people died, most of them supporters of the American Indian Movement or the traditional Lakota people. Others were simply victims of the violence-laden atmosphere, poverty, alcohol. We list here those who died during that period, whose deaths were investigated by police for murder or manslaughter. A few names have been marked with an asterisk, indicating there was a court conviction for the death. We apologize if this list is incomplete, and we ask readers to help us make it complete by sending us the necessary information. The Editors.]

Priscilla White Plume, died July 14, 1973, at Manderson.
Julius Bad Heart Bull died July 30, 1973, at Oglala*.
Donald He Crow died August 27, 1973, at Pine Ridge.
Aloysius Long Soldier died October 5, 1973, at Kyle.
Phillip Little Crow died November 14, 1973, at Pine Ridge.
Allison Little Spotted Horse died November 23, 1973, at Oglala.
Melvin Spider died September 22, 1973, at Porcupine.
Lorinda Red Paint died February 27, 1974, at Oglala*.
Edward Standing Soldier died February 18, 1974, at Pine Ridge.
Roxeine Roark died April 19, 1974, at Porcupine.
Dennis LeCompte died September 7, 1974, at Pine Ridge.
Jesse Trueblood died November 17, 1974, at Pine Ridge.
Elaine Wagner died November 30, 1974, at Pine Ridge.
Robert Reddy died September 16, 1974, at Kyle.
Floyd S. Bianas died December 25, 1974, at Pine Ridge*.
Yvette Lorraine Lone Hill died December 28, 1974, at Kyle*.
Leon L. Swift Bird died January 5, 1975, at Pine Ridge*.
William J. Steele died March 9, 1975, at Manderson.
Stacey Cortier died March 20, 1975, at Manderson*.
Jeanette M. (Waters) Bissonette died March 25, 1975, at Pine Ridge.
Richard Eagle died March 30, 1975, at Pine Ridge.
Hilda R. Good Buffalo died April 4, 1975, at Pine Ridge.
Ben Sitting Up died May 20, 1975, at Wanblee.
Kenneth Little died June 1, 1975, at Pine Ridge*.
Leah Spotted Elk died June 15, 1975, at Pine Ridge*.
Jack Coler and Ron Williams (FBI) died at Oglala June 26, 1975.
Joseph Stuntz Kills Right died June 26, 1975, at Oglala.
Vance DuBray died July 9, 1975, at Allen*.
Randy Hunter died August 25, 1975, at Kyle.
Howard Blue Bird died September 9, 1975, at Pine Ridge.
James Little died September 10, 1975, at Oglala*.
Olivia Bianas died October 26, 1975, at Porcupine.
Michelle Tobacco died October 27, 1975, at Pine Ridge.
Janice Black Bear died October 26, 1975, at Manderson*.
Carl Plenty Arrows, Sr. died December 6, 1975, at Pine Ridge*.
Frank LaPointe died December 6, 1975, at Pine Ridge*.
Lydia Cut Grass died January 5, 1976, at Wounded Knee.
Byron L. DeSersa died January 31, 1976, at Wanblee.
Lena R. Slow Bear died February 6, 1976, at Oglala.
Cleveland Reddest died March 26, 1976, at Kyle.
Anna Mae Aquash died in February, 1976, at Wanblee.
Betty Jo DuBray died April 28, 1976, at Martin.
Sam Afraid of Bear died May 24, 1976, at Pine Ridge.
Julia Pretty Hips died May 9, 1976, at Pine Ridge.
Kevin Hill died June 4, 1976, at Oglala.
Betty Means died July 3, 1976, at Pine Ridge.
Lyle Dean Richards died July 31, 1973, at Kyle.
Sandra Wounded Foot died, date unknown, at Sharp's Corners.
Marvin Two Two died May 6, 1976, at Pine Ridge.

"Sometimes we are conditioned by the rhetoric of what we hear. AIM is not talking about revolution — in Western Civilization, revolution has always been a fight for power within the same value system. But we don't want power within the value system that exists now — we're talking about liberation.

"We look at the total history of our people. We look at thousands of years of existence, and we look at the last 400 years since the coming of the white man, 400 years of constant struggle for survival. We recognize two things — one, is that this 400 years of war is not over. We are engaged in a continuation of 400 years of war of resistance and for liberation.

"Second, four hundred years ain't shit in the total history of our people. We look at the totality of time, and see that

400 years isn't anything. What has happened in the last four generations in the total concept of time ain't nothing. The government wants us to think we are separated from our past. You guys lost, they say. What you Indians going to do? You might as well become white — adjust! You can't go back.

"But we can survive and keep our values. Our struggle for liberation centers around the way we believe, our culture. To the FBI, the Federal Government, that's dangerous. We just went through the Madison Avenue hard-sell of the Bicentennial. Some people complained about business capitalizing on the Bicentennial. But the brainwashing was convincing the U.S. people that

craziness — that you would leave it to your children. That's not being sane. I thought we were trying to make things better for the kids. But to leave them to have to deal with the problems that we exist in now, with no path to follow, then we're cutting their throats.

"So in the American Indian Movement, we make a lot of mistakes, and we're not perfect, but we do recognize the facts of the struggle we're involved in. Most of us won't live to see what it is we're fighting for — but we know that's no reason to sit back. A start has to be made. We understand how people are controlled by fear.

"It would be fine if people recognized what we need to survive, and live their lives according to needs, not wants. The system has made junkies out of everybody. People are apathetic because they are conditioned to living a fantasy life on television, and that includes some of our own people.

"The people in this country are being had again. Your FBI is running rampant. The CIA is running rampant. The oil companies — the rich are doing what they goddam well please. They have been for some time. The CIA is doing it to you, the president is doing it to you, the corporations are doing it to you — and the people sit back and close their eyes and expect it to go away.

"In the apathy of the American public, people believe that the election of Jimmy Carter means things are going to change. But the government is not going to change itself.

"One of the obstacles we have run into is to get people to open their eyes and see what is going on. People have these attitudes — they don't want to break laws. But today, we live in a society which does not have laws. People in power have legitimized their position by making the rules. There is no law in America — there are only rules. The difference between law and rule is that under law, people are treated justly. But under rules, the people who create the rules enforce the rules and they don't have to follow the rules.

"As long as a situation like that exists, there is no freedom for anyone. But you get all caught up in this Bicentennial crap, celebrating 200 years of freedom. Freedom means being free. One of the obligations of government is providing peace and security and freedom to the people it serves. But are you free? Do you have peace? Do you have security?

"All most of the people of the United States know about freedom is how to spell the word.

"This is why Leonard Peltier had to come back to the United States to stand trial. They want him because he represents something much higher than most U.S. citizens can relate to. He represents the idea that a people are supposed to be free. It is a natural human right.

"Human rights come from the Creator — what gives the United States the gall to think that it can legislate civil rights while it denies human rights? It sits back and says, 'Now you blacks, we'll give you this kind of civil rights, and you Indians, we'll give you this kind of civil rights, and you whites can have this kind of civil rights.'

"The nature of the United States Government is exploitation. The Europeans who came here found a free people. Both the native people and the Europeans recognized there is such a thing as human weakness — but the Europeans built their societies to exploit human weakness.

"And things haven't changed. No one is going to have freedom in this country again until the value system which is dominating now is completely shattered or dismantled and thrown away. That's why Leonard and Dino and Bobby were in Oglala that day — they were there saying that the Oglala had the right to live their lives the way they wanted. They had a right to their human rights.

MERCURY POISONING: A Killer In The Waters

— Grassy Narrows Reserve, Ontario

The Reed Paper Company excretes its waste privately, away from the shops and homes of Toronto and Minneapolis. In Northwestern Ontario, in Dryden, Reed pours out its excrement in a tawny stream the color of diarrhea, fouling the Wabigoon River. Over the mills and the town hangs the odor of a giant who is passing gas.

Downstream from Reed Paper, at the Indian reserve of Grassy Narrows, native people eat fish caught in the waters Reed has fouled. Those waters contain mercury, a slow poison which accumulates in all those who eat it — including man. Although Reed Paper has recently put in pollution-control devices to take the mercury out of its effluent, there is enough poison already in the riverbeds to poison creatures for another hundred years or more.

In the meantime, a people who have little else to eat but fish have to find something else to sustain them and their children.

True, Western civilization, in its arrogance, didn't even know what mercury poisoning was until the 1960s. But native people, who didn't know about mercury poisoning either, did know how to prevent it — their spiritual leaders told them. The Earth is our Mother. Do not poison the Earth. We are related to the waters. Do not poison our relatives.

Minamata Poisoning: A Modern Horror

The effects of mercury poisoning in humans is called Minamata Poisoning after the Japanese fishing community where it first became known.

Along the Minamata coast, victims of a "mysterious disease" showed up in the early 1950s, but it took until the summer of 1956 to see that the outbreak was an epidemic. A fear grew that some strange new contagious disease was spreading. By October, 1959, Dr. Jaijame Hosokawa, an employee of the Chisso Corporation factory which uses mercury, had evidence his firm was to blame — but Chisso officials kept silent and prevented independent researchers from taking away sample of factory waste. Hosokawa was ordered to keep silent, and it was not until he was on his deathbed in 1970 that he admitted the horrible secret he had kept for eleven years.

The disease is caused by organic mercury deposited in local waters by industries flushing out waste products containing the chemical. The disease progressively dissolves the nervous system, leaving its victims deformed and crippled for life.

Horribly, people have the irreversible disease before the first symptoms begin to show — when you start to feel the effects of the disease, it is already too late. And the symptoms may not show up for years.

Those first symptoms are a tingling numbness in the lips and limbs. Then movements become hard to control, words slur together in speech, and the victim's visual range narrows. Hearing and sight deteriorate. In the advanced stages, victims fall into uncontrollable motions and sometimes begin shouting involuntarily. Eventually, death follows.

Autopsies have shown the brain transformed into a kind of sponge as its cells are eaten away.

Mercury-poisoned infants can be born to apparently healthy mothers.

Tests last February on 87 Anishnabeg at Grassy Narrows and White Dog reserves showed 31 had symptoms indicating they could have mercury poisoning. The disease is so new that Canadian doctors don't know how to recognize it. "The symptoms could be due to other neurological disorders, alcoholism or malnutrition, as well as mercury poisoning," Ontario Health Minister Frank Miller hedged as he released the report to the Legislature.

But Japanese doctors, after seeing over one hundred of their patients die, are more keen in their judgment. A group of physicians from Japan, experienced in Minamata Poisoning, visited the Ontario reserves in 1975, and reported that 37 of the 85 persons they tested showed "some type of sensory disturbance" pointing to mercury poisoning as the cause.

In Minamata, the sickness is called the "cat dancing disease". Cats there eat nothing but fish, and are the first mammals to show the disease. All along the coastal villages near Minamata Bay, cats developed violent spastic movements, and either died or ran into the sea. Brains of two cats from White Dog Reserve who had died in this way were sent to Japan for analysis. Dr. Tadao Takeuchi, a leading pathologist at Kumamoto University and a Minamata expert, found the two brains rife with cellular destruction — from mercury.

In all, Japanese teams have made three visits to the Kenora area. In 1975, the Japanese team found that Canadian researchers had been feeding cats fish from the Kenora area for years, watching every animal

develop mercury poisoning and die — but these reports had not been published and the Anishnabeg had not been informed. The Japanese visitors termed this "very shocking". Dr. Jun Ui of the University of Tokyo said he believes that ultimately, the mercury poisoning of native people in the Northwestern Ontario will be worse than at Minamata in Japan.

"If it were this bad in Japan," Dr. Ui said, "people would be taking matters into their own hands. If people had to live like that in Japan, they'd automatically rebel."

When the Japanese doctors visited the reserves and began to inform people of the real dangers of mercury, Leo Bernier called them a bunch of "travelling troubadours". He was upset because the physicians had not worked through the government — "that was not protocol." He said the scientists should "keep politics out of it."

Face-Saving, Career-Building, Buck-Passing Action

Since the problem of mercury pollution first surfaced in Ontario, the government officials have exhibited face-saving, career-building, buck-passing, and discriminatory actions as their bureaucratic response to the very real human problem of Minamata disease. The governments seem to be more interested in protecting the polluters and denying their own responsibility than they have been in preventing a possible tragedy — especially since it is only native people who are known to be poisoned — up until now.

The government has commissioned reports on mercury pollution which it has never made public, it has conducted surveys of the mercury levels in fish from contaminated waterways which it has not released, and it has performed tests on native people and didn't release the results to the people concerned.

Besides outright withholding of information, there was also incredible ignorance. Although in 1970, there were over one hundred victims of Minamata Disease in Japan and the case was well-known in scientific and medical journals, Ontario's George Kerr blithely announced, "We're hoping by next summer the problem will be over."



— from the book "Polluted Japan"

A By-Product of Industry: This is the deformed hand of Iwazo Funaba, a victim of Minamata Poisoning, who eventually died after long suffering.

By 1974, with the Japan casualties numbering nearly 800, Ontario's Leo Bernier still was saying, "I'm not convinced that it's as serious a problem as what some people make it out to be."

The institutionalized racism is evident in comparing letters sent to tourist operators and to the Anishnabeg. Tourist people were told "fish should not be eaten even over relatively short periods of time." The same officials told the Anishnabeg that "people with high mercury levels should reduce the amount of fish they eat."

Government-industry ties are evident. In 1973, Leo Bernier appointed Tommy Jones to head a ministerial advisory committee to advise the Ministry of Natural Resources what to do about the mercury problem. Tommy Jones is the vice-president of Reed Paper Company, and in fact, formerly managed the Dryden Paper Company that poisoned the Anishnabeg! Afterwards, Bernier announced that industry wasn't responsible for mercury poisoning — blame it all on "water organisms", he said.

The firm responsible for the Minamata poisoning was the Chisso Co. At first, it too denied responsibility. The victims were harassed when they demanded compensation. Protests mounted, though, and eventually the firm was taken to court, fined, and ordered to pay heavy damages.

At least the beginning part of that pattern was evident in Canada — Reed has denied responsibility.

In 1975, a group of Minamata patients came to Canada to join in solidarity with the Anishnabeg in protests on the steps of the Ontario Legislature, and to tell them about the disease which they could not escape. And they invited a group of residents of White Dog and Grassy Narrows to visit them in Japan to see the reality of the disease for themselves, and to provide support and information. The Anishnabeg delegation noted that "with small, quiet voices" they had pleaded their case for many years without anyone listening. "These voices, however, were heard 7,000 miles away in Japan and the doctors came. Thus we have not been totally ignored. Now we must make a greater effort to stand up ourselves."

The Japanese victims themselves, using their own funds, decided that the Anishnabeg of White Dog and Grassy Narrows must see what mercury can do to people. At a reception where there had been happy conversation and good food shared by people from Minamata East and Minamata West, a young Japanese woman suddenly clutched her left hand. Her face showed a look of dismay, as if to say: "Why must this happen now?" The muscular seizure, a manifestation of Minamata disease, comes on without warning. As her fingers splayed backwards to an impossible angle, she dropped the beaded headband she had been admiring. Her arm twisted as though the bones were made of rubber. Three young Japanese started to massage her, trying to work her arm and neck back to where they belonged. The woman lay down, pain frozen on her face. Slowly, her neck, her arm, her hand regained their normal positions.

Her ten-year-old daughter's eyes remained averted. The talking and laughter gradually resumed, but they weren't the same — the Anishnabeg now knew what horrors they and their people faced.

Tom Keesick, 26, of Grassy Narrows was one of those who went to Japan. His father and his grandfather both died violent deaths. He was taken to a place called "The Minamata Disease Victim's Rehabilitation Center" — even though there is no cure or rehabilitation possible. He knelt down before a drooping, monstrously deformed child, took the girl's hand, looked her in the eyes and said, "I'm glad to meet you; I'm glad to meet all of you."

Gail Singer, a film-maker who accompanied the Anishnabeg delegation later wrote: "You couldn't cry, and you couldn't not cry. Tears that are shed over soap operas and personal anxieties had no place here. The older patients in the hospital were ashamed to expose limbs that had once been strong and healthy. They were ashamed, too, of the involuntary grins on their faces — impossible to distinguish as uncontrollable spasms or expressions of pain. This was the disease. This came from eating fish. This is what unregulated industrial growth had led to."

Keesick's wife was months pregnant at the time, and the gnawing fear at the back of his mind increased daily: would his child be born a Minamata victim? Would this have to happen to him and his People before the governments and Canadian public would take the problem seriously?

The Anishnabeg came back to North America knowing what Minamata Poisoning was. They could have known part of that without making the trip, if someone would have told them. As Chief Andy Keewatin said, "How come in Japan the doctors talk to us as though they knew all along that we had the intelligence to understand this disease? All we needed was a clear explanation — how come this never happened in Canada?"

In reply, the Minamata hosts told the Anishnabeg, "Poor and minority peoples are nearly always the first victims of pollution. That we have overcome our isolation by getting together and concretely realizing the worldwide polluting effects of multinational corporations is indeed of great significance."

Just before the Anishinabeg delegation left for Canada, Chief Keewatin was asked to please tell the people of Japan what he had learned in his days there. It was a delicate moment, immensely important to the Minamata organization that had invested so much time, energy, and money in the trip. Andy began: "Your country is amazingly beautiful. Your people are very generous; you are giving us so much, showing us so much of the beautiful countryside, always giving us food and drink and cigarettes." A hint of nervousness passed through the audience: hadn't he understood the question? Andy continued on: "With all these beautiful places, beautiful trees, the sea, the orange groves, why, why would you people want to ruin it?"

The Infection of Racism Aggravates

Of the horrendous spectrum of Atomic Age contaminants unleashed on life and Mother Earth since World War II, perhaps none is so devastating and insidious than mercury. Yet, there is still no real action, and governments have acted only to deflect inquiries.

Meanwhile, a classic and foul error of civilization has been perpetrated. Catch 22. To "respectable people" such as the residents of Kenora who are relatively unaffected by the disease — particularly if word about it doesn't get around — it is the Indians who are to blame for the deteriorating hell of social conditions on the reserves in the bush, as well as on the streets of Kenora. Rampant alcoholism, child and wife-beating, chronic poverty, tragic deaths by violence, many by suicide — this is the world view of "mercury" settlements.

Yet the Japanese experience links acute restlessness, alcoholism, chronic despondency, explosive frustration, and the resultant social chaos, with the long-term infestation by organic mercury in the central nervous system of human beings. Out of less than 2,000 Anishinabeg residents near Kenora, over 300 persons have died violently since 1970.

The town of Kenora is sensitive to its "Indian image", but its colonial attitudes and dependence upon tourists who might vacation elsewhere if mercury poisoning gets too much publicity has kept its residents from relating to the realities and moralities of its situation. Last May, New Democratic Party leader Stephen Lewis appealed to Kenora residents to put their negative feelings about native people aside, and fight the six years of "insensitivity and arbitrariness" of bureaucracies in dealing with the mercury poisoning.

"The simplest element of human decency" required some effective action, Lewis said in a strongly-worded speech showing strong emotions. He said the government response had been "hopelessly inadequate" and that the native people were kept "dispirited and brutalized."

There was no applause from the 150 persons present during the hour-long speech, although there was a brief ovation when it ended.

During the summer of 1974, up to 500 native persons conducted an armed occupation of Anicinabe Park near downtown Kenora. This was the first major attempt to dramatize deteriorating social, genetical, medical, and environmental conditions on local reservations. The occupiers defused a stormy situation by leaving peacefully after the governments of Ontario and Canada agreed to act to improve living conditions. But recently, the local prosecuting attorney agreed to drop criminal charges against some of the occupiers because the agreement ending the occupation said such charges could be laid only after the governments had made certain changes — which are yet to be made.

A Monument to Incurable Stupidity

When Ontario and Federal officials did know the native people living on the English-Wabigoon River system were being poisoned, it took six years of huffing and puffing and incredible callousness to even start to respond.

It's major contribution was thousands of pounds of fish, most of which rotted in \$140,000 freezers brought in as a "solution". They didn't like the fish much anyway in Grassy Narrows and White Dog. "There was no way I could find to make it taste good," Eli Carpenter reported. "I fried it and boiled it and there was no way. It wasn't like out of the river."

And people preferred some variety, not just the whitefish the Ontario Government had flown in from Manitoba — it couldn't find an unpolluted lake in Ontario that would produce fish at a safe mercury level. In fact, it could only find one or two lakes all the way from Lake Superior to the British Columbia border that could be safely consumed by a people already full of mercury.

Faced with the impossibility of buying clean fish, cabinet chairman Brunelle then wrote Chief Mandamin that the government wouldn't need to be supplying more free fish anyhow, because "the increasing development of employment opportunities for reserve residents will provide the necessary income for the purchase of appropriate food supplies" — that to a community 80% on welfare and their natural economy gone.

NDP leader Lewis called it a "monument to incurable stupidity".

Despite all this, health officials like Ontario's Minister of Health Frank Miller says that the whole situation is greatly exaggerated. "It must be strongly emphasized that no illness due to mercury has been found in Canada in any persons regularly eating contaminated fish," Miller says boldly.

In the face of the evidence, that is both false and misleading. Unless the only proof acceptable to the government is a stack of corpses, the facts are there.

Matthew Beaver is a resident of Grassy Narrows. According to tests, his blood contains 350 ppb of



tests were done on Strong's organs, and the jury ruled he died of a heart attack.

Since then, the coroner's office sort of stopped doing autopsies.

But the people continue to eat fish from the lake, even if it means they will die. True, it is hard to believe the warnings about contamination, especially when rich and educated tourists haul in big ones and eat them in shore lunches cooked by their hired "Indian guides". Eating mercury-poisoned fish a few times a year won't hurt anyone, but for the guides and their families who eat it regularly, the mercury accumulates, day after day, until it reaches a dangerous and lethal level.

The National Indian Brotherhood says that the medical aspect of mercury pollution is no longer a priority, but the real crisis now is in the social and economic problems which mercury pollution causes. "We don't want to get on the medical trip," Allan Roy, a Brotherhood official, said this summer. "The way to help the People is to get them not to drink any more, not to knife their spouses, and not to leave their kids to freeze in the snow." Full employment would help, he said.

The position of the Brotherhood is forthright: close the river, affirm the right to full compensation for the people whose livelihood has been destroyed, and develop a comprehensive program to assist the river system to become pure again. The aid should come immediately from the federal level, and then the Federal Government can argue with the province about what its share of the bill is going to be.

Because of the Anishnabeg protests, Environment Minister George Kerr finally charged Reed and another firm, Abitibi Paper Co., under the Environmental Protection Act with polluting. A report prepared by his ministry says that pulp and paper companies have a "powerful financial incentive to continue polluting the air and water." The mills are used to disposing their wastes into the air and waters free of charge, and because of the expense of pollution control equipment, "it is in the companies' interests to resist incurring these costs even when this may lead to prosecution and fines."

In actual fact, however, non-compliance with the law has not usually resulted in prosecutions or fines. Between 1968 and 1976, only 12 convictions were registered, averaging a fine of \$812 for water pollution. There have been no convictions since 1971.

The two stricken reserves have suffered before. In the 1950s, Ontario Hydro began developing a new generating project, and in 1956, One Man Lake reserve was relocated to White Dog, and six years later, Grassy Narrows was moved a few miles southeast to an area of poor hunting and poorer soils.

Their former lands were flooded. According to one Federal Task Force Report, "a contented and pleasant way of life [was transformed] to one of frustration and bewilderment." The government relocated them along roads for the convenience of white school teachers and government officials — little if any consideration was given to access to life-support systems, such as game or wood or vegetable gardening. That left fish — and fish became a mainstay in the Anishnabeg diet there.

It took Ontario Hydro 14 years to supply the native communities with electric power which had been promised as a part of the flooding deal. But compared to the ravages of mercury poisoning, that was nothing.

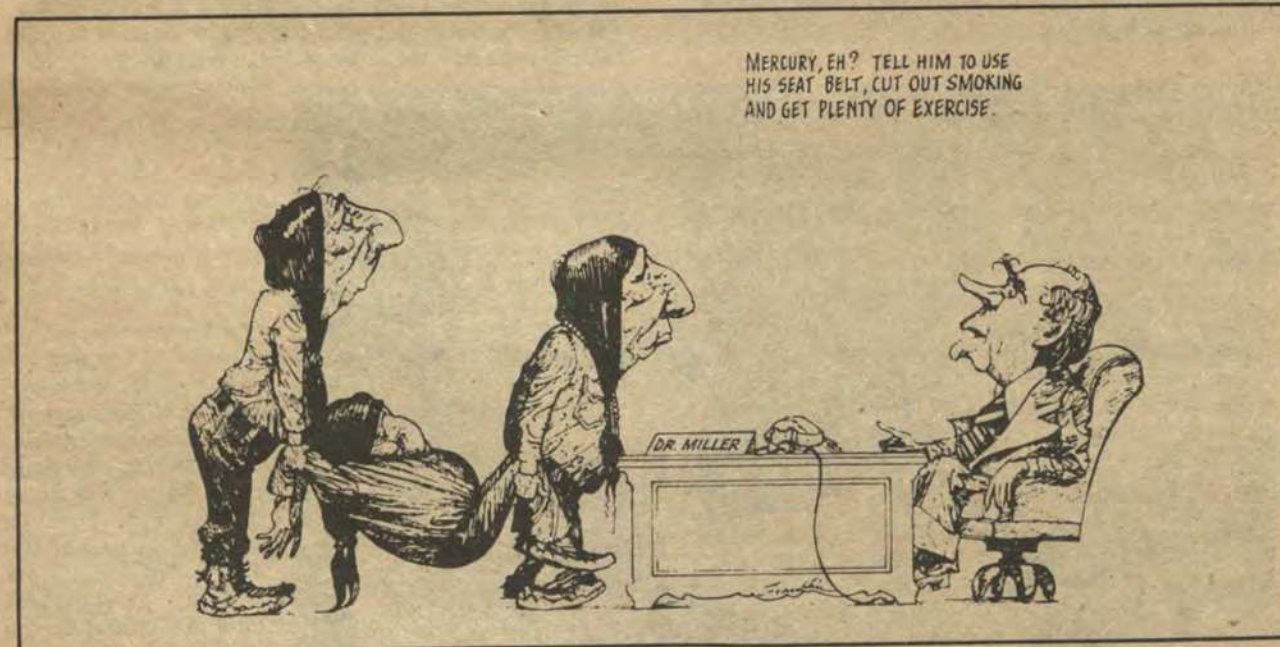
The Parliament Gives Five Minutes

When the House of Commons Indian Affairs Committee met this year, it spent about five minutes on the problems of mercury poisoning.

In Minamata, it took thirteen years for the symptoms to become clear. And it took ten years before action was taken to help the victims.

During the early 1960s, there was only helplessness and despair among the Minamata victims. Finally, in 1969, civil suits were filed against Chisso. A period of fierce court action and civil protests began. It took until 1973 to force Chisso to pay compensation, and to

(continued on next page)



In fact, many of the Canadian residents of Kenora aren't sympathetic at all. At a Progressive Conservative Convention in northern Ontario, Paul Okanski told delegates pollution problems were just a media fad. "An Indian who drinks shaving lotion or any darn thing he can get his hands on then turns around and says 'Minamata disease'? It's a total lie, and somebody's got to stand up and say that."

In 1969, before mercury poisoning showed up among Grassy Narrows' 500 people, total welfare costs were about \$2,000. Now they are over \$100,000 annually. The pollution resulted in closure of the commercial fishery and the shutdown of two major sport fishing lodges. Thus both food and a steady income were wiped out.

The wild rice harvest had been bringing in almost \$100,000 annually too, but flooding caused by water levels set by government officials flooded out the harvest often in past years.

mercury, over three times the amount necessary to cause Minamata disease. Beaver says he doesn't feel sick — but his upper lip quivers in a constant tremor. His benumbed hands shake. He has trouble with his balance. "And then I started to have trouble with my speech," he admits. "I can't talk the way I used to. I stutter a little. And I can't see too good. Maybe I'm getting old."

Beaver, a one-time pro-hockey prospect and fishing guide, is 34 years of age. When he was guiding in 1974 and 1975, he was paid to eat the fish to keep the tourists happy. He was warned not to mention mercury if he valued his job.

Thomas Strong was a Kenora area Anishnabeg who died in 1972. He was known to be a big fish eater, and the question of mercury poisoning was raised. An inquest was held, attended by many Anishnabeg. A high count of 224 ppb of mercury was found, but a government doctor, Dr. D.J. Stopps, testified that the blood sample must have gotten contaminated somehow. No other



admit moral responsibility for causing the horrible disease.

The latest count of "official" victims is 798, but 2,800 "applicants" are waiting for clinical testing and certification that they are entitled to compensation. But compensation doesn't help all that much. As one villager who had lost four of his family to the disease said, noting he was a rich man with a new house, "The rooms of my house are empty. Can Chisso bring back my family?"

The Japanese victims believe that far fewer persons would have been afflicted — not only at Minamata, but elsewhere — if the companies involved had admitted responsibility at the outset and if the government had acted in a more decisive manner.



Stevenson/Los Angeles Times

Chisso's attempts to cover up the problem would probably have been successful if a second mercury poisoning incident, affecting 500 people in the town of Niigata, had not occurred. The Niigata victims believed that if the original tragedy had been responded to, the second one need not have occurred. The court concurred: it ruled that the polluting company, Showa Denko, had been negligent because it had not taken adequate precautions in spite of the knowledge of what had happened at Minamata.

In awarding compensation, the court further stated that "there is no reason whatsoever for the interest of the enterprise to be protected at the sacrifice of the life or health of the people."

Encouraged by the victory at Niigata, the original Minamata patients took Chisso Corporation to court in 1969. The government decided that the burden of proof should lie with the company to prove it had not caused the suffering, rather than on the victims. After a bitter four-year court battle and 18 years after the first person was hospitalized for Minamata disease, the victims were finally awarded compensation.

The Poison Spreads Across The Land

But if White Dog and Grassy Narrows are becoming names synonymous with "mercury poisoning", they do not have a monopoly on the problem itself. Dangerous levels of mercury from industrial wastes have been found in many areas where native peoples depend heavily upon fish for food. There are dangerous mercury levels in northern Manitoba, British Columbia, the Northwest Territories, the St. Lawrence Valley, and in both southern and northern Quebec.

Mercury poisoning cases have also been found at Cedar Lake and Matagami in Quebec. About one-quarter of 300 Manitoba native persons surveyed last summer had high mercury levels in their blood. A survey is being taken in Saskatchewan. Regions of Alberta and New Brunswick are also believed to be affected. Eel River Bar on New Brunswick's North Shore is affected, as are the Mohawk reserves of Caughnawaga and Akwesasne.

The federal maps also show the North and South Saskatchewan River system as well as the Qu'Appelle River chain all polluted with mercury. Many northern lakes such as Lake Athabasca are listed as areas where caution should be exercised.

The Saguenay River System east of Quebec City is contaminated. The Ottawa River has danger spots. The mercury travels to Hudson Bay. Howe Sound in British Columbia is polluted and all fisheries there have ceased. Some waterways in New Brunswick are tainted. Mostly, it is native people who are the victims.

The situation of the Wassinipi Cree who live on the Bell River waters which drain into James Bay is believed to be even more serious. Until the early 1970s, the People maintained a traditional lifestyle. But in 1968, the Department of Indian Affairs opened up a fish process-

ing plant at Matagami. The operation was designed to supplement Indian income.

In the summer of 1970, analysis of fish showed high concentration of mercury, and in the fall of the same year, the processing plant was forced to close and all commercial fishing was banned. As usual, no one told the Wassinipi Cree what was going on — and they continued to eat the fish.

Tests were conducted on a few of the inhabitants — and serious mercury levels were found in their bodies. Again, no one told the Cree the results of the tests. They just told the Cree they shouldn't be eating fish, and they gave some families an extra \$25 a month to help with the groceries. But the Cree continued to eat fish, and mercury levels increased in their blood.

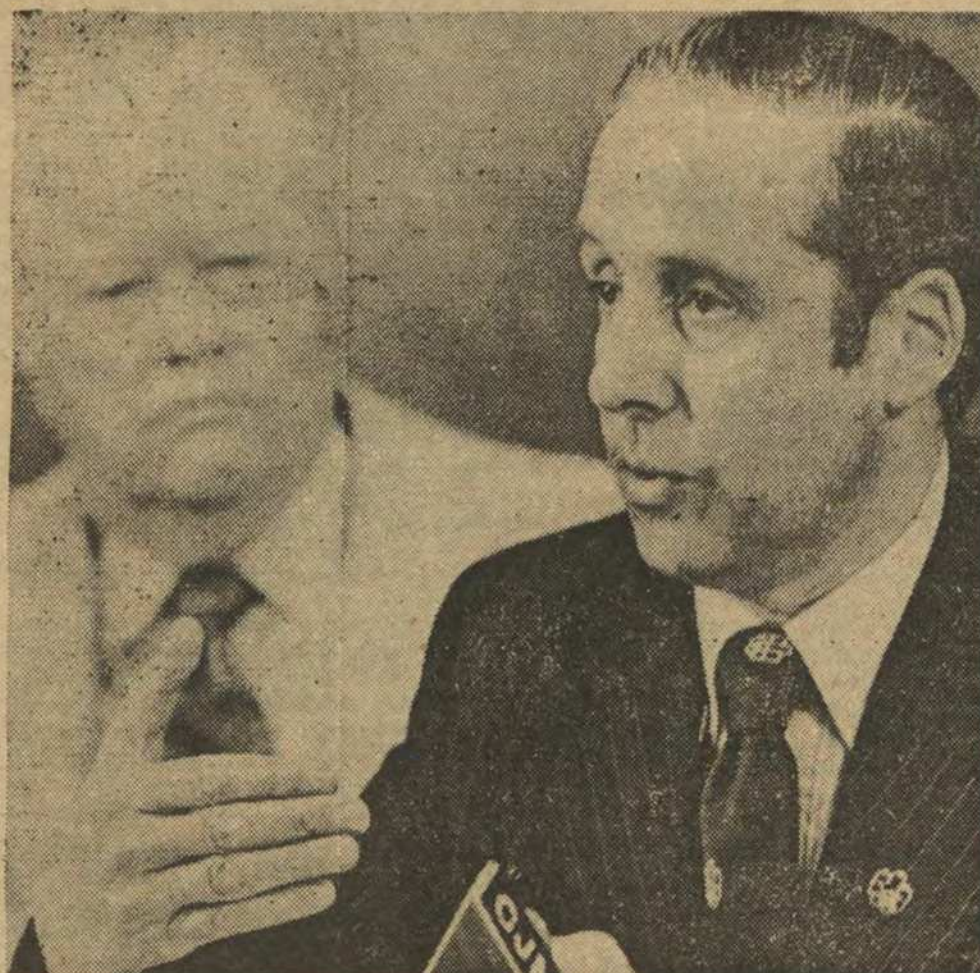
In 1972, a joint federal-provincial study into mercury contamination in northwestern Quebec was completed. But the report was not made public until 1975. That report cites Domtar Ltd. as the polluter, but Domtar says "natural causes" are involved, this despite the fact that the company has leaked 7 tons of mercury into the waters. Other researchers have found that the Noranda Mines smelter at Noranda, Quebec, has also been a major source of mercury pollution.

But for many Cree, it is already too late. Testing has revealed the highest blood/mercury levels anywhere in Canada, and equal to that found at Minamata.

At Matagami Reserve, Minnie Coonish's baby boy was born normal, but within the first year of his life he developed paralysis in both arms and refused to eat. The doctors were unable to say what was wrong. But Minnie knew she had eaten fish throughout her pregnancy.

Again in Quebec, the familiar early symptoms: an Algonquin woman from Cedar Rapids was found dead in a ditch earlier this year. The pathologist said she had died of exposure due to an excess of alcohol. But a senior Quebec physician had already established that she was one of the identifiable mercury victims in the area. Alcohol and mercury — two chemicals which cause disorders, feeding off each other. The physician remembers the woman being in severe depression when he examined her.

At least five more northern Quebec Cree people have been diagnosed as having mercury poisoning. All are from the community of Mistassini, about 450 miles northeast of Montreal.



Victor Goldbloom, Quebec's Environmental Minister, explains that mercury poisoning of a People was not a crime, and that he would authorize \$4.5-million to aid the polluters to stop, and only \$500,000 to the victims. He did not explain why his government did not introduce legislation to make the poisoning an offense.

— Montreal Gazette/
George Cree photo

When Victor Goldbloom, Quebec's Environmental Minister, had an investigation done of the mercury poisoning, he concluded that he would not prosecute the companies — Domtar Ltd. and Noranda Mines Ltd. — and he would not release to the public view the results of his investigation. He said the Quebec Government would subsidize the firms heavily for the install-

ation of pollution-control equipment. As for the Cree People, he had the usual advice: "Don't eat the fish."

Now the average person who carelessly allows 25 human beings to be poisoned might get sent to jail. But what Goldbloom gave the two companies was \$5-million and praised them for promising that they soon would cease to cause the death of human and other creatures.

Offering grants of \$5-million to the creators of the pollution and nothing at all to its victims is symbolic of where Quebec's priorities lie.

In fact, Goldbloom praised Domtar for its "goodwill" in accepting a plan to reduce mercury pollution. Although a Quebec Government study group named the two companies as being responsible for the poisoning among the Cree and Algonquin Peoples, Goldbloom said neither company appeared "to have done anything illegal. There is no evidence of any violation of environmental laws."

But if Canada is telling native people here not to eat the fish, it doesn't mind exporting its poison elsewhere in the world. Trade Minister Don Jamieson said last February that he would look into the possibility of exporting mercury-contaminated fish in an attempt to bolster the Atlantic Coast fishing industry. There it is swordfish which are affected, and their sale is prohibited in Canada.

Mercury poisoning of a different nature has been occurring in Puerto Rico. There it is reported in almost 400 employees of Becton, Dickinson & Co., a U.S.-owned thermometer-manufacturing firm.

One victim is Adelaida Santana, who graduated from high school, went to secretarial school, studied nursing for a year, and then went to work for Becton in 1969. Today, she is half blind, unable to walk without assistance, and when spoken to does not answer, but stares off into the distance. Her nervous system has been permanently damaged. Under law, she can get workmen's compensation — but it took four years to begin, cannot exceed \$18,000 and cannot extend more than six years. Only 42 Becton employees have been able to get compensation.

Women who have become pregnant while working at the plant and who have been diagnosed as having mercury poisoning, report spontaneous abortions, stillbirths, and deformed children.

The U.S. Geological Survey found that mercury pollution by the plant has increased mercury content in the Valencio River to 200 parts per million parts of water, or 40 times the safe level. In fact, with the industrialization of Puerto Rico by U.S. interests, all rivers of Puerto Rico now are contaminated by mercury to some degree.

Residents of the town of Jucos, where the Becton plant is located, have formed the Committee of Citizens Affected With Mercury Poisoning, and vow they'll fight back despite a deliberate campaign of intimidation that has already begun against their efforts. "Nothing, not even those who threaten to kill us, can keep us quiet," one member told the press.

At Akwesasne, near Cornwall, Ontario, on the St. Lawrence River, the fish are also contaminated by mercury. The water supply for the village of St. Regis is drawn directly from the St. Lawrence River, and although it is chlorinated to kill bacteria, there is no process to remove industrial chemicals like mercury. The Ontario Ministry of Health has responded by simply warning fisherman: "Don't eat the fish."

When the pollution was discovered at Akwesasne, the Canadian Department of National Health and Welfare approved an \$11,000 grant to remedy the situation. The solution: "Don't eat the fish." The money is to go to hire a "counsellor" who will go around to those families which eat the most fish and convince them to stop.

Other mercury outbreaks have been identified in Iraq, West Pakistan, Sweden, and Panama, Guatemala.

In addition to mercury hazards, the Anishinabeg of the Serpent River area, downstream from the uranium mining town of Elliot Lake near the Georgian Bay, have been told not to drink water from the river and not to use well water because radioactivity is above acceptable limits. The uranium mines have been inactive in recent years, but Rio Algom Mines and Denison Mines recently announced plans to triple daily tonnage by the early 1980s when they will reopen inoperative mines.

Radiation levels at the Serpent River Reserve are more than double the safe standard set by the province of Ontario for its white residents, but under the federal danger mark set mostly for native peoples.

Officials who came to a meeting at Serpent River in December said they would be sending letters to residents of the reservation. As usual, the letters would say: "Don't eat the fish."

Elsewhere, fishing is being suspended because waters contain dioxin or mirex or PCB or DDT or other toxic products of Western civilization moving toward progress and "a better life".

The Nature of Justice

The ways in which native peoples are frustrated in gaining their human rights and their liberation are illustrated in the official responses from within the system. One response came from the Ontario ombudsman, Arthur Maloney, who told a large meeting of native people that they "have a right to lodge a complaint and we have a duty to investigate it."

Making complaints and conducting investigations is not justice.

A provincial "coordinator" was appointed to pull together all the government programs supposed to help the people of the stricken reserves. But after a few months, he resigned. Jeff Perkins said he was totally frustrated with the bureaucracy of the government.

Government programs and social workers are not justice either.

The bureaucracy is more set up to provide funds — over \$6-million — to fancy-up Minaki Lodge, a tourist resort in the area, for the carriage trade, than it is to provide a just solution to the people of White Dog and Grassy Narrows. A meeting last May in Kenora "to help" was attended by 30 officials from 12 separate federal and provincial ministries.

The bureaucracy cannot provide justice.

When the Anishnabeg petitioned the Ontario Government for action to their urgent situation on October 31, 1975, their letter was answered, by cabinet minister Rene Brunelle in a letter on April 8, 1976.

Politicians do not bring justice, nor do petitions to them.

A federal government spokesman said Canada has spent \$600-million studying the mercury problem. Almost 200 publications have come out on the subject.

But studies and academic reports are not justice.

One government response — both from the incumbent minister of Indian Affairs, Judd Buchanan and provincial natural resources minister Leo Bernier — was to suggest that the Indians should sue the polluters for damages.

Then government officials would be able to say they could not comment because the "matter is before the courts", and they would be relieved of their burdens. Lawyers on both sides would be happy with the large fees the long court case would produce.

But filing civil suits will not produce justice either.

Legal experts say that even if the suit were filed, Canadian courts could rule that the residents of Grassy Narrows and White Dog lack "standing" to file a claim — that feature of Canadian law prevented groups of fishermen in Newfoundland and New Brunswick from collecting damages from companies which destroyed commercial fisheries by pollution.

And hadn't Barney Lamm, a tourist operator who decided to shut his lodge rather than to submit his guests and guides to the threat of poisoning, started a suit against the Reed plant in 1971 — with the case still far from resolved?

Then the provincial and federal governments proposed another solution: they would turn the entire area into a national park. The park would be a vehicle "for solving social and economic problems", Indian Affairs minister Judd Buchanan said.

Jobs do not provide justice.

"We see the national park idea as a copout, a cheap

trick to allow the federal and provincial governments to continue playing political games," said Fred Kelly, president of Grand Council Treaty 3 in Kenora. A few months later, Buchanan appointed Kelly to a high-paying job as regional director of Indian Affairs for Ontario, the first Indian to assume that position.

Having native people sitting behind the same desks that white people used to sit behind is not justice either.

Then the provincial government appointed a study commission of health specialists. Although it was in 1970 that commercial fishing was banned because of the high mercury levels, still in 1976 the study commission came up with the earthshaking conclusion that the rivers were polluted and the fish should not be eaten, thus pinpointing a problem that was already pinpointed. That there is mercury in the water is known, that the fish shouldn't be eaten is known — what is not known is how to bring about justice.

But appointment of a study commission is not justice.

In July, Mandamin said a toll gate would be erected on the road leading to the White Dog Reserve in an effort to get all fishing banned — including tourists. Mandamin said the toll charge would be \$10 per car excepting for cars belonging to the Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources, which would be charged \$25. The gates were taken down for a few days as a good faith gesture while talks were held in Ottawa between Anishnabeg leaders and Indian Affairs minister Buchanan, but when the talks failed, the gates went up again.

The move caused NDP leader Lewis, who formerly had been critical of Ontario officials, to plead with cabinet minister Rene Brunelle to ask the Anishnabeg to call off the blockade. "The blockade could mean all hell will break loose," Lewis explained. "It will feed all of the anxieties and a lot of the bigotries. If a confrontation is forced, all of the animosities will have a focus again."

Abstinence from confrontation will not bring justice.



Residents of the White Dog Reserve blockade a road through their lands to prevent tourists from getting to four fishing resorts. The men say: "Don't eat the fish."

"It's hard to convince our people there is a serious hazard of mercury poisoning when the Government is promoting sport fishing," band council member Anthony Henry said. "In the beginning, our people cut down quite a bit, but they see the tourists coming in and the fear deteriorates bit by bit."

In April, 1976, a special federal committee was set up to inquire into mercury pollution. The Commons "Fisheries and Forestry Committee" met only twice, and was little more than a Liberal Party public relations front designed to list the pitiful efforts made by federal and provincial governments, efforts such as putting up signs reading "Do Not Eat The Fish".

Mandamin said it was unfair that the Anishnabeg were the only ones to suffer, and that if they could not fish commercially, the tourist operators in the area should not be able to profit from sportsmen fishing in the area. The blocked road cut off access to four such resorts.

Although it may have taken Rene Brunelle six months to respond to a letter from the Anishnabeg, the blocked road caused the cabinet minister to fly to Kenora immediately. He told the delegation from White Dog that it was "impossible" to ban all fishing in the area, and that it was a "very complex question". He asked the mercury-poisoned residents of White Dog, who had proposed that tourists could fish and throw their catch back, to understand that a tourist wants to take a fish home to show his family and to take pictures of a full day's catch.

The roadblock did get some action: provincial officials went to Ottawa to talk with federal officials, without participation of the Anishnabeg of Grassy Narrows and White Dog. When a delegation from the National Indian Brotherhood crashed the meeting, they returned after half a day to say that the only thing the two governments had been able to agree was that the Indians should get kicked out. That decision came



from Indian Affairs minister Judd Buchanan, who complained, "We cannot allow any segment of society to come in and dictate to us what we are going to do."

In Japan, as in Canada, one of the first explanations for the violence and deaths was that "the people of Minamata use too much alcohol." It seemed as though only civil protests could bring change.

The protesters had to be tough to combat the wall of indifference and suppression erected by the industry-government coalition. People like Teruo Kawamoto, who lost his father to Minamata disease, made demonstrations, and suffered beatings by police and company guards. Kawamoto had lived in a tent for six months outside of Chisso's Tokyo headquarters. In the last days of negotiations, it was Kawamoto who stood barefoot on the boardroom table glaring down at the seated company president and asking over and over again: "Are you not human too? Do you not want to have children too? We are part of the same humanity, you and me, and yet you do not drink mercury. Why can't you understand this simple truth?" President Kenichi Shimada of Chisso sat and listened as a legal advisor wiped off the sweat from his brow.

— Toronto Star photo by Erin Combs

The Minamata victims and their families still struggle, for they see that pollution is not a question of their particular bay or of a specific river — it is a question which nations and human beings all over must deal with in the face of unlimited industrial expansion by multinational corporations.

And when people start dealing with that immediate question, including the people-who-are-not-yet-victims, when more than just one poor Japanese fisherman is willing to confront a corporation president, when all people start recognizing the deformed little girl who Tom Keesick greeted in Japan as their own daughter, it is then that justice will come.

Justice, unlike mercury, will not fall from the skies.

There's More To This Story

Reed is not satisfied with the tragedy of mercury, and with Ontario's assistance, is in the process of manufacturing another disaster.

If Reed Paper has its way, close to 20,000 square miles of Ontario's North should be dead and buried beneath a frozen desert by the year 2000. The Ontario Government seems to like the idea. When it's over, and Reed has packed its money-laden bags and left, the firm can move on to greener forests in any one of the dozens of other countries where the firm operates.

Ontario's dilemma is clear — it cannot condemn Reed for mercury poisoning when it is conspiring and aiding Reed in its rape of the North. Its agreement to let Reed move across 16 million acres in a once-only clean sweep which will permanently denude the area is in violation of the province's own land use plans for the area. The 12,000 Cree and Ojibwa residents — Anishnabeg — have neither been consulted nor prepared for their new lifestyle in a treeless frozen desert.

(continued on next page)



Reed International is a venerable old British colonial firm which publishes the *Daily Mirror*, makes ceramics, wallpaper, cardboard, paints and a variety of other products in 44 countries and has over 80,000 employees on its world-wide payroll. Reed Paper of Canada is its largest foreign subsidiary.

Reed Canada is part of an incredibly powerful international empire with assets exceeding \$400-billion, and an annual revenue of well over \$1-billion. Just its Canadian operations returned a profit of \$34-million in 1974.

One of the countries where Reed is active is South Africa. There, the colonial pattern is continued: exploit the labor of black people, exploit the lands of red people.

In Ontario, Reed is becoming a symbol of corporate narrow-mindedness and social irresponsibility because of a hideous crime which has happened whose victims will continue to emerge for generations: the mercury poisoning of the Anishinabeg.

In March, 1974, Ontario Premier Bill Davis announced Reed would be granted 800 square miles of timber land near Red Lake, and said a new mill would be constructed. But no one knew really what was involved until last February, when representatives of Treaty 9 Anishinabeg communities, which cover most of north-western Ontario's native people and land, blew the whistle. Somebody, presumably an disenchanted civil servant, had anonymously delivered a series of documents to Treaty 9 leaders revealing the province was prepared to turn over not 800, but 26,000 square miles of timber rights north of Red Lake.

The giant tract includes most of Ontario's remaining northern boreal forest — the tree line forest, an area predominately of black spruce with the most delicate ecological balance and shortest growing season of any area ever logged in Ontario. No studies have yet been taken on the long and short term effects of a large-scale logging operation in this kind of forest.

To date, such forests have never been logged because of the obvious fact that it is impossible to renew or regenerate the forest.

Treaty 9 was signed early this century, with the Anishinabeg ceding 168,000 square miles of land to the federal and provincial governments. Small reserves were set aside, and the Anishinabeg retained certain fishing, hunting, and trapping rights. For this huge tract of land, each Anishinabe receives \$4 a year annuity.

Native spokespeople say that once Reed has cleared the area, the clay soil will become bogged, the water table will rise to a level where seedlings would drown, and sandy areas would erode down to bare rock. That would turn an area the size of New Brunswick into a desert — which in turn could trigger wider ecological catastrophes.

Bernier claims that Reed's "harvesting" of the trees "would not jeopardize the traditional livelihood of native people." In fact, Reed would improve on the Creation: "Judicious timber harvesting will definitely increase the supply of wild animals by improving their natural habitat."

An employee of Bernier's ministry, H.R. Timmerman, has written of what he has observed, however: "During the past two decades, the harvesting of trees has had the biggest impact on northern ecosystems. One forest operation can destroy more habitat, kill more fish and wildlife, wreck more nests, move more animals, and influence more cover over a longer time than a game manager with today's funds can create, plant, stock, raise or import in a decade."

Thus whatever employment would come to the Anishinabeg would be in the form of creating their own destruction: cutting in access roads, working eight-hour shifts, downing the forests, bringing in temporary southern residents.

J.P. Carey, the Ministry of Natural Resources forester who has the job of watching how Reed does its work on its present timber tracts, says that Reed's record on reforestation is not good. He talks about "uncontrolled clearcutting" and "silvicultural ghettos."

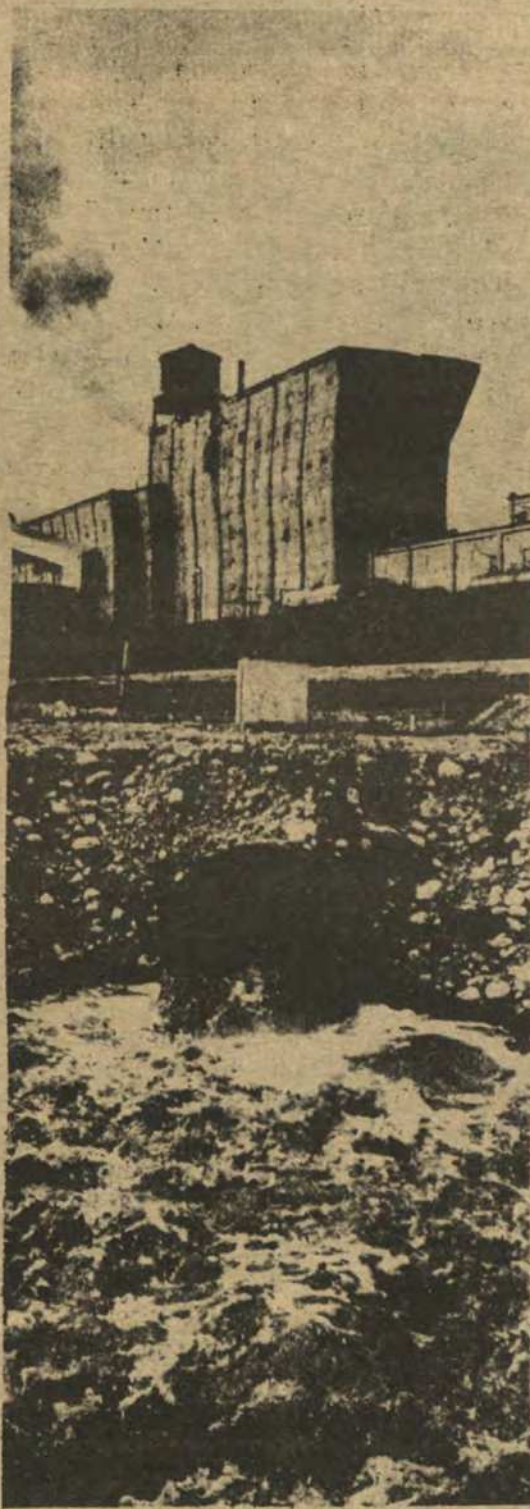
In addition to the "ecological catastrophe", there are the social consequences of the industrial invasion of the last unlicensed stand of timber in Ontario. Sandy

Lake, the largest reserve in the Treaty 9 area, turned down Reed's offer to open a sawmill there, since it already has to travel five miles to get hardwood for fuel to heat their homes, and they already have a small sawmill to provide lumber for their own houses.



A street in Kenora: Mercury, alcohol, poverty and racism combine to destroy a people — Stratford Beacon-Herald photo

Sandy Lake doesn't even want a road into the area connecting them with Red Lake, 150 miles to the south. They fear intrusion into their dry reserve by



Waste water from Reed's plants at Dryden, Ontario, flowing into the English-Wabigoon River system. — Hiroyuki Miyamatsu

outsiders peddling liquor, curious tourists, sport hunters, not to mention huge pulp-cutting projects, would create havoc in their lives. There are over 20,000 Anishinabeg living in 30 communities like Sandy Lake spread across the area which would be affected by the Reed scheme. Most of the People of the northern forest depend upon hunting, fishing, and trapping to

supplement their meagre incomes. If the forest is destroyed, their ability to harvest some of their food from the land will go with it.

It is as if the Anishnabeg land was a colony from which Reed wants to extract raw resources in exchange for as

little as possible. As Andrew Rickard put it, "If I come to your home, you would likely welcome me. There would be food and shelter given with little reluctance. Indeed, even if I should demand my own room, it would likely be given. But should I decide that your house and everything in it belonged to me and ordered you out, undoubtedly you would become angry, and that is exactly what is happening with the Original People of this Land."

A Treaty 9 press release says its people "resent the fact that the choice offered us is always between massive resource development schemes and welfare." When native people oppose these disastrous schemes, that are "tarred with being opposed to jobs," it says.

Grand Council Treaty 9 says it is not against development, in fact, that is part of the purpose for which it was organized. However, the types of development it proposes clash strongly with the corporate scheme of development, and the aims of Reed Paper. The Grand Council would like to see cooperative stores, commercial fishing, tourist outfitting, small-scale logging, all of which would provide employment and at the same time, keep the area clean, beautiful, and productive.

While the Reed scheme will provide some employment, it will be short-term. Most of the actual harvesting of trees is done by huge machines which lurch through the forests, felling, trimming, and bucking everything in its path, then loading the logs onto waiting trucks to be hauled away.

The environmental disaster will be immense, experts predict. The area Reed wants is just below the tree line, beyond which trees won't grow at all. To the south of the line, where some growth is possible, it takes a hundred years for a tree to become as big around as a person's leg, and regeneration will take decades, if it occurs at all. Reed proposes to clear-cut the entire acreage — to take away every single tree it can get at.

The Ontario Government's answer to all the charges is to appoint a hearing board (and hearing boards don't obtain justice either). The hearing would be by a body called the Environmental Assessment Board. Strangely, it would not consist of environmentalists, but of people with "legal or judicial background," Ontario's premier, William Davis, said.

The proposed "environmental hearings" appear to cover the mill site alone, not the timber cut. A former employee of a Reed consulting firm says that this was the strategy of both Reed and the Ontario Cabinet: emphasize the mill construction to stem the flow of concern over mercury, and to deflect interest about the forest operations.

Judd Buchanan's replacement, Warren Allmand, seemed to be proud of the fact that he had negotiated the privilege for native people to testify before the Environment Assessment Board's hearings "in their native tongue". And following the outline of his predecessors, he said the Board would hold hearings in all communities that would be affected (just like the Berger hearings in the Northwest Territories) and that Ottawa would give the Anishnabeg money for legal aid if the Reed plans infringe on their rights (just like Ottawa said during James Bay hearings.)

Allmand announced still another federal-provincial committee would be formed to "look for solutions to economic and social problems" created by mercury pollution.

Rickard said the hearings would be used by Reed and the Ontario Government as a public relations device,

and he said Treaty 9 People would not participate, even if financial assistance was given for them to make submissions. Instead, Rickard said, there should be a moratorium on development north of the 50th parallel, and a Royal Commission set up to hold hearings.

Treaty Nine people are being supported by the Ontario Federation of Labor. In addition, the 1,100 paperworkers on strike at Reed's Dryden mill joined the protest, saying the company's cutting rights should not be expanded because of its record of pollution and poor labor relations. David B. Archer, president of the 800,000-member OFL, said he was "shocked and appalled" at the reports an agreement had been signed, and that the compact "made a mockery of the assurances" the Ontario premier had given him several months earlier.

Ontario's strategy closely parallels that of Quebec in pushing forward the James Bay project. First it announces the project, but assures people of consultation and study — meaning that native people must negotiate with the knowledge that the project is going to go through regardless of what they might do.

Reed has invested massive amounts of capital into the project, in hopes of raising its sales from \$350-million annually to the billion-dollar mark. Millions of dollars of government loans to Reed are pending.

To clean up its public image, Reed Paper has been sponsoring art exhibits, and even acknowledged as late as December 1 that it had a "moral and social responsibility" to do something for the Indians it had poisoned. Reed president Robert Billingsley said it was up to the Canadian Government to come up with a suitable plan that would be acceptable to the Indians, and then Reed would see in what way it might participate.

Some of the artists in the Reed exhibition wanted to remove their paintings, and a group called the Committee Against Reed's Greed charged that the company was hypocritical in enhancing its image through landscape paintings when it had a history of destroying the Canadian landscape.

The art show catalogue said Reed considers itself "among the growing ranks of people who care deeply about the future of this country and about the invaluable heritage of our land."

Reed seemed almost to welcome the demonstrations so that it could make statements about "our commitment to being a good corporate citizen in the area of environmental quality." Reed's just-retired board chairman, J.R. Craig, who is chairman of Toronto's United Way charity campaign, is cited in the Reed PR newspaper as an example of Reed's socially-concerned people.

Reed said it proposed to spend up to \$400-million in the Red Lake or Ear Falls area for a new integrated forest complex, including a kraft mill and a sawing operation. However, according to the agreement with the Ontario Government, it could decide to default in the plant construction, pay a penalty, and still keep the timber rights. The mill would process over 1,000 tons of pulp a day.

The non-native residents of Red Lake and Ear Falls are happy about Reed's plans. There are about 2,250 persons living in Red Lake, which once was prosperous with gold mining, but now times are tough. "It'd give us a lot more job security and a great industrial tax base," says Reeve John Goodwillie.

At Ear Falls, Reeve Stan Leschuk agrees. "We are supporting industrial expansion because we need it."

When Reed did release its environmental report on December 13, it claimed that its project would have substantial economic benefits and relatively minor impact on the environment. The \$400,000 report dealt only with the mill site, and made no mention of the timber-cut that would be necessary to supply it.

C.H. Atkinson, manager of a division of the Acres Consulting Service, said that the mill would discharge wastes that would make the water "somewhat more brown than it is now."

R.W. Billingsley, chief executive officer of Reed, said Reed would sure thing hire native people in the project, training programs and all. He said he would be glad to meet with native groups wanting help in other areas such as how to manage grocery stores on the reserve. The report did not consult native people in gathering its information or drawing conclusions, but instead relied on data from federal and provincial Indian affairs officials.

Premier Davis announced later that Mr. Justice Patrick Hartt would serve as chairman of the environmental assessment hearing into the cutting of the 19,000 square miles of timber.

The report confirms that most of the pulp and lumber produced by the development will be exported to the United States.

The board will begin hearings next July 17. In the meantime, Reed will be gearing up for the invasion of Anishinabeg lands.

"Our Life Is Tied To The Land"

Chief Andrew Rickard of Grand Council Treaty 9 in Northern Ontario told the press last August: "We are not violent, we do not hold a grudge, but like Indian People across Canada, we are getting frustrated and restless. Our life is tied to the land and dependent upon wise use of this land."

Treaty 9 officials are also concerned about a map prepared by the Canadian Indian Affairs people in conjunction with Ontario Hydro for a massive series of dams which would harness northern rivers and possibly reverse their channels so they would run southward to provide fresh water for Canadian and United States cities. Ontario Premier William Davis has angrily denied knowledge of any such project, telling Treaty 9 officials — "there won't be any such project — have I made myself clear?" However, there is the map, speaking of something to come.

He said there were 13 reports on Northern Ontario Rivers, and that the studies began as a response to a "scheme to divert water down to the southwestern United States, but we simply realized that we didn't know what resources we had up there." "If it ever comes to a proposal to do something, then we would consult the Indians," he added.

When Andy Rickard called the Reed timber proposal the second act of a "monstrous drama" the first act of which is still playing at White Dog and Grassy Narrows, Premier Davis replied smoothly that the mercury pollution "goes back into history", and is something his government can't reverse. But, he said, his government has done more to control environmental pollution by industry than any other jurisdiction in North America. "We're as concerned as you are about the environment," he cooed to the native delegation which confronted him.

As for "consultation" with native people, the Treaty 9 people say that is best described by Leo Bernier's statement to the Legislature last April, "The native people have been informed as to the direction we're heading." "None of our submissions to the Government on this subject have ever been dealt with on their own merits," the Treaty 9 release accused.

They also point to the Ontario Ministry of Natural Resources "Guidelines for Land-Use Planning" issued in 1974, which state that the public in general and the people of the affected region in particular must be involved in all steps of the planning process from the beginning and not just to react to Government proposals.



A shore dinner of poisoned fish at Grassy Narrows

Despite all the protests, the Ontario Government proceeded in October to sign an agreement for 18,000 square miles of Treaty 9 timber. Immediately, Andy Rickard responded: "We will be physically there to stop this project. We are going to put signs all over our communities, and anyone who comes into that area will be stopped with whatever means possible."

He scoffed at the statement of the Natural Resources ministry that there would be studies aimed at "improving the employment opportunities of all local inhabitants with particular emphasis on meeting the economic and social aspirations of the native people of the region."

"That's a bunch of bullshit," he said, noting that there had been no consultation or involvement of native people before the agreement was signed.



Since 1973, native people have had copies of secret government maps showing tentative location of 70 dams on at least five rivers flowing into James Bay and Hudson Bay. At the time this news came out, Dr. Keith Reynolds, deputy provincial secretary for resources, admitted the studies had cost federal and provincial governments about \$5-million, and could indicate "some merit of exporting water if we have a surplus."

Calling Reed's plans an invasion of his people's lands, Rickard has called for a public inquiry chaired by an international arbitrator. Failing such an inquiry, he has called on Canada's Governor-General, the Queen's representative in Canada, to send in the RCMP to protect them from the province, a demand that is far less likely to be met than his request to several African nations to raise the issue of cultural genocide in Canada before the United Nations General Assembly.

Rickard, backed by other officials of Treaty 9, said the Anishinabeg would "abandon their peaceful ways". They have already started to ban from their lands everyone working on studies, and a halt has been put to roadbuilding to the cutting areas. Rickard also warned his people would "note and deal" with air carriers helping Reed with the project.

"Traditionally, we have been known as a patient people," Rickard said. "But we are not stupid. And our patience does have a breaking point — let there be no mistake about it."

"Through this agreement, we have been told that we are to die," Rickard told a press conference. "The destruction of our environment is our destruction, too. We cannot allow this project to be implemented. The monstrous scheme will go ahead only over our dead bodies. This is our position. It is clear. It is not negotiable."

"If someone must die that others might live, let it be so," he said, adding that the Government would be responsible for any violence.

Treaty 9 Anishinabeg were beginning to learn about how to find justice.

[We are grateful to many sources for information used here. First, we give our respects to Joe McClelland of the London Evening Free Press, who died in a plane crash in the late summer as he was covering a story on how Ontario Hydro developments would affect Anishinabeg of northern Ontario. He had often sent material to AKWESASNE NOTES, and with his passing, native people have lost a strong advocate for their interests.

[Thanks also to the Kenora Miner & News, Reed Paper's Dialogue, Gerry Whitney and the Free South Africa Committee, Canadian Press, Stan Oziwicz and Peter Mosher and columnist Norman Webster of Toronto's Globe & Mail, The Thunder Bay Times News, Montreal Star, Toronto Star, Kemptville Weekly Advance, Canadian Forest Industries, Cecil Rosner of the Winnipeg Free Press, Don McPherson of the Montreal Gazette, the Cape Breton Post, Harold Shea of the Halifax Mail Star, Mark Van Dusen of the Ottawa Citizen, John Swaigen of the Canadian Environmental Law Association, Cory O'Kelly of the Thunder Bay Chronicle Journal, Barbara Graham, Canadian Churchman, Canadian University Press, Brockville Recorder, Canadian News Synthesis Project, Workers World, Puerto Rico Libre, Windsor (Ontario) Star, and People's Canada Daily News.

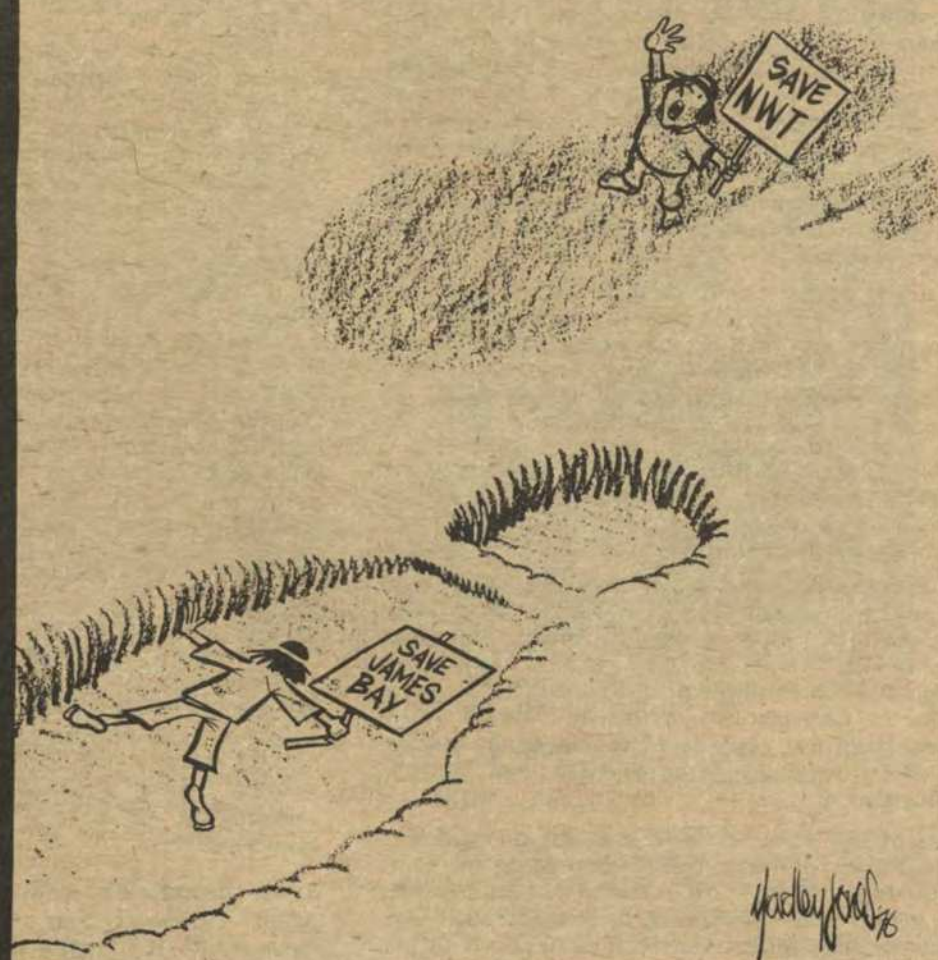
[Especial thanks to Michael Posluns; AMPO, the Japan/Asia Quarterly Review of POBox 5250, Tokyo International, Japan; Karin Junkerman of Pacific News Service, Liberation News Service, Ann Henry of CBC, Gail Singer and Bob Rodgers in Saturday Night, Dave Dubuque of Ontario Report; and Walrus Oakenbough of the Greenpeace Chronicles, published at 2007 W. 4th Ave., Vancouver, B.C. Thanks also to Ontario Native Experience, Ross Howard and Charlotte Montgomery of the Toronto Star, Arthur Johnson and Robert Williamson of the Toronto Globe & Mail, Dave Pommer of the Thunder Bay Times News and Jim Poling of Canadian Press.

[Thanks also to Ontario Public Interest Public Research Group's Newsletter, which is available from AKWESASNE NOTES, Mohawk Nation, via Roosevelttown, N.Y., for 50 cents each — useful for a comprehensive and detailed analysis of the mercury problem. Ask for "Quicksilver and Slow Death".

Thanks also to Andrew Rickard of Treaty Council 9. Letters of solidarity can be sent to the Council at 261 Third Avenue, Timmins, Ontario. The people of Grassy Narrows and White Dog can be reached simply by writing those reserves, via Kenora, Ontario.

[And especial thanks to W. Eugene Smith and Aileen M. Smith for their book, Minamata: Portrait Of A Tragedy, with its sensitive photography, available from AKWESASNE NOTES for \$10 postpaid, and for the Smith's constant and courageous support of human beings everywhere who are or who will be Minamata disease victims.

JAMES BAY, N. W. T. STILL UP FOR GRABS



One giant step for mankind — backwards

Ottawa, Canada — Some native leaders in Canada say that if the Parliament ratifies the James Bay Agreement, native people will be robbed of hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory in Quebec.

Other native leaders, particularly those who participated in drafting the agreement, say if Parliament fails to ratify the treaty, "their people" will be insulted.

When the Quebec Government announced it was building a massive hydroelectric system in the North several years ago, there were cries of outrage because thousands of Cree and Inuit People would be flooded out by the dams. The land has never been turned over to Canada by the native nations, but Canada turned it over to Quebec in 1912, with the condition that Quebec would have to do its own negotiating with the rightful owners.

But Quebec proceeded with the project without negotiations, using legal strategies to tie Cree and Inuit opponents into knots.

Once the facade of legal arbitration of land claims had been dispensed with, the Cree and Inuit negotiators were told to accept a compromise settlement, or risk the project moving ahead without benefit of any settlement. The native nations gave up over 99% of their land, keeping only three-tenths of one percent, a pattern not unlike that of previous colonialists and imperialists.

Certain leaders secretly negotiated an agreement for the People to exchange their rights to 410,000 square miles of land for \$225-million and a few small parcels of land on which the People will have exclusive hunting, fishing, and trapping rights — if any animals or fish survive the construction and development.

Fewer than 25% of the Cree have ratified the agreement. Dr. J.R. Holmes, a Conservative Party Member of Parliament, has scored the Government's bill to legalize the agreement. "Future historians will record that it was the native peoples who made the sacrifices," Holmes told the House of Commons, "not the power-hungry corporations, insensitive to the needs and aspirations of the native people, and not the Province of Quebec, which for more than half a century ignored its obligations, and not the Government of Canada which from the outset abrogated its constitutional and trust responsibilities."

Warren Allmand, the new Minister of Indian Affairs, is responsible for shepherding the bill through Parliament. He opened the debate on the second reading of Bill C-9 by praising the defense of Indian rights of his predecessors, and citing the James Bay Agreement as a fine example of the fulfillment of federal responsibilities.

Allmand did not mention that the Canadian Government had allowed Quebec to flaunt native rights from 1912 until the present. Nor did he express his pride in belonging to the party that has formed the government for all but 18 of those years.

Although the James Bay Project has been underway since 1972, Allmand had to admit that the first environmental assessment would not be ready until 1979, and until then, the impact of the project on native people would not be known.

Allmand defended the fact that the Canadian Government had not taken legal action to defend Cree and Inuit rights by saying "the Indians and Inuit themselves wished to take the leading role." In fact, the native parties did not file suit until it became evident that they could expect no assistance from Ottawa except money to cover legal costs — even that, in good part, will be deducted from the proceeds of the settlement.

The James Bay-style agreement, Allmand hinted, will be the model for settling land claims in other parts of Canada.

The present bill does not cover important protections for native people — that will come later, Allmand says. Among those protections is the right of Cree communities to form local government units independent of the James Bay Municipality.

During the main negotiations, the Naskapi People were essentially ignored, and no mention was made of the Algonquin and Montagnais People whose lands have been partially affected by the James Bay Project. They will come under the James Bay Act — but they have not received any kind of compensation or been part of the negotiating process.

Negotiations are underway regarding the traditional hunting and fishing rights on offshore islands which under Canadian law are part of the Northwest Territories. Just at the time when the settlement was being reached, an Inuit man whose village is on the Quebec mainland was charged with killing a bear out of season in the NWT — he had chased the bear from the mainland across the ice onto an island, and somewhere en route, the bear and hunter became subject to different hunting ordinances.

Another problem is linguistic. Most of the Cree and Inuit speak their own languages and if any foreign language, English. Few speak French. Yet the agreement includes abandonment of English-language schools, which means isolation from the majority of Canada's native people who are English-speaking.

Already there have been signs of discrimination against native people as a new wave of pro-French feeling sweeps Quebec after the recent elections put an independence party into power. When the Northern Quebec Inuit Association applied for provincial sanctions for an airline to serve the Inuit communities, Quebec's Transport Minister, Lucien Lessard, said his government would back a "Quebecois" company.

Allmand told the House of Commons that Canada, not the native People, would take the mineral rights to the 1,274 square miles of land which are to be allocated to the Cree and Inuit. Too, the Cree and Inuit do not get title to the land — that too will be held by Canada. All the Cree and Inuit receive is the "exclusive use and benefit" of the land.

Holmes quoted from the Quebec Northern Boundaries Extension Act of 1912, which provides that the "trusteeship of the Indians in the said territory, and the management of any lands reserved for their use shall remain in the Government of Canada". In fact, however, Canada allowed Quebec to proceed with the \$16-billion development scheme unhindered. Holmes said the negotiations were carried out with a gun held to the heads of the Indian negotiators, who were forced to meet in downtown Montreal, rather than in northern communities where the People could participate.

Holmes said he, an experienced parliamentarian, had difficulty in reading the bill the Government was trying to make into law. He wondered how easy it was for the Cree and Inuit People to comprehend. It was first written in French, then translated into English — and only later, under pressure, was it translated into Cree and Inuit languages, and then only in abbreviated form.

Some communities, such as Povungnituk, Sugluk, and Inujik have protested the agreement by refusing to vote in the referendum. The new agreement will take precedence over any protections which might be contained in Canada's "Indian Act".

"The native people have been used as pawns by powerful interest groups," Holmes charged, while the Canadian Government had maintained a position of "alert neutrality". The principal negotiators in the agreement were the James Bay Energy and James Bay Development Corporations. The province refused to reach any settlement on land selection without the consent of Hydro Quebec. Hydro, in turn, demanded terms that were totally in violation of the agreement-in-principle. Holmes said the agreement negotiated by these corporations does not represent the will of the people of Canada.

The Conservative commitment to oppose the James Bay Agreement Act was echoed by the New Democratic Party by Wally Firth, Member of Parliament for the Northwest Territories and a Metis who has long been involved in the struggle for recognition of native rights in Canada. Firth called the agreement a "modern-day treaty, which is no better than any of the other treaties we have signed across the country."

"I had hope that during my time in the House I would see a better and fairer bill brought forward, one that would recognize and enshrine in the British North America Act native rights, aboriginal rights, legal rights," Firth said. He wondered how the Parliament could guarantee such things as fishing rights when mercury pollution had made most of the fish in Canadian lakes unfit for human consumption.

Firth called the \$225-million cash settlement a giant welfare cheque that works out to \$1,000 per person per year. This will not be paid to native people, but instead will go to "certain legal entities", such as native organizations or corporations.

The Agreement specifies that aboriginal rights of the Cree and Inuit will be extinguished. Firth says those sections of the agreement should be deleted. He says it

is strange that the Government wants Parliament to extinguish aboriginal rights, when the Government will not admit that native people have aboriginal rights.

"We hear references to Canadian sovereignty," Firth noted. "You send a few Mounties up North to fly a flag and you call that maintaining Canada's sovereignty!" Sovereignty, for Wally Firth, is embodied in the People who make their livelihood upon the land.

During this time, Billy Diamond, one of the Cree leaders who negotiated the agreement, was impatient for the Agreement to become law. "Where were they four years ago?" he asked of the parliamentary critics who now are opposed to it.

When I see a bunch of guys sounding off for their own political motives, I call them hypocrites," adds James O'Reilly, the lawyer who represented the Cree leadership in the negotiations.

The Royal Proclamation of 1763 recognized the native nations as sovereign, with sovereign rights and sovereign land. This position was reiterated in 1775, in 1870, and even in the 1912 Quebec Boundaries Extension Act. In 1970, the prestigious Dorion Commission found that native people have "effective and incontestable rights over the greater part of the territory of Quebec." But despite the proclamations, the sovereignty was violated when the bulldozers started to roll in for the make-work scheme as U.S. capital was invested in bonds which will be paid by Canadian tax dollars, now that expanded production has reached its dead-end. Costs for the project are rising out of sight. In just the last two years, estimates have increased \$420,000,000,000, a 35% increase which raises the total cost to \$16.2-billion with no guarantee against further increases.

(Thanks to Michael Posluns, Frank Taiotekane Horn and the Montreal Gazette, Canadian Press, and People's Canada Daily News for information used here.)

WITH CANADA USING THE JAMES BAY SETTLEMENT AS A MODEL, THE ACTION SHIFTS TO THE NORTH FOR THE NEXT SCENE OF A DRAMA. WHO WILL WRITE THE SCRIPT?

Yellowknife, Dene Nation

The Canadian North is a vast and sparsely populated area which, since before recorded time, has been the homeland of natural peoples who hunted and gathered the gifts the Creation placed there.

The European invasion of this territory was, in many respects, a slow undertaking, largely because the environment is not readily adaptable to European lifestyles. Most of the Europeans who came to this land, which is called by them their Northwest Territories, were attracted by the profits which were then to be found in the fur trade. But for the most part, the native people were left alone to live on the land — the minerals and farmlands which attracted European colonizers to areas of the South were either not in existence, or were as yet undiscovered and the technology for exploitation was not developed.

All of that began to change early in this Century. Oil was discovered at Norman Wells after World War I, and agents of the Government of Canada entered the territories with the explicit objective of extinguishing the title to the land held by the natural people — the Dene and Inuit — since these lands might prove to have more oil or gas deposits.

Treaty Commissioner Henry Conroy and Oblate Bishop Gabriel Breynat met with some of the chiefs of the People of the Mackenzie Basin. When they returned to Ottawa, that had documents which they said showed the Natural People had purportedly agreed to "cede, release, surrender and yield forever" title to lands the size of Britain. In return, Canada, in its magnificence, agreed to give \$25 to each chief, \$5 to each family head, and to the nation, "ten axes, five handsaws, one grindstone and the necessary files and whetstones." That was Treaty Number Eleven.

The Treaty did not open up the North to oil exploitation immediately, however. Technologies did not exist at that time even for oil exploration, let alone extraction from the frozen land that is the Arctic Basin.

But in 1947, the Geological Survey of Canada began surveying the Arctic Islands in 1947 and within seven years had discovered what they reported as potentially important petroleum possibilities. The report of these extensive oil deposits set off a corporate land rush, and a scramble for permits under the Canada Oil and Gas Lands Regulations, which were passed in response to the oil rush.

During the 1950s and 1960s, the United States of America was also conducting surveillance of the North as part of a "military defense system". War research was controlled by such bodies as the Arctic Research Laboratory Advisory Board and the Arctic Institute for North America [AINA]. It is an important point that the U.S. military has worked closely with Canadian agencies in developing information concerning the resources of the Canadian North.

By 1951, the Canadian agencies had proposed "an integrated research program for military purposes [to assess] the strategic and tactic significance of the Arctic." Not surprisingly, the U.S. military agreed and recommended "appropriate measures . . . to completely integrate the research and survey efforts of the U.S. and Canada in the Arctic areas." By 1971, AINA was able to report: "Research and resource exploration in the Arctic Basin will be conducted by both the U.S. and Canadian Governments as well as by commercial interests."

The Canadian Government offers exceedingly generous terms to the gas and oil developers. Permits issued by Canada cover a 12-year period from the start of commercial production, with the possibility of a 21-year lease renewable for another 21 years. Taxes in the form of royalty rates are fixed at 5% for the first three years, and 10% thereafter.

The 1968 Prudhoe Bay, Alaska, oil discovery, and the development of seismic exploration and satellite communications techniques have greatly stimulated surface and subsurface exploration in the North. Well-drilling costs rose from less than \$8-million in 1968 to more than \$121-million by 1973.

Oil discoveries which are commercially viable are followed by development drilling which takes place to determine the extent of the find. Oil exploration in this region is extremely costly — it can take several years and millions of dollars in capital to develop a single field, and the required investment in capital means that only the large corporations can realistically enter the market. Once the development drillings are completed, it then becomes possible to estimate the extent of the field. The decision to develop a particular field is almost totally in the hands of the multinational oil corporations, because the smaller companies cannot assemble the required capital, and because the larger firms have access to the information concerning the potential of the field.

The 1049-mile extension of the Mackenzie Highway, from Hay River north of the Alberta-NWT border to the Arctic Ocean, was announced by Trudeau during the 1972 election campaign. Construction came to a halt when the Government found that cost estimates had been understated by at least \$200-million.

Oil and gas extraction from the Canadian North has become an extremely complex undertaking. In addition to the problems of capital, the development of new technologies, the general politics of pipelines and specifically pipelines in the Mackenzie Valley, plus the opposition of the environmentalists, there is also the problem posed by the fact that the land on which the pipeline is to pass still belongs to the Dene Nation — the natural people of the area.

The whole question of native land claims is a long-standing issue. Canada had shown no inclination to even broach the subject until a decision in 1973 by Mr. Justice William Morrow of the Northwest Territories Supreme Court held that the native people have the possibility of title to 450,000 square-miles of Mackenzie Valley land.

Before that, Ottawa had held that any settlements must be along the lines of Treaties 8 and 11, which had been signed in the 1920s. The Dene Nation people maintain that these treaties were only to establish peace between their people and the people of Canada. Ottawa insists that the native people had signed away all their territories in exchange for a promise that each family of five would be given a square mile of tundra, about enough to support one moose.

Fear of Canada's losing massive investments caused Jean Chretien, then minister of Indian Affairs — and also minister for Northern Development — to announce

on January 18, 1974, that negotiations are to get underway "as soon as possible" to reach a "final settlement". He was anxious that native claims would scare investors into supporting an all-U.S. route for the Alaska gas. The president of the development consortium announced his colleagues wanted the native land claims settled prior to construction of the pipeline.

"Settlement of claims" does not really do justice to the idea of a pipeline. The pipeline itself poses a threat to the very existence of the native communities of the Mackenzie Valley. It is clear that Canada plans to proceed even with this knowledge. The problem which the Canadian Government is strategizing to deal with is how to appease all the various groups opposed to the project, while proceeding full-steam ahead with the project.

The Dene Nation People and the Inuit, many of whom live off the land, have good reason to fear that the pipeline will cause enough environmental damage to seriously deplete the creatures of the North upon which they depend for a subsistence living. But the greater fear is that their society will be crushed by the weight of the influx of people and technology which is certain to follow as outsiders move in to profit from native resources.

The Canadian Government, in an attempt to show there is, in fact, an attempt to deal in a humane way with the social questions and charges of cultural genocide connected with the pipeline project, appointed Mr. Justice Thomas Berger to conduct an "inquiry". While a Royal Commission would have carried more weight, Ottawa chose the inquiry — in this way, Berger's recommendations will not be binding upon the Government, and at best, will mean liberal adjustments.

Imperial Oil Ltd. of Canada is one of the most important corporations which planned the development of oil and gas resources in the Canadian North. Imperial Oil is a subsidiary of Exxon, a U.S.-based multinational which is one of the "Seven Sisters" or majors of the international oil business. Development of the Canadian North must be seen as part of a much broader strategy for resource development by the multinationals which includes not only gas and oil, but also mineral extraction and hydroelectric and nuclear power generation on a world scale. The multinationals have plans to develop resources in the world's remote frontiers — the ocean, the Amazon, Antarctica, the Rocky Mountains, and the Arctic. Imperial Oil is a major promoter of the Mackenzie Valley Pipeline which would carry gas from the Alaskan fields through the Dene Nation into the U.S.

Resources development is motivated by the search for raw materials for military and economic purposes. In the Canadian North, much of the initial research is paid for by Canadians through taxes and high prices for oil and gas. The information about supplies of raw materials is largely in the hands of the private multinationals, and the control of such information is a powerful political and economic tool of the corporations.

For example, energy supply-and-demand estimates have fluctuated wildly in the past decade. In June, 1971, Minister of Energy, Mines and Resources told Canadians that then existing resources of oil and gas represented "923 years supply of oil and 392 years of gas." But by 1976, the Canadian public was told there would be shortages within 10 years. Clearly, reserve estimates fluctuate with the interests of the people making the estimate.

(continued on next page)



— AKWESASNE NOTES cartoon by Medicine Story

"Trouble with you people is you never knew how to use the land."

In 1971, the U.S. market was opening up for Canadian sources, and in order for exports to be approved, large reserves had to be shown to exist. But more recently, the oil industry has wanted to boost prices and to push the argument for the imperative of constructing the Mackenzie Valley Pipeline and other controversial projects — and thus they tell us there are immediate or short-term shortages.

The development of resources of northern Canada has already had some major consequences for the Canadian people. In 1975, Canada was the largest borrower on the international capital markets. This occurred because of commitments it made to resources development projects like the James Bay Project in northern Quebec, the Churchill-Nelson River diversion project in northern Manitoba, and the Syncrude Tar Sands project in Alberta. These have required extensive foreign borrowing, and they receive general government support in the form of tax concessions and joint-venture agreements. Investors say Canada will not be able to continue borrowing on such a grand scale unless inflation is brought under control.

The proposal for transporting natural gas from the North was first made by a group of oil producers, gas distributors and utility companies following the discovery of gas and oil in Alaska in 1968. By 1972, this group had become "Canadian Arctic Gas Pipeline Ltd." In spite of the word "Canadian", all but four of the 15 companies represented in the consortium are U.S.-based.

Many critics of the Mackenzie Valley Pipeline argue that its primary purpose is to transport Alaskan gas to United States consumers. Environmentalists are especially opposed to the Arctic gas project because it would cross a large wildlife range in Alaska before reaching the Mackenzie Valley in the Dene Nation.

The pipeline will be the greatest project, in terms of capital expenditure, ever undertaken by private enterprise anywhere. Canada's Prime Minister, Pierre Elliott Trudeau, predicted last spring that a multi-billion dollar transportation network into the Arctic would be a reality by the end of the decade.

However, Canada's New Democratic Party [NDP] leader, David Lewis, has charged that the project is so huge that even the entire capacity of North America's money markets would not provide the necessary capital.

The Berger Commission ventured forth into the native communities to hear and record the various positions of the native people. Meanwhile, the *Edmonton Journal* commented editorially there was "growing suspicion that the inquiry itself is little more than a million-dollar sop to appease native and environmental lobbies." While the Commission seemed to have internal integrity, it lacks control over the integrity with which others will use its words.

Although the corporate interests may have spent as much as \$50-million to prepare for the Berger Commission, native groups and environmentalists had to dig into their own meager resources to do research. Formal hearings began on March 3, 1975, with a week of overview evidence, including testimony of James WahShee, then president of the Indian Brotherhood of the NWT, who summarized the historical and legal basis of the native claim to the land. Other scientists described the land, permafrost, and other northern construction projects.

The Hearings At Aklavik

When Berger brought the commission hearings to Aklavik, the emotions came pouring forth from the People like an oil strike. Again and again, as the hearings proceeded, the Inuit, Indian and Metis People spoke with bitterness, fear, and with hope.

They are already bitter about what the southern-based white people have done to their land in search for fuel. They are afraid of what a four-foot high natural gas pipeline will mean to the future of their vast garden and the caribou, fish and birds who live there.

Twenty people came forward to speak before the microphone, the television cameras, and the officials. Aklavik has 750 people. Only one, a 79-year-old Alaskan-born Inuit seemed to be in favor of the pipeline.

Ruth Furlong told the hearing that she was opposed to the pipeling "for my children and my grandchildren." Turning to Berger, she said, "I hope you do something for us to stop the pipeline."

Charlie Furlong, 26, said northern communities are "not equipped to handle all the men who will come. In every movie about Indian wars, the Indians always lose. I now ask the people of Canada, the Government of Canada, to let us win this one."

The pipeline would pass within nine miles of Aklavik, near the caribou migration routes. "After all the land is ruined, the animals will be gone and only the southerners will have jobs," George Edwards told the commissioner.

The competing points of view about the project are reflected in the dress of the people who sit in rows before Berger's table. There are the elegantly-tailored financiers and lawyers who come to Yellowknife in private jet planes, and the native people, dressed in fur-lined parkas and hand-stitched moccasins. Then

there are the scientists, with the tweeds of the campus, carrying charts and slides and graphs. A row of native interpreters working for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation all dressed in red vests, making them resemble some sort of hockey team.

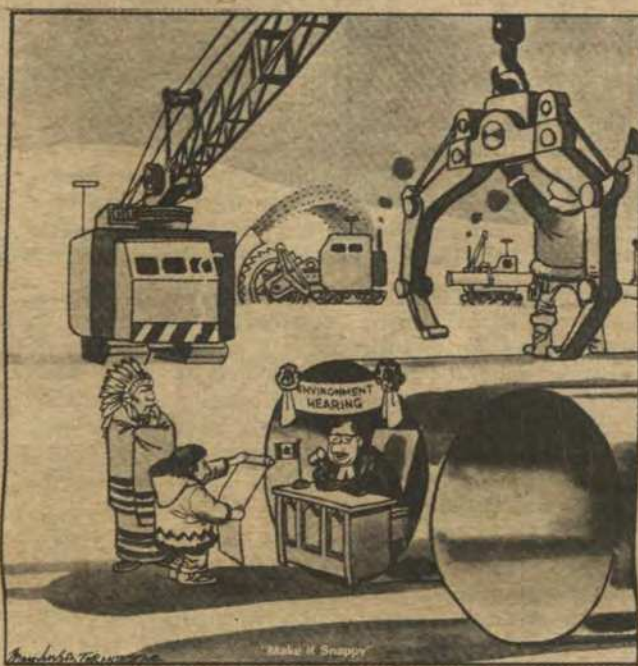
Also included in the crowds are the psychologists and sociologists employed by the oil companies to determine the politics of the native people of the North, and whose recommendations are expected to focus on the least expensive avenues of appeasement of the People.

The Berger Commission travelled throughout the NWT and across much of Canada. In community after community, they heard and recorded essentially the same message. During August, for example, the hearings were at Rae-Edzo, the largest native community in the Northwest Territories. One by one, young and old, from prepared statements or off the cuff, the Dogrib

Dene of Rae-Edzo told the commission they do not — repeat, *do not* — want a natural gas pipeline through the Mackenzie Valley. Well into the early morning they voiced their knowledge about the problems they know a pipeline will bring — inflation, social problems, and above all, damage to the land on which they've lived since before human memory.

Alex Charlo, father of the present Dogrib chief, Johnny Charlo, told the Berger Inquiry he knew original native signatories to Treaty 11 in 1921. He charged that Canadian officials never lived up to the promises outlined at the time of the signing of the treaty.

Another man stated, "The People understand that in the future, they're not going to live off the pipeline, and the pipeline's not going to do their living for them."



"Make it snappy!"

Fred Andrew, a 71-year-old Slavey man, addressed the hearing. "I have been to the white man's land, and there, to go to the bathroom I had to pay ten cents. Now they go all over our land and they're not paying anything."

Native leaders like Jim Antoine, 25-year-old chief of the Fort Simpson band, fears that the pipeline would destroy his people's hunting, fishing, and trapping along the Mackenzie. He has already seen the social and psychological shock imposed on his village by the recent influx of whites to build the Mackenzie Valley highway.

In 1965, Fort Simpson was a quiet village of 700, mostly Indian and Metis, accessible only by airplane or barge. Since the highway was finished in 1970, Fort Simpson is a busy centre, the launching point for the Mackenzie. The population has grown by 500, almost entirely white people.

Antoine is not likely to allow his people to be walked over. He studied political science for two years at the University of Wisconsin at Madison, and became involved there with the American Indian Movement. He is already dealing with the recent history which has seen his community taken over by what he calls a "white clique" who run the Chamber of Commerce, the village council, the education advisory board, and the day-care committee, despite the majority native population.

The settlement at Rae Lakes is especially interesting for a number of reasons. The community was founded in 1964. Then, native people were rounded up from the bush and were told, forced, enticed and encouraged to move to Rae. Then in 1966, a Canadian Government report predicted development at Rae Lakes would only result in another rural slum. The report, prepared by Indian Affairs' "Industrial Division", urged a policy of forcing the people to abandon the settlement by not providing services.

"Let it be understood," said the report, "the disappearance of traditional Indian culture is considered to be inevitable in the long run."

The Dene Declaration

Repression of native peoples and especially the rights of native nations has long been the official policy of the Government of Canada. When the Allied Tribes of British Columbia attempted to achieve recognition of their aboriginal rights in the 1920s, and the Thunderwater Movement was active among the Iroquois to make the nations whole again, the Parliament of Canada amended the "Indian Act" making it an offense to raise money for the purpose of prosecuting claims for aboriginal rights.

Although that law was repealed 30 years later, still, advocacy for the rights of native people is a dangerous activity. Still, in 1975, one group, the Dene Nation [Dene meaning "People" just as it does in the language of their relatives, the Navajo] demanded that the Canadian Government recognize their sovereignty. They issued a statement, the Dene Declaration to tell Canada where they stood — they were not interested in a monetary settlement, but they demanded the right of self-determination, and control of their own lands and resources.

Judd Buchanan was then Minister of Indian Affairs. He blasted the Dene Declaration as "gobbledygook" and said the Declaration looked as if a grade ten student had written it in fifteen minutes.

One of the main drafters of the Dene Declaration is George Erasmus, 28, now the president of the Indian Brotherhood of the Northwest Territories. He sees his people as a colonized people who have been forcefully alienated from their own traditions. He has read of the decolonization and nation-building of Tanzania, Mozambique, Angola, Vietnam — and he sees the long-range objective of the Dene Nation as very similar.

Erasmus says that if native peoples are to emerge from their colonized state, they must return to the ways of life and traditions of their nations, casting off the traditions of "the oppressors". Further, he says, they must adapt their traditions and ways of life to modern conditions.

Presently, the native villages and "bands" of the Northwest Territories are governed by a system of chiefs and councillors ordained by Ottawa through the "Indian Act". Erasmus sees this system as a perpetuator of colonialism, and he is urging his people to return to village discussions, led by leaders, where decisions are made by consensus. This could be a politically dangerous idea for him to advocate, since he is elected to office by the chiefs and councillors.

By September of 1976, though, Indian Affairs and Northern Development officials were grumbling because the Dene people were taking so long to prepare their "claim" — they totally ignored the Declaration. And they weren't happy with a proposed agreement in principle presented to Minister of Indian Affairs Warren Allmand — the proposal said the Dene want to retain as much land as is needed to ensure their self-reliance and independence — culturally, economically, and socially.

However, he has been convincing in telling his people the treaties are fraudulent, and that they continue to be a sovereign people. "You're not going to tell me that a treaty party that goes through the communities, in an hour and a half in some cases, is going to persuade people somehow or another to give up all of their historical rights to the land and their right to govern themselves — it's just absolutely impossible," he observes.

So if the Dene People did not give up their land or their political rights, then they continue to have a right to their own political institutions, Erasmus reasons, and, in fact, they must have these rights if they are to develop a fully integrated society.

Erasmus is interested in "reconstruction" and "restoration" for his People, since neither land nor money will guarantee a free nation.

"I'm looking at how the total [natural] way of life could be maintained," he says. "Now it's fragmented. In many Indian communities, it's very weak. In others, it's very strong. A material settlement means very little — I firmly believe that it's only if a people struggle for what is rightfully theirs and succeed from their own efforts that they can really benefit from the fruits of their settlement."

What Erasmus proposes is not a new idea. He says that "all we're talking about is the recognition of what is already ours — recognition of something we've never given up. This is what the Dene Declaration is all about. It's a historical statement. It's a fact in our history." All he wants is that others recognize that the institution of the Dene Nation is exercising authority over Dene land and affairs.

The Canadian Government has been publicly careful in its responses to Dene claims to land and sovereignty. A confidential memo from a senior civil servant to his minister reveals that Canada may refuse to negotiate with the NWT native people on the land issue because it is diametrically opposed to the principle underlying the Dene rights to the land.

The same document reveals that last year, Canadian officials were threatening to cut off funds to the Indian Brotherhood of the NWT in an attempt to get it to change its position on the land issue.

Allmand was blasé about the Dene's use of the word "Nation". He said the Iroquois People also consider themselves a nation — and privately, he might have said that this doesn't make much difference to the Canadian Government.

The Dene proposal specified that land around the major NWT centres, such as Hay River and Yellowknife would not be affected. It asked for Canadian assistance for the relocation of any Dene who were living in these areas, and it asked Canada to assist any non-Dene who wanted to get out of the North because of the new system.

In the face of the Dene proposal, there is a mounting campaign by the energy corporations urging action favorable to the pipeline. They issue dire warnings that Canada will be having a severe energy crisis in the early 1980s, and the pipeline is a necessity.

In Edmonton this winter, the Seventh National Northern Development Conference was held for 550 foremost "energy planners" to discuss "orderly development" of non-renewable resources north of the 60th parallel. The keynote speaker was Tom Berger, commissioner of the 18-month inquiry. "Let us do what is most difficult for all of us — that is to put aside our own preconceptions, our dreams of technological conquest of the frontier or the preservation of the past irretrievably lost. Let us listen to the voice of the people who will spend their lives on the frontier, the people who will live with whatever decision is made," he told the "experts".

But R.G.S. Currie, chairman of the board of the Arctic Institute, told the conference that things weren't at all that complicated. "The question is — how can we move a product from point A to point B in the cheapest way possible. If natives can be made happy and busy when we are doing that, okay."

Douglas H. MacAllan of Toronto, vice-president of corporate affairs and general secretary of Imperial Oil, said that the exploitation of the North was "inevitable". He described economic growth as the material acquisition and the "ingenuity of technology".

In opposition to the idea of a moratorium are some of the Metis groups which are dominated by people of native ancestry who are now businesspeople and largely assimilated into a Western lifestyle. They will profit handsomely with "development", and are playing their cards so that they will profit both from a land claims settlement, and from the economic boom that will accompany the pipeline.

But opposition to the pipeline has been mounting also. The Canadian Council of Churches general board met in April and called upon the Canadian Government to "recognize that we cannot, in good conscience, further violate the fabric of life of the People of the North in order to promote the interests of the rest of our society and others with whom we trade." The church officials expressed concern that if the resources of the North are to be developed, "it must be done in a manner which is determined by the Native People to be in their best interests" and not merely "to increase the profits of corporations or for the convenience of the rest of us."

The church federation urged its member churches to have their congregations take an informed stand on such issues as James Bay, Churchill-Nelson River Diversion scheme, and the Mackenzie Valley Pipeline.

While the southern church headquarters have given support to the Dene Nation and the idea of a moratorium, the northern clergy have generally advocated the prevailing racist and/or pro-development sentiments of their congregations. To them, a moratorium means new tourist lodges will not be built, and resource development will come to a halt. "We feel it's pretty important that it carry on," says Chris Pearson, a long-time resident of Whitehorse, Yukon, and active in United Church affairs there.

In May, a major Canadian union, the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers, endorsed a resolution urging the Canadian Government to recognize the native claims in the NWT. The resolution said any future industrial or commercial development should have the endorsement of native people.

"We of the South already have indicated by our actions we will not live in the North except for exploitation



• The Mackenzie Delta. The Dene were made Canadians by decree and not by their free choice. Would not their first choice understandably be to be a sovereign people?

and will not stay there beyond the time necessary to complete the exploitation," the workers stated, explaining that the native people who lived there were the ones who should call the shots.

Glen Bell, a lawyer representing native organizations, has expressed the view that the North is seen only as a storehouse of resources for the industry from the South — it loses its resources, and the people are given welfare in return. While initial construction of the pipeline would create employment for 6800 workers, history shows that most of these will come from the South, and that after construction is completed, there will be only a handful of jobs to maintain the lines.

The process of extraction of raw materials from the North presents some serious consequences to both land and People. The gas and oil which is extracted is intended for use as fuel and material which will be utilized in the urban centers of the United States and southern Canada. The exploitation of those resources will be implemented under a system of planned underdevelopment of the native peoples. That is, the native peoples will receive minimal benefits from the project. Rarely are profits and real benefits returned to the region where exploitation of non-renewable resources takes place. What the governments and oil companies are offering the native peoples is a trade — jobs in the wage economy for a few for a time, in exchange for the abandonment of the land and resources and way of life. In practice, this has proven again and again to be a poor exchange — native communities which have experienced this kind of process have uniformly suffered from poverty, unemployment, and lives characterized by alcoholism, family breakdown and suicide.

The reality of this kind of development is that political power is transferred to the hands of the corporations and their allies in government, with disastrous results to the native people. The simple fact of lack of any kind of political power by which people can control their own lives is manifested in such cases in feelings of apathy and hopelessness. The massive energy projects underway or planned for the North serve outside needs — and despite corporation propaganda about all the benefits of development, the needs of the urban south remain in direct conflict to the needs of survival of the North.

The question being addressed by the Canadian Government and the corporations is not whether a pipeline should be built, but how a pipeline can be constructed with the least possible resistance. The RCMP, Canada's federal police, have already made statements which identify the native movements as "the most dangerous threat to Canada's security" — and indeed, it is Canada which poses the greatest threat to the very existence of native communities.

The intelligence agencies of the U.S. have been trying to whip up paranoia against native people of the North. Last June, an FBI report circulated throughout North America told of thousands of "Dog Soldiers" who were training in the Northwest Territories for terrorist activities. Under examination under oath, top FBI officials admitted that, for the past several years, the police and public are being psyched up to deal severely with any signs of native resistance to the assault which is planned upon native lands and society.

The FBI didn't really need to go to all that trouble — Canada's RCMP has been accused of racism in the training program of its cadets, and there are many instances each year of unnecessary police violence against native peoples. In addition to that, Canada's prisons undergo periodic scandals concerning racist attitudes in the prisons, which have astonishingly large native populations.

Canada's police agencies and public officials are fighting a kind of non-violent or at least semi-violent war against the Native People of the North. The results are the same as in all wars — there will be refugees, territory will be expropriated, lives will be lost, families will be ruined.

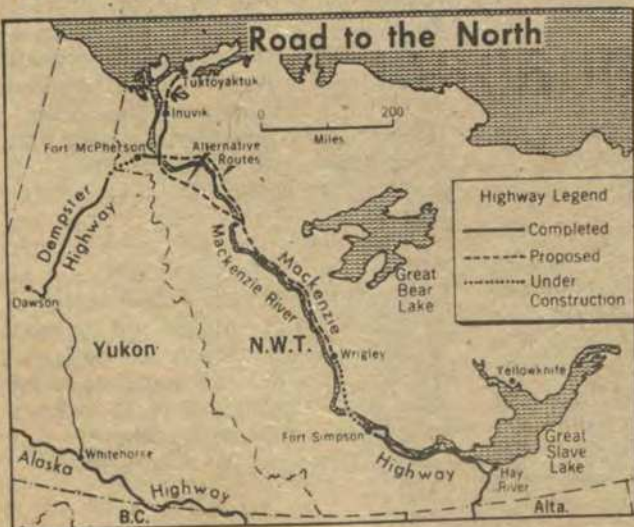
The many hearings have served two other purposes. First, they create the feeling among many native people and their supporters that there has been an opportunity to participate in the decisions concerning the construction of the pipeline, and in that way, some of the frustration and anger is diffused, energy and funds are used, and the announcement of the impending construction will be almost an anti-climax to which an unorganized and tired people must respond.

Second, the hearings have assessed the resistance which can be expected, and the directions from which it may come. The corporations will have their social scientists tell them exactly what words will best soothe upset native peoples, environmentalists, Canadian nationalists and other opponents of the pipeline.

Concealed behind it all is the knowledge which even a prime minister must cope with in the quiet hours of the morning — the pipeline will move ahead even if Canada itself didn't want the pipeline, for Canada is just a water-boy in the ball game, and will be acting as an agent of the U.S. in seeing to it that the project goes through, even if it means the destruction of native nations.

Canada has been playing that role for a very long time already.

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Where the strong trees grow

by José Barreiro



THE GRINGO AT TODOS SANTOS

[Last summer, AKWESASNE NOTES was involved with an earthquake relief project with our Mayan relatives in the highland villages of Guatemala. Working with us in San Jose Poaquil were some native people of other pueblos. During the project, word was received by one brother that there was trouble in his village — he had to return home. Concerned by what he told us, we sent with him Jose Barreiro, a writer, and Bob Wright, a Chippewa-Cree photographer, to report on the situation. This article is what they observed there. The Editors.]

A colonial country is a racist country.

— Franz Fanon

Nature returns all wounds as warriors.

— Meridel LeSueur

I

Julito was happy. He was taking us home to Todos Santos Cuchumatán, his village.

The only bus available was a modern bus with reclining seats and conditioned air. It was the kind of bus that tourists take.

We were going to Todos Santos for a large official meeting called because an American, a *gringo*, was accused of causing trouble there. Julito was concerned and serious about that. What he was happy about was that we would get a chance to meet his family — his fathers and brothers, his wife and children — and to be in the place where he had spent the years since his birth with his people.

There was Julito, Bob, and myself. At the door of the bus, Julito stepped back ceremoniously and ushered Bob and me in. Bob and I walked through to the back and sat down.

Julito bounced in after us. He was smiling. There was only one empty seat toward the front, and he sat down. He looked back to us and he smirked and pretended to sit very pompously, as if to make note of the comfort.

The bus driver watched us. He saw us having fun. I could see his face in the rear-view mirror. He was very dark, with a full moustache. He wore a white shirt. I could see at first he was not displeased with our antics. He started the bus and began to pull out, watching out the rear-view mirror, and then he saw what as a bus driver for a fancy bus company and as a *ladino*, a native man who chose the way of the West over the ways of his People, he had been trained to see — a young *indio* was sitting toward the front of his bus.

The bus stopped. The driver stood and pointed to Bob and motioned for Julito to stand. He did this casually, like moving luggage around. Bob pointed to himself; the driver nodded. Julito stood, the driver ushering Bob into the front seat, and Julito walking back toward me with a serious, anguished look and shrugging.

"What the hell?" I said, as Julito sat beside me and the bus was moving again.

"They don't like indios in the front," Julito said. "It doesn't look good."

"That's a bunch of shit," I said, and I had an urge to challenge.

Julito shrugged. He shook his head. "No use fighting it now," he said. Then: "The time will come. Don't let it bother you. I am sitting down back here, and I was sitting down up there, and the seat feels the same." He smiled. "It's a small act. There are worse things."

We rode cross-country through the mountains in that bus. Neither the foreign white tourists nor the middle-class *ladinos* seemed to take notice of the "small act".

We were going to Todos Santos Cuchumatán, where there was a real problem.

II

Todos Santos is a beautiful village. Getting there is a true journey.

We took a second bus at Huehuetenango. It was old, and most of the seats were broken and the windows were knocked out. It was a bus for indios. The three *ladino* employees packed the men and women and children from Todos Santos into the bus. They had to shove hard on the doors to shut them. We got packed in toward the back, trying to hold onto our things. I sat next to an old, toothless woman who held two chickens and a baby on her lap.

The three *ladino* employees were young and sturdy and looked tough. They had a good time with each other about the indios. It was a long, hard climb, and sometimes the bus would roll back or lurch forward, and you could see the human mass reverberate. Bags would tumble and chickens cackled. I ended up with a chicken on my lap. The old woman appreciated that, and Julito had a good laugh.

The bus climbed for a long while, and then it steadied along a flat volcanic bed. It was almost dusk by then. There were grassy plains and knolls on either side of the road, and big rock formations, and here and there children herded sheep and horses. There was that tired sunlight which gives a thickness to the air, and at times it was like looking at still pictures of the past and the sound of the motor running. Beyond that came another climb, and then a descent into the village.



People of Todos Santos Gather Around White Roots of Peace Van

Todos Santos is a beautiful village, and just the first sight of it replenishes the journey there. It is quiet and clean. This time of the year the corn is very high. The houses have tall thatched roofs which stick above it, and the place gives the impression of being partially buried in abundance.

The three *ladino* employees walked through the bus and forcefully helped the people to eject. They were in a hurry to turn and head back.

Julito led us away. He took us through a narrow cobblestone passage-way and along a thick rock wall and to the thatched-roof house that is his home.

His old father saw us first. He was on a wooden bench, wrapped in a poncho, a

straw hat low on the forehead, smoking a rolled cigarette. He got up quickly, bent and grizzled, and steadied by a cane. Julito embraced him. Then there was Rosa, Julito's wife, and the curious kids and some of the brothers and the thick coffee and one of the young boys with some cash in his hand running out through a field to the house of a man who had butchered a steer that morning.

III

In the morning, we woke up with the roosters. They were like a chorus. There was also the sound and the dim first vision of Rosa kneeling by the open fire clapping out the round tortillas. The old man was up also. He sat on a wooden bucket by the fire, wrapped in a poncho, smoking a rolled cigarette.

The breakfast was of black beans and tortillas, coffee, and a bit of meat left over from the evening meal. We were almost done when two men came by. They took a bowl each and sat with us.

The two men carried a message that people were already gathering in the plaza. There was to be the meeting about the gringo. Julito questioned the men. They informed us that over 80 men and women were out already, and all of them were against the gringo.

A youth came by. He was a nephew of Julito's. He carried a message that some of the women were arming with rocks, and Julito's opinion of this matter of the women's involvement was requested. Julito finished his coffee and left with the boy.

The two men talked about the gringo. They didn't like him. "*Es muy violento* — he's very violent," one said.

"He took communal land," the other one said.

They didn't seem angry or even irritated, but they were very serious. They fell silent and sipped their coffee. They were dressed like Julito — all the traditional men in Todos Santos dress the same. They wear striped woven shirts with a colorful tapestry-like flappy collar, and black breech-pants over pants with thick red-and-white stripes. Most of them wear sandals and straw hats unique to their village.

One older woman and two young ones came by. They wanted to know what was going on. The two men talked with them and then they left together.

naturales, the natural human beings. For that he is well-known and loved in the small villages and pueblos across Guatemala, where some call him *el hombre de acero* — the man of steel. For that same reason, he has been subjected to several assassination attempts by right-wing terrorist groups.

I have seen him in his office receiving the People. They come from all over, those humble-proud faces and they pack into his office day after day and they look out of place as they walk cautiously in those hallowed, marble chambers. Almost all of them bring one fundamental problem: loss of land — legal and illegal purchase of communal lands by outside forces.

"Diputado Fernando," I heard one man say who had walked three days through the mountains to see him, "it truly bothers me to have to steal your sacred time, but you are our last ear — you move for us."

The Diputado Fernando is a young man who dresses in a suit and has a big modern car that he drives relentlessly. He has become a media attraction, and they play games with him and he plays games with them, and he is a fast-talker and he is a politician and he has to deal with the internal workings of a corrupt political system and at the same time listen to the people and act on their needs. He was driving out today for this meeting about the Gringo at Todos Santos.

Also coming was the governor of the Department of Huehuetenango. He is a short and fat man with a gloomy face, and he wears an expensive conservative suit with a glossy tie. With him were several guards, sullen-faced and armed with carbines.

In another car came the Guatemalan press — photographers and reporters wearing tropical shirts open at the neck and mod sunglasses and who shorten their Guatemalan names like Francisco or Nicolas for Frankie and Nicky, so that they sound American.

V

The Gringo is tall and lanky, in his early thirties, but balding toward the forehead and with a thick black beard. I can still see him in the crowd — he had to continually bend down to talk to people.

His name is Samuel Taylor Darling. A couple of years back he was granted some land by the town council and the mayor. He somehow leased the land, which happened to be communal lands, and started to work, in his own words, "for the betterment of the native people."

He brought with him some sound notions about chemical-free agriculture, a substantial amount of money, a contractual relationship to a United States herbal tea company, a fluency in the Spanish language, a violent temper, friendships in high places, and a contemptuous attitude toward the needs and dignity of the traditional people of Todos Santos.

VI

The room was long and crowded. The people stood and it was hot. The Governor's armed guards stood on chairs against one wall, and held their carbines and gazed steadily and penetratingly into the faces of the crowd.

Among the people was a man named Raymundo Jimenez. He owns a small store in town, and is one of the persons people have turned to for advice and direction in this matter of the Gringo. He is a portly, uneducated man who seems never to take off his straw hat. Around him in the room were a large number of people who had complaints against "Senor Darling" and who felt the strongest that the Gringo should leave and the communal lands be opened once again. Raymundo and the men around him all were dressed the same and to look at him one would see a man with sharp eyes and erect posture among many men with sharp eyes and erect postures and his person tended to

it was that sort of morning — a lot of movement, a constant passing of information, an intricate web of contacts and sentiments, a determined pace, people and dogs walking hurriedly up the cobblestone path to the plaza and the hens scattering out of the way.

IV

From the capital city was coming El Diputado Fernando, with a carload of Todosanteros who had gone to get him. The Diputado Fernando is the only indio in the National House of Deputies who will stand up and speak the truth about the oppression of the traditional native people of Guatemala, the

blend in with the other striped pants and black breeches and woven shirts.

Also in the crowd was Fortunato Pablo Mendoza. He was in the other side of the room. Fortunato is a young school teacher who allowed himself to be educated for a teacher's certificate so he could come back to his village and work with the children in their native tongue, and then the Ministry of Education assigned him to a village where the people speak a different language and he is frustrated and a little angry. He doesn't like the Gringo either. He was dressed like the rest of his people, and they would choose him to translate the proceedings from the Spanish into Mam.

VII

I want to pause here for a time — I'd like to explain what I am trying to do here and why I am writing it this way.



— sketch by Medicine Story
Samuel Taylor Darling

Todos Santos is a real community that still exists, 7,000 kilometers south of where I am sitting, and the gringo is still there. All of what I am attempting to describe actually took place. I am writing about it because within it was represented a community of naturales who are attempting to maintain their cohesion as a people against a process — colonialism — and the expansion that process constantly needs to regenerate itself.

I am attempting to give you a sense of the participants, their sentiments, their positions, and how they were connected to each other. Colonialism works to fragment these connections, which make up a people's sense of community. Sometimes, people resist that pressure — this is important to me.

I am not an investigative reporter. I don't know how to look through complicated filing systems and find out Mr. Samuel Taylor Darling's dollars and cents involvement. I don't have the inclination to pour through legal papers and document what he owns or who owns him, where he comes from or what his past is like. But I can do this — I can tell you how he carried himself, and who he talked to and what the tone of his voice was.

I want to tell you about the large room and the collective sense of the people in it, and about the fear.

The Governor had brought his armed guards. They were an intimation of his power. He was saying with his guards: "There are more where these came from."

Samuel Taylor Darling brought his lawyer, a man in his early forties, sportingly dressed, with briefcase in hand. He also brought about a dozen employees, all *ladinos* — that is, in this case, indios who dress like Europeans and generally scoff at the "backwardness" of what they come from. He also brought a Guatemalan business colleague, a man who took his position on a chair, close to the guards.

The people brought themselves and the Diputado Fernando, who is an elected representative, but from a different district, who knows enough law but wields no armed guards and who must somewhere inside understand that whatever justice he is working toward is not going to occur as long as he must sit behind the same table as that sullen-faced Governor.

The room was crowded, and the people were ready to speak. Now Guatemala is not a country where people speak freely. It is not like in the United States, where words are so easily idle, so easily *just words*. In Guatemala, your own words can kill you. People disappear. The *Mano Blanco* — the White Hand, a right-wing terrorist group whose connection to the elite of the country is easily traceable — puts people on its death list for being simply *alientadores-de-animos*, those-who-give-breath-to-people's-spirit.

Still, the room was crowded and the people ready to speak. They had exhausted every other public channel. A week before, I had seen a delegation of them visit the United States Embassy in the capital city, and lay their complaints before a vice-consul who received them with a chagrined, shameful face and shook his head and said: "We are profoundly upset that a countryman of ours, a citizen of the United States, would behave in this manner — but it is not within our jurisdiction to act on this."

He didn't explain, of course, what jurisdiction this very same embassy had claimed in 1954, when it had directed a Central Intelligence Agency coup to oust the duly-elected government of Jacobo Arbenz who had promised to return land to the naturales and the poor.

One young man had replied to the vice-consul: "It's a shame on your nation the way this man acts. Maybe you are right, that you have no power to act, but listen to these words: Mr. Darling has given us one favor — he has taught us about force. We have learned that lesson well."

In the hot meeting room in Todos Santos, the Diputado Fernando stood and opened the "investigation" and promised that the problem would be resolved, that a compromise would be reached, and he asked that those who had complaints against Samuel Taylor Darling should come forward.

Several people gathered to tell their stories. But then the Governor stood. The Governor looked them over. "This is not really a problem," he said. "I don't see that there is a problem in this village. What I see is that we should be thankful for ambitious persons who come here to take us out of our obscurity."

The Governor sat down. The Gringo stood. The Diputado stood too: "I don't want to interrupt you, Senor Samuel, but I believe at this moment we are ready for the complaints."

"I believe I have the right to say a few words first," the Gringo said, and he turned toward the Governor. The Diputado turned in that direction also — the Governor nodded to the Gringo.

The tall and lanky Gringo spoke with his intense eyes and he told a tale of self-sacrifice and love for these mountains and the people here and all that he had tried to do. He had established a sheep-injecting program, he said, brought in seed for potatoes and salad greens, started a system of potable

water, and imported a doctor from the U.S. for a temporary tuberculosis clinic.

He spoke in flawless Spanish. "All the money from these things comes from me," he said. "Half my winnings from my U.S. businesses are put to work here to help the people. But there have been many lies."

Fortunato translated. As the gringo's words became available, the crowd murmured. People hissed. "Mentira! Lie!" someone yelled.

"We don't want to have anything against anyone here," the gringo said loudly. Then he looked around. He spotted Raymundo and pointed him out. "That includes you, Raymundo," he said. "I really don't understand why you do this to us."

Raymundo stared at him but was quiet.

The gringo's lawyer asked to speak. He opened his briefcase and pulled out some papers. He read the original documents, which granted the land to Samuel Taylor Darling, and then he said: "Before people get up to talk and complain, I'd like to remind them that my client, Mr. Darling, has the right to sue for damages of defamation of character for any calumny committed here today."

Fortunato translated. People hissed. There was in the crowd a certain controlled tremor, and a man said: "Threats! That's all he knows!"

"Que se valla! — He should get out of here!" someone said.

"Let him go help his own mother!"

People laughed.

The Governor stood. "Guards!" he snapped. The guards held their rifles forward.

"If you don't shut up," the Governor warned, pointing back, "I will clear this room! I will not have people acting like riff-raff in my presence!"

The guards shushed people. "Silencio!" one shouted.

The Diputado Fernando stood. He had some soothing words. "I think we should view it as an example of civic-mindedness," he said, "that these people here are poor, of course, and they have many needs, and they are trying to learn."



wooden face and the crowd grew very quiet and then the words came which in Guatemala, coming from a Governor who commands armed guards, are very dangerous words. "The problem here is this man!" the Governor shouted, and he was shaking. "You — you lousy Guatemalan! You, Raymundo, are the problem here! You are the *alientador* — the planter of hate. I promise you that I have my eyes on your steps, and the first time you slip, I will be there."

Raymundo stared at him and was quiet. I don't remember the few moments, except to watch his face and of those around him. There was the fear. The people had not yet begun to speak and already three major threats had come down. Raymundo's face could have been carved in stone.

But the people did speak. The room was crowded shoulder-to-shoulder and back-to-front, and it was hot and there was all that breath and agitation, and I saw Raymundo being sucked back, blending in once more and others moving forward around him and then an old man stepped out.

He took off his straw hat and held it before him, fingering the brim. He was a shepherd. One day, he said, he took his few sheep out to graze and he went to the pasture he was accustomed to going. In the late afternoon, coming back, he was crossing the road when he saw the gringo's car. The gringo got out of his car, he said, and called him over.

"Indio bruto!" he recalled Darling saying. "Who gave you permission to use that land?"

The old man protested that he had always grazed his sheep on that land. Then, he said, the gringo hit him.

"He hit me here," the old man said, pointing at his mouth. "And then here," pointing at his chest. "Then he got in my left."



— AKWESASNE NOTES photo by Roberto Wright

Three Young Mayan Men of Todos Santos Cuchumatán

"About that question of law," he said. "We have to be careful. The law is a double-edged knife. It is a technique which can be used best by whoever dominates it best. But this is not a legal question to be resolved here today — this is a question of conscience. The question is: will the Senor Samuel listen to these people here?"

The Governor stood. He was still worked up. He is a short man, but his presence was large. His face was rigid. "I think I understand this problem now," he said, and he started out calmly.

Then his voice quivered, it rose. "There is a problem, here" — and he was pointing with his whole extended arm and finger and there was Raymundo again, twice picked out of the crowd and looking steely-eyed and with a

The old man looked up at the table. "When the gringo had left and I got up," he said, "I thought to myself: 'Why? I have done no wrong.'"

Darling was on his feet. "He was drunk," he said. "This old man is a drunk. And he threatened me with a rock. I only defended myself."

The Governor stood. "The drunk is always in the wrong," he said. "That is our law."

The Diputado Fernando stood. "Are you trying to tell me, Senor Samuel, that this old man before us, who is half your size and twice your age — that this man attacked you? I find that hard to believe."

"I have a witness," the gringo said. "Enrique!"



A man came forward, making his way through the crowd. He had a hard time. The men were pressed together firmly, blocking his way.

"Let him through!" Darling commanded.

"Let the Gringo's son come through!" someone yelled, and everyone laughed.

The man got through, a bit ruffled, and at the edge of the crowd someone gave him a shove so that he stumbled into the clearing.

He steadied himself. In quick, short bursts, he stated his name and reaffirmed that the gringo's account was the true one. He was a ladino, dressed in Western clothes.

People laughed. "You can't believe him!" someone yelled. "He's an evangelist!"

The Diputado stood. "And you are employed by Senor Samuel, are you not?" he asked.

The man nodded.

"He talks for money!" someone said.

The man stepped back. He looked over his shoulder, and edged his way back to the wall where the guards stood.

Darling's other workers started to come in. They had been waiting outside. He was waving at them to enter and once again the people pressed together and the two forces shoved and Darling's men couldn't get in the door.

"Let them in!" It was the Governor this time, on his feet. "Guards!"

The Diputado stood. "Don't squeeze so hard," he said, and people laughed. The guards had stood still. Darling's men walked in single-file. One of them got jabbed in the side and he jumped. People laughed.

IX

The people stood. It was hot. The Governor sent out for half-a-dozen Cokes and was refreshed as several more people stepped forward to record their complaints against the gringo.

It seemed to go like this: people who didn't like the gringo or who questioned his motives and spoke against him ran a heavy chance of being involved in some sort of legal suit. Several people spoke who had been accused by Mr. Darling of theft, or destruction of property, or trespassing, and it seemed in every instance their cases had later been dismissed for lack of evidence.

The accused men had resented this on two counts. First, it blemished their reputations as honest family men. And two, as one man put it: "Going to court may be an easy thing for a gringo who builds a \$10,000 house, but it can totally ruin the simple people here."

There had been many violent threats, the people told, mostly over the use of the communal lands and of a water hole there which Darling was accused of tapping into with the exclusion of the neighboring people.

One old man got up. He had been told by the gringo that he would be riddled with bullets "if he used the water hole again," he testified.

Samuel Taylor Darling sat behind the table drinking a Coke and laughed incredulously at him.

Fortunato, the school teacher, asked to speak. He stepped out and his face seemed heavy with restrained anger. "I too have questioned Mr. Darling's presence here," he said. "I would like to clarify something. There has been much talk today of the gringo this and the gringo that. The problem is not that he is a gringo. North Americans have come here before and lived or visited amiably and we have treated them with respect. But this man is different. He throws the rock and hides the hand."

"Mr. Darling," he said, "you have denied many charges here today. But are you going to deny the day you accosted me on the street and threatened to beat me if I didn't change my words about you?"

Fortunato's words had quieted the room. He is a well-respected man, and as a teacher and being "educated", he was in a position to straddle the line between the two worlds represented there. It was obvious that Darling took him seriously.

"We exchanged some hot words," he said. "That is true."

"No," Fortunato said. "I said nothing to you. You threatened me!"

The gringo shook his head. He did this very slowly and deliberately, looking at Fortunato like one looks at an errant child. "I don't understand all this venom," he said.

"If you plant venom, you reap venom," Fortunato said.

Now a curious thing happened at this point. I want to focus on it because it is indicative of how the system works to divide the people. Within that town were two strong voices for the people, Fortunato and Raymundo. Raymundo is "puro indio", a man of his immediate milieu, uneducated, and very far from any avenue by which he could be co-opted. Conversely, Fortunato is an "educated indian" — while he too is a man of his village, nonetheless, to the eyes of the colonial power structure represented at that meeting, he manifested something very different from Raymundo. They would threaten Raymundo directly, pointing him out and attempting to isolate him. Fortunato they would attempt to maneuver into a controllable position.

In the room standing on a chair near the armed guards, was the business colleague of Mr. Darling's. He was an upper-class Guatemalan ladino, the owner of a radio station, and he asked permission to speak.

He addressed himself directly to the Governor's table, and indirectly to Fortunato, and he did this warmly, praising Fortunato, telling what a good *muchacho* he really was, how proud we should all be that against overwhelming odds he had gotten an education, how he had always known the boy to be good and fair and sometimes a little impetuous but with a good heart, and: "Wouldn't it be appropriate if out of this meeting could be appointed a commission to study this matter, and particularly the water-hole controversy, and that Fortunato should be the one to lead it?"

The Governor nodded. The Gringo nodded. I watched the Diputado's knowing face and could see him formulating an adequate response when Fortunato said, forcefully, "I don't see a need for further study. The problem is clear to me — our people will not be satisfied until the gringo leaves our land and all these molestations stop."

A few people clapped and there were some cat-calls and here and there men saying, "Que se valla!"

X

The paths to resolution were clear.

The motives were self-evident.

The Gringo stood and said: "No."

The people yelled.

The Governor threatened to clear the room once more.

Darling: "I have invested more than \$10,000 in building my home. I will sue the municipality for it!"

Diputado Fernando: "That is the fault of the previous mayor. You should have known better. You know the law. If it was leased land, why did you build on it?"

Darling: "This group looks big in this room, but this is a big area. Not everyone is with you."

People: "Que se valla!" Diputado: "Buy other land. You have money. Buy other land and leave the communal land for

the people. If you don't, I wouldn't dare project the consequences."

Darling: "I am protected by the law!"

Darling's business colleague: "This man is a saint! He comes here to pull these indians out of their miserable conditions and this is how they repay him! What kind of man is this Raymundo, who doesn't speak when he is signalled."

Marcial Maxia, representing the Instituto Indigenista Nacional: "Let us stop this pointing out of individuals. This is a dangerous and unfair thing!"

Man from the crowd: "Why are you here, Senor Samuel?"

Darling: "Because I feel like it."

Diputado: "If Darling is so sincere, he would give to the pueblo what belongs to the pueblo."

Governor: "If you kick him out, he will sue you, and it will cost you \$13,000 to \$20,000."

Fortunato: "He could buy the whole town for that!"

Darling: "I had hoped to work here 6 or 7 years, and then give that land back to the community."

Man in the crowd: "It is *our* communal land! He wants to give us back our own land!"

People: "Give it up!"

There was the open fire and the smoke curling up to the blackened ears of corn. It was dark. Julito's old father was leaning into the fire. He had a wrinkled, leathery face and a hawk's nose and he had staring eyes.

This was after dinner. Julito had told him the story of the day's meeting. The old man wrapped in a poncho, and he had a rolled cigarette in his mouth. He asked Julito to translate for us, and then he said this:

"It used to be these mountains were ours. We got our wood there. We took our animals there. There was freedom to go and come.

"We were one people in those days. We had reunions and we wouldn't fight but we would come together to praise the Spirit of Corn. We had ceremonies every step of the way — at the planting, when the ear first comes, at the harvesting.

"Before we had mayors and governors and all these rules, we knew how to burn the copal, how to kill the chompipi, we had songs for every occasion. We were generous. When the Spanish were taking land from other naturales, they-who-lost-their-lands would come here, and we would take them in. They were accepted, and became one with us. That was our way. They took our dress, our customs. We gave them land."



— AKWESASNE NOTES photo by Roberto Wright
A Young Man of Todos Santos, Dressed As Do His Fathers

Darling: "The law upholds me." Then, taunting, "Raymundo, give me the \$10,000."

Governor: "This is over. We will transfer it to the Ministerio de Gobernacion. It will be resolved there."

Diputado: "It won't be resolved today because Darling has no conscience."

The meeting broke up. It was late afternoon. The armed guards spread out and took posts. I remember people milling around and the feeling that it had all been wasted. The Governor's male secretary duly wrote up the proceedings and through a window out in the courtyard could be seen the Gringo bending down and the Governor nodding and shaking his head and the Gringo's lawyer taking notes, and all around them and down into the street there were eyes looking on them and glances exchanged and the anger of futility and the collective memory of injustice without end.

"Then the government came. They made rules. One needed a license to cut wood. They said we couldn't sell the wood. But we never sold wood! Nobody would have thought to sell the wood.

"Then there came a tax on each animal you wanted to graze. We resisted that. There were fights. The lands were kept open.

"Then came the epidemics. Many of our people died. The ladinos moved in and took land, and they did something we would never have considered: they bought the woods and sold the trees. Imagine! We have had nothing but fights ever since."

Julito translated this from Mam into Spanish for us.

The old man never looked up. He rolled a new cigarette and stared at the fire. Julito took a flaming stick and held it up for him.

Then he stirred the fire with it.

essay / manifesto

circle / remember

remember:

We would stand in front of the old wood-framed mirror, my grandmother and I, and undo the night's braids. She would brush my hair, knotty gnarled hands in the soft, dark mass — then my small ones smoothed her silver-grey strands. We would braid our hair, silently smiling in the mornings.

I hold her hand and watch her die. Ugly, dirty buildings, hospitals — though they clean them tirelessly. She's dying in a sick, yellow square ruin. Comanche. Comanches die outside. She told me. To save your power. To keep your power, to be content in the next world, you give up this spirit under the sky. She said under the stars. Ugly, white doctors, white clothes, white face. I want to scream.

remember:

"One of my girls will marry an Indian man," she would say. Another morning. And perhaps a cousin or two sharing our morning mirror's reflection. Her children retain some of their culture, though cities, schools and the masses have dulled the sharpness of their memories. She does not condemn them but in her grandchildren she plants the seeds of pride and unity. "Raise your children our way," she whispers. "Indian." "Live within the circle." I sit in the glow of our evening fire. The water on the stove simmers and hisses. My husband's black hair shines. His long brown hands hold our daughter. Our black-eyed daughter. Pretty brown skin. Pretty almond-eyed child. Our round house holds us.



My cousin. Broad face, slanting eyes, strong nose, high-boned face. My cousin. Pale skin, lovely deep red hair, clear green eyes. "Are you Indian?" they ask of her features, her bearing. Grandmother help us for we are so caught. The children at school tease us. Injun, injun. Dirty injun. We are spurned by native people who count their blood degrees and hate my mother for her white ancestors. Help us. Help our children.

I am carrying my Grandmother. She is so light, and feathery beautiful in my arms. Her hair is loose. Her hair is silver falling. I love my Grandmother, and do not want her spirit caught and captured in this hospital. I want her to die Comanche. I want her spirit to soar when released, fly free to the shining, shining stars. White-wrapped doctors pull me, nurses mummified in white clutch at me, but our Medicine opens a path. I am through the door and it is a Los Angeles night. City under the stars. My Grandmother is dying. You must have a sacred place for your dead. Waiting a moment, I am guided West, two blocks down to a park's edge with earth and trees. I leave the doctors and nurses stuck uncertainly together in a death-green square. I hope they get out. I pray for them, Sky Spirit. I pray for my Grandmother who is dying under beautiful sparkling stars. She feels the mountains gaze. She smiles. It is finished.

Now I feel her. In the mornings, when I build my fire. I see her in my Little Wing's eyes. In the evenings, she warms us. Her Medicine protects us and thanks us. We are all within.

— Lynne Sigo
winter '76

Quisqueya. Kiskeya.
Tonalamatl. Hueytecuilhuitl.
Xilomen. Tecapatl. Texcatl.

IN ANTOKNIHUA E:

Kiskeya greets you in the name of Lukayans, Tainos, Ciguayans, Caribs, Arawacs, Nahuatl, Yakimawans.

The Indian Mother of all Indian Lands greets you, and joins in the sacred ritual of your native ancestors.

I am the Earth that you, the *naturales*, once inhabited, and that you began to populate before today's continents existed, those islands that had once remained with me, only to emerge again amongst the Seas. The Indian Mother of all Indian Lands rose, in the face of men and peoples, respectable and magnificent.

In the fertile lands of Kiskeya, the sea breezes, the ocean currents, the rains, the suns and the moons forged the Natural Peoples and their memories.

The mountains, the Sierras, the hills, the grasslands, the highlands and the valleys, the coasts and the flatlands were adorned with Indian families, with their Natural women and children and men.

The musty rivers, lakes, and lagoons were turned by hands of the Naturals into pure spring waters.

Natural men and Natural women built cities, created governing institutions for Natural societies, formed towns organized and disciplines in the production and elaboration of native cultures and civilizations that had no need of foreign races in order to edify their own millennial grandeur.

In the structure and mechanism of the Natural Institutions, one encountered a firm foundation supporting the Nation, integrated by an omnipotent, cohesive, and unitary Public Law.

Civil Laws existed in Kiskeya. They didn't foresee the regulation of robbery or the need for jails, for in Kiskeya, robbery and jails didn't exist, nor were doors necessary in Indian homes. Individual and communal property, agricultural property, contracts, and inheritance were institutions provided for and anticipated by Natural Laws.

But came an ill-fated day, a day on which the flowering patio was converted into a patio of darkness, a day on which flowers no longer dwelled in gardens, nor opened their petals, a day on which foreign malevolent men made themselves proprietors of our Codes and that amounts to five centuries of death, anguish, destruction, annihilation, grief, misfortune, blood and bitterness, a tragic and frightful day which robbed Lake Xarama of its pureness and its name; a day on which the blood of the Indian was spilled treacherously, thus filling history and the world with his glorious deeds. The earth that was once fertile was made sterile, once it was trampled, battered, violated, profaned and humiliated, and parched by the "conqueror and savior of the world". What was once populated by millions and millions of Natural men and women was reduced to sacred ashes and venerable shambles that cry out over the centuries for vengeance.



Guanahani! Guanahani! First-born in the holocaust! They sacrificed you first to satisfy the diving drug that arrived on the continent in a sepulchral grave. Five centuries of frightful death have not been enough to satiate the deceiving Indian, breaking and dislocating his joints, tearing apart his flesh and spirit.

Therefore, the Naturales, the Indians, of Kiskeya, Haiti, Guanahani and all of the continent, of Aborigines and the Blacks who did and do share with ourselves the implacable persecution of centuries, declare as incompatible the Rulers who began and made possible our destruction and ruin in our own Homeland.

We declare as intolerable the presence of the Rulers who to an impertinent and intrusive degree spoiled, damned and blemished the dignity of the Kingdoms, Empires and Governments of our Continent.

We declare before the Peoples of the World: on all of the Indian Continent, those rulers who propitiated the bloody and monstrous destruction of civilizations, cultures, histories, rites, cosmogenies, symbols, temples, palaces, fortresses, cities, peoples and millennial native paradigms are *personas non gratas*.

We declare those Rulers responsible for the oldest Genocide in History committed against Indians and Blacks, to be stamped with the most abominable and execrable international reputation.

We declare the arrival and continued presence of the Rulers who annihilated our Native Ancestors, usurping their powers and riches, appropriating and seizing their lands, women and children, divesting them of their lives and of their promised destinies of a better world, and imposing upon them five centuries of fire and blood, to be on the verge of self-destruction in their own fraud and ignominy.

BOECKIO. ANACAONA. KAONABO.
GUARIONEX. GUAKANAGARIX.
KAYAKOA. IGUANAMA.
COTUBANAMA. ZAMNA.

UNITY UNDER THE CREATION



Johnny Creed Coe
Cherokee Artist
1976

This drawing was done for AKWESASNE NOTES by Johnny Creed Coe of the Cherokee Nation. He says the shield is round like the tipi, drum, sun and his mother earth. The shield is divided into two parts: Father Sky and Mother Earth. Centered on the shield is the Buffalo, strong, spiritual, symbolic of strength and wisdom of our parents. It is the parents who must, by example, teach their children how to live under Creation's Laws. Around the Buffalo's neck are three objects: an arrowhead, symbolic of strength and wisdom; a deer's antler is symbolic of the gifts of the Creation; and there is a sacred rock. There are four directions shown: four ages, four seasons, four points which form the circle of life. The Eagle feathers represent strength and unity under the Creation, unity according to Creation's Laws, unity as brothers and sisters in harmony with all our relations — the Creation's creatures. This poster is one of a series published by AKWESASNE NOTES. It is available, on heavy paper with colors, at 50 cents, or 3 for \$1, all of a kind or a mixed set, PLUS 25 cents for mailing. Write: AKWESASNE NOTES, Mohawk Nation, via Roosevelttown, N.Y. 13683.

Mexico: The Rich Inherit The Earth

Culiacan, Mexico — The rich coastal valleys of northwest Mexico — farmed by U.S. agribusiness giants in partnership with rich Mexican landholders to produce half the expensive fresh winter vegetables consumed annually in the United States — have turned into bloodstained battlegrounds.

All over the countryside, poor people have been occupying land. A familiar pattern followed: the army comes in. Sometimes there is resistance, sometimes not.

The struggle for land in northern Mexico has sharpened in the last few years. Mexican and U.S. capital has been heavily invested, particularly in Sonora and Sinaloa, to develop agribusiness operations. Because of restrictions of foreigners owning land, most of this land is owned by Mexican citizens — but often this is a front for U.S. control, and the U.S. has a virtual monopoly in the sale of farm machinery, fertilizer, feed products and the marketing and processing of agricultural commodities.

On one side are thousands of landless campesinos, dispossessed by the technological takeover of agriculture, and on the other, the wealthy. The campesinos are occupying tens of thousands of acres of land which they claim as rightfully theirs. Armed with a few ancient 30-30s dating from the Mexican Revolution, they have staunchly stood their ground despite a mounting death toll. More than 100 persons have been killed by soldiers, police, ranchers or their hired guns in the past year.

In bringing modern corporate farming to Mexico, companies have increased their profits by transforming the states of Sinaloa and Sonora into fertile farmlands much like the Salinas and Imperial Valleys of California. Ford and John Deere tractors plow the earth. Crop dusters sweep down covering the fields of tomatoes, cucumbers, peppers with Niagara and Dow chemicals.

That does not mean the average Mexican farmer in the area is any better off. Likely his family is without land to grow adequate food even for themselves to consume. Unable to make a living on their tiny plots, they are forced to lease them to large growers, and then hire themselves out as farm workers when work is available.

The number of landless farm workers in Sinaloa has doubled to 126,000 between 1960 and 1970. That has increased the seasonal migrant work force, now numbering 350,000 persons faced with long periods of unemployment and squalid living conditions.

The migrants, some in beat-up cars, most on trains and buses, move north each year up the coast for the vegetable harvest in Sinaloa and Sonora, and then on to the fall harvest in Sonora and Baja California asparagus fields.

Although U.S. agribusiness firms must meet certain labor standards in the U.S., the rules don't apply for these same firms operating in Mexico. Migrant workers either construct their own temporary camps of cardboard, tin and tarpaper, or sleep outside in their cotton-picking bags or tomato bins. Sewage contaminates drinking water. Intestinal diseases and sunstroke are common illnesses. In 1975 alone, 792 persons, mostly children, died in Sinaloa from diarrhea and dehydration. There is no rural health plan or insurance for farmworkers.

Such conditions have led to repeated waves of rebellion — campesinos occupying landholdings, or strikes by industrial workers. The Government wavers between reforms and repression, as demanded by the national political balance from incident to incident.

Campesinos have lost much of their land to large Mexican landowners, and today, over half of all Mexicans employed in agriculture — 5 million persons — are landless. That is a 20% increase in the last 25 years. Meanwhile, 30% of all arable land is controlled by less than one percent of all farms. With unemployment at 25%, the Mexican Government estimates that between eight and ten million people out of its population of 60 million, wander from farm to city to farm looking for work. In Mexico City alone, 600,000 persons lost their jobs during the last year of economic crisis.

These are the conditions which have produced the wave of land occupations. In Sinaloa alone, there were 76 occupations in the past year, most of which remain in a state of confrontation.

Although Mexico has to spend its scarce foreign currency to buy corn for import, some of this land is used to raise fancy varieties of corn for export to the U.S. The land feeds U.S. citizens, not Mexicans — Mexico now supplies over 60% of all the fresh vegetables consumed each year in the U.S. during the winter months.



— In These Times photo by Atelier
A Woman In Sonora, Waiting For Land

Changes in the Mexican fields are similar to those in U.S. agriculture — but the effects on already-poor campesinos is much more disastrous. Agribusiness corporations have bought land and are monopolizing the marketing of fresh produce. U.S. corporations often provide the only source of credit, seeds and fertilizers for small farmers. In this way, they control production. Small farmers who cannot afford the new technology or the competition with large landowners are forced to lease their land to make any money from it. Then the former farmers become migrant workers on a permanent Tobacco Road.

Already, campesinos who received land distributed last year in Sinaloa are renting it back to the original owners, who have the technology and skills to run a large operation. If that pattern continues, it raises doubts about the viability of redistributing land under the present system as a means of solving the problem of campesino poverty.

So now, a warm winter sun is bringing up the green wheat under the watchful eyes of campesinos watching the first crops they have ever grown on their own land. But businessmen are gloomy — they say the area will face economic setbacks since they anticipate their commercial wheat harvest will end up 400,000 tons short of last year's crop.

The expropriated land also includes most of the area's chicken farms, producing 1.6-million eggs each day. However, the campesinos have not bothered these enterprises, nor the Purina factory and a brewery and

The U.S. Short-Circuited The Revolution

As in the United States, the nation stems from a revolutionary heritage, but people who take that heritage seriously by seizing land to which they are entitled, they face death and repression.

The Mexican Government's dilemma goes back to its roots in Mexico's 1910-1917 revolution, which was fought and won by peasant armies, but which soon came under the control of a rising industrial class.

Under the leadership of Emiliano Zapata and Francisco Villa, millions of campesinos rose up in the Revolution, and over two million gave their lives in years of bloody war to throw off the oppression of a handful of wealthy families and the domination of foreign interests, especially the U.S. But U.S. troops helped bring the revolution to an end before it had carried out its goals. Still, as a result of this struggle, the Mexican Constitution, drafted in 1917, contains a provision which states that the "nation has the right to restrict or expropriate private landholdings" and that "necessary measures shall be taken to divide the large landed estates."

Since then, the single ruling party has based its power on a shaky balance of these two elements. It has sought legitimacy in the eyes of campesinos and workers by periodic social reforms — but at the same time, it has chosen a free-enterprise economy which profits at the expense of the campesino and working class people. Business taxes are low, and cheap oil, electricity, and rail transportation are supplied to private business. In 1974 alone, Mexico had to spend \$1.3-billion to make up for its losses in these industries — a form of direct subsidy to business.

Lázaro Cárdenas started a system of capitalist agrarian reform by passing out *ejidos* a type of landholding in which a certain number of poor families receive several acres of land to work. They are not owners of the land, and cannot sell it, but they can pass it on to their heirs, or rent it out. However, the number of *ejidatarios* has been in steady decline since the 1960s.

Over 60,000 petitions for land have piled up at the Agrarian Reform office, waiting for the bureaucracy to act.

In Sonora and Sinaloa, however, things are a little different. Agriculture here is highly industrialized. Moreover, the people of this area have a tradition of struggle that dates from the days when the native people fought against the Spanish invasion.

In these two states, about 70% of the *ejidos* are rented, especially in the irrigated areas of Navajoa and the Valle del Yaqui. The land is used by the big landholders, mostly from about eighty multimillionaire families closely linked with United States agribusiness. The food that is raised there does not go to enrich the diets of the people of Mexico — winter vegetables, tomatoes, and grain are grown here for export to the U.S.

The landowners defend their interests with private armies — paid assassins and gun fighters who handle "problems".

Although the constitution limits land holdings to fifty hectares, in reality, family estates are registered in the names of even babies.

The seizures of the lands by the poor have continued for almost a year, although they momentarily stopped when there was a massacre of peasants on October 24 in San Ignacio Rio Muerto. After that massacre, in December, 1975, the big landowners made a show of force when the government tried to expropriate the large landholdings. In retaliation, the landholders paralyzed production. Echeverría countered by creating a commission that was to "solve the problem". The commission saved face for the president by itself deciding that the landowners should continue to hold their turf.

In February, the poor again moved in. By April, 25,000 acres had been occupied and the struggle continued to spread.

On April 3, 300 scantily-armed campesinos began to occupy 1,000 acres of land in the Yaqui Valley near San Pedro. During the next few days, they were joined by 17,000 more campesinos demanding land. On their

...but the poor are taking it back

As people have been forced off the land, Mexico City has become one of the fastest growing cities in the world, as the landless and unemployed pour in. It is surrounded with miles of poverty-stricken barrios, shanty towns where hundreds of thousands of people are crowded together in ever-growing misery.

The average wage paid by the agribusinesses is a little over \$2.50 a day for part-time workers, and about \$4 a day for the year-round workers. Some families, unable to find work, exist by picking up fluffs of cotton which has blown off passing trucks.

34 other factories which are on the lands which Echeverría included in his order.

Campesino leaders do not share the gloom of the bankers. "Why should we raise less wheat?" Jose Maria Ruiz, who heads a new communal farm, asks. "It was always we who did the work in the fields. It's the same land, same fertilizer, same machinery."

A communal farm organized by campesinos just a year ago is already producing more than the previous owner had done.

own, they started harvesting the wheat. Several days later, the regional representative of the land reform commission of the government was kidnapped, an act which the campesinos called "self-defense", a preventative against the bureaucratic and military repression that had caused so many deaths in other occupations.

The campesinos organized themselves into 80 cooperatives.

On July 7, 1976, the Department of Agrarian Reform ordered 650 landholders, including 78 family clans, to

present proof within 30 days that they were not breaking a 1971 law which made it illegal for one person to benefit from a multiple land holding over 220 acres. The landowners went to court. On September 30, Federal Judge de Silva y Nava announced that he would rule on the case by December 3. He issued an injunction forbidding Echeverria from taking action affecting the land before that date.

Thus after thirty years of waiting in vain for the government to turn over their land to them, the peasants decided to move on the opportunity. Land occupations spread rapidly, mainly in the holdings that the president himself had mentioned.

By the beginning of November, the poor of Mexico had invaded thousands of hectares of land. They told the press that "not even God" would drive them out. The government-controlled peasant organizations, which a few days earlier had said that the occupations were "counter-revolutionary actions", decided to change their minds — either they led the occupations, or they would be left behind.

Ignoring the court injunction, Echeverria on November 18 ordered the expropriation — with compensation — of the 253,000 acres. Much of the land had already been occupied by the campesinos.

Echeverria's move was one to quiet mounting unrest — not by the poor people of the countryside, but by the poor and unemployed in the cities. Hundreds of thousands of the Mexican labor force exists by day labor, and millions of others, including the natural peoples, live largely outside of the cash economy.

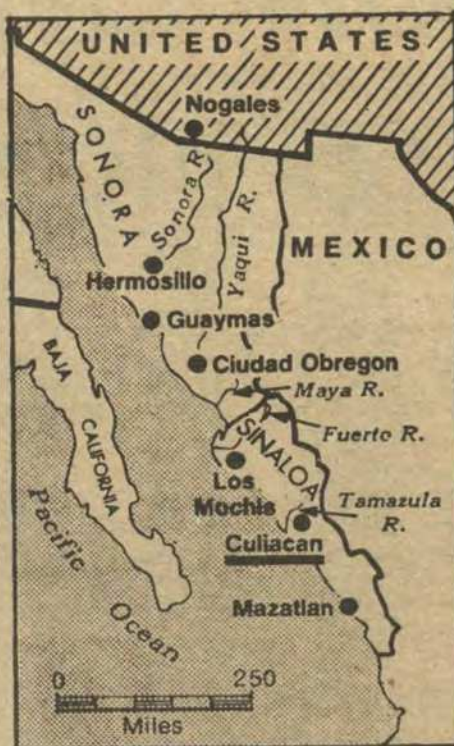
The landowners responded with an employers' lock-out that affected to one degree or another fifty Mexican cities as merchants and businessmen's organizations supported them with enthusiasm. In the face of this show of strength, the government began to retreat.

The growers moved tractors from the fields to the streets and highways. "Many people are ready to put their finger to the trigger," one grower warned.

Stores, buses, taxis, factories and other businesses were closed in an area ranging from Sonora to Oaxaca, although Mexico City was not affected. But Monterrey, the industrial center of northern Mexico, and the center of the most conservative business interests in the country, was largely shut down.

A week later, campesinos invaded big estates in northern Mexico to demand further government takeovers of the private estates. Police and troops stood by as land owners and leaders of the poor farmworkers demanding land agreed to a temporary truce so that the political administration in Mexico City could change guard in an atmosphere of peace. Under the agreement, talks about parcelling more land were suspended until Portillo had taken over.

One recent target in Sinaloa was a small section of the 17,000-acre spread owned in partnership by Nogales, Arizona, businessman James K. Wilson and Mexican grower Benjamin Bon Bustamanta. According to the Mexican Secretary of Agrarian Reform, the squatters held long-standing rights under Mexican land reform laws to this and two million other acres of Sinaloa land controlled by large owners.



lands [sic] taken away without making a stand. If they're going to drown, they're going down screaming."

For the campesinos, the presidential decrees expropriating 40% of privately-held Yaqui Valley land and even the subsequent tolerated invasions have been rare victories. During the last two years in northern Mexico, 124 campesinos have been killed in various clashes with army, police, or landowner's hired guns who have invariably ended invasions with force.

Thus the new president of Mexico, Lopez Portillo, is faced with a revolutionary outburst by the poor, and a counter-revolutionary coup from the rich.

All this comes at a time of an incredibly bad economic crisis for Mexico. The peso has been devalued almost 50%, and the annual rate of inflation is about 30%. Recent sharp price hikes in gasoline and electricity have been announced, sure to set off another round of increases which are ultimately faced by the poorest of the land.

Portillo was installed in office on December 1. Little is known about what native people can expect in terms of government policy. He will either have to meet demands — or step up police and military repression. Most of the international press and a considerable body of Mexican opinion expect swings to the right.

Even the limited land redistribution approved by Echeverria was overturned on December 7 by a Mexican federal judge. The ruling was made just six days after José López Portillo took office. That ruling was made public on December 11, and by the 13th, peasant leaders announced plans for a 1,000-mile mass march and bus caravan from Sinaloa to Mexico City to protest the judge's decision which would oust 8,000 peasants from nearly 2.5-million acres of land which they have occupied.

About 150 persons, including children, started the march, but as it neared Mexico City, its numbers had swollen to more than 2500.

The court order cleared the way for the use of armed force to remove the campesinos. However, new officials appointed by Portillo insist that the campesinos will be able to keep the land. On December 16, Jorge Rojo Lugo, new head of the Agrarian Reform Department, which comes directly under the presidency, said that Portillo assured him there was no possibility of the expropriation being nullified.

Besides, the campesinos are not about to leave. "There are 10,000 new owners on that land," Morales Mora, an agrarian reform official says. "That's 50,000 to 60,000 persons, including the families. They've been waiting at least 15 years. Now they have it — do you think they'll leave?"

The situation in the countryside remains tense. Thousands of farmworkers without land are camped along the roads in Sinaloa. Invasions continue. Independent groups from all over Mexico are organizing a national, independent organization of campesinos. On December 8, 2,000 campesinos occupied the offices of the agrarian reform secretary in Mexico City for 36 hours.

On November 29, campesinos in Durango occupied 400,000 acres of private land, the largest land seizure in Mexican history. Just before that, 10,000 campesinos organized a militant march in Culiacan, the capital of Sinaloa.

Artículo 50 Ley Federal de Reforma Agraria

Mayuc sc'oplal ta c'axel
te bin ya xchap sc'op te comi
sariado ma'uc teme te chajp
principaletic jcanantaywanej
teme te Asamblea General
ma'ba lec ya ya'iy te chapbil
c'op yu'unic ma'uc teme te Se
cretaria de la Reforma Agraria
ma'ba lec ya ya'iy ejuc. Jich-
nix mayuc sc'oplal te chapbil
c'op te combil ta ini jun

An article in a small newspaper from Chiapas for Indian People of Mexico explains the law which guarantees them land — in their own language.

By December 9, campesino families, supported by students in the area, moved onto land in Torreon, Coahuila. 400 armed police were sent to the fields to drive them out. An all-out battle ensued. Groups of campesinos blocked the roads to prevent police trucks from getting through. When it was all over, the campesinos still occupied the land.

The devaluation of the peso 50%, the rumors of a coup, the land occupations, the businessmen's work stoppages, and a rain of hysterical propaganda created an atmosphere of panic, smashing the myth of economic and political stability which Mexico had carefully groomed for years.

U.S. companies in Mexico own the overwhelming amount of the wealth of that nation. These companies are in Mexico because they can make larger profits there, largely at the expense of the poor, who cannot raise their living standards as prices rise. At the same time, the U.S. Government has stepped up its deportations of the people of Mexico who cross the border in search of work. The border they cross is one erected a 100 years ago when the United States moved to seize over half of Mexico.

As the crisis deepens, the Mexican Government has resorted to repression and crackdowns on human rights, often by using the army when workers, students, or native communities are in struggle.

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A sign erected by Mexican campesinos supports the land takeovers

Despite these laws, however, the Mexican Government has tolerated the use of loopholes by investors like Wilson. His firm is one of the largest distributors of Mexican produce, shipping over 12-million pounds of vegetables with sales of more than \$5-million annually. James K. Wilson, with true Yankee determination, warned that the owners "aren't going to have their

As Mexico's new president was sworn in with Henry Kissinger, Mrs. Jimmy Carter and Lady Bird Johnson at his side, the Mexican people were unleashing a storm of struggle as tens of thousands of campesinos occupied nearly a million acres of land owned by wealthy landowners in the states of Sonora, Sinaloa, Durango and Coahuila in northern Mexico.

boriquen — puerto rico

INDEPENDENCE MOVEMENT CONTINUES DESPITE FORD'S LAST HURRAH

San Juan, Boriquen (Puerto Rico) — U.S. President Gerald Ford's parting shot to defend colonialism before he leaves office was to call for Puerto Rico to be annexed to the United States as a state.

The move came amidst growing world-wide criticism of the U.S. claim to the island in the Caribbean. The matter is before the United Nations Decolonization Committee and was discussed at the Conference of Non-aligned Nations held in Sri Lanka.

U.S. Ambassador to the UN William Scranton admitted on October 22 that blocking UN discussion of Puerto Rico has become a top priority of the U.S.

After so many decades of U.S. stewardship, one might reasonably expect that Puerto Rico would be a healthy prosperous nation, prepared to be on their own. Exactly the opposite is the case. With the abandonment of agriculture and an indigenous economy in exchange for a 70% U.S. owned industrial base, the Puerto Rican population is now dependent on foreign capital and on U.S. Government programs to meet its needs. It is this dependence, along with the political domination, that is a critical point when the subject of Puerto Ricans choosing their own political future is discussed.

A member of the Puerto Rican Solidarity Committee notes that Puerto Ricans are "so deprived of their political rights that they don't have the ability to express their will. Ford talked about equal rights as citizens — but in the conditions of colonial domination, where the FBI operates freely, where the news media are totally dominated by U.S. corporations, and there is a military occupation, there's no way for people to express themselves."

Oil interests would benefit greatly if Puerto Rico would become a state. The off-shore oil the island has would then come under the federal domain. In the early 1970s, the Commonwealth government put forth plans for the establishment of a giant petroleum superport which would supply the petrochemical industry, and provide a port for large supertankers transporting oil to the U.S. Preliminary agreements have already been signed to authorize Mobil, Shell, Exxon and Continental Oil to extract 200,000 barrels of oil per day for 30 years.

That November election gave the governorship, the legislature, the town halls to the New Progressive Party, a group of established business interests which allies itself with the Republican Party in the United States, and which has a long-range goal of having Puerto Rico become the 51st state. Their opponents were the Popular Democrats, comfortable with U.S. Democratic Party powers, and who created the Commonwealth status institution which rules Puerto Rico today.

But political groups seeking independence, such as Puerto Rican Socialist Party, deny that interpretation of the election, PSP secretary-general Juan Mari Brás says that his party believes "it does not make any difference which of the two colonial parties win the elections — both parties are grossly colonialist and unconditionally serve as instruments of imperialist capital and its intermediaries here."

The PSP says that the vast majority of the electorate voted for the New Progressives simply as an expression of protest against corruption and bad administration by the incumbent governor, Rafael Hernández Colón.

In fact, the NPP candidate, Carlos Romero Barceló, promised that votes for him would not be interpreted as being for any political status for the Puerto Rican nation.

Barceló is a Yale man, formerly the mayor of San Juan.

Independence forces, such as the Puerto Rico Independence Party and the PSP had differing analyses of whether independence can be gained through the electoral process, or whether people should be organized for other actions.

The PIP defends independence as one way of bringing to an end the exploitation suffered by the people. However, others of the liberation movement point out that there are many Central American nations that are independent, but which are banana republics, where the people are exploited even more severely than if they were to be a part of the United States. This group believes that independence must come through revolutionary change.

In 1967, Puerto Rican voters soundly rejected statehood as an option. As it stands, Puerto Ricans have all the responsibilities of U.S. citizenship, such as the draft, but cannot vote for president or congress.

Even the outgoing colonial governor of Puerto Rico, Hernandez Colon, said Ford had been ill-advised, and that his plan was "undue interference" in internal Puerto Rican affairs. "Only the Puerto Rican people

can make a decision about status of our political condition — the people of Puerto Rico have not given and will not give that privilege to President Ford or anyone else." Colon said if statehood came to a vote, it would be soundly defeated.

Ford's recommendation will be submitted as legislation first to the House and Senate Interior Committees — the same ones that deal with "Indian Affairs" for extended hearings. Passage of the legislation would require a simple majority in both House and Senate, and then Puerto Rico would have to adopt a state constitution.

California Congressman Ron Dellums this year introduced into Congress a resolution which asks the United States to relinquish all its colonial powers over Puerto Rico in order for the Puerto Rican people to freely decide the nature of their political status. Dellums tried to get the issue onto the Democratic Party platform, but instead, the platform came out with the contradictory recognition of the right of "U.S. citizens in Puerto Rico to self-determination", a contradiction often used with the native nations of North America.

Puerto Rico's rising nationalism is part of a movement throughout the Caribbean — once considered as little more than a tourist paradise at its doorstep. The people of the many nations of the Caribbean are re-examining whether they want their nations to have the same destiny as the U.S., or if they wish to go their separate way in the world. Central American nations, many of them bordering on the Caribbean, are following suit. Panama wants the Canal Zone back. Cuba wants the U.S. Guantanamo base off its land.

The stakes for the U.S. are high. They include not only major corporate investments and access to such critical resources as oil, bauxite and sugar, but one of the largest military networks in the world.

The U.S. has occupied Puerto Rico since 1898. There has been resistance — but most U.S. citizens are unaware both of the occupation and its opposition because of a skillful blockade of silence. As in the native movement in North America, Puerto Rican independentistas have been arrested on fabricated charges of bank robbery or bombings, the son of Juan Mari Bras was assassinated, and harassments and repression are regular and sometimes brutal. The independence movement must deal with infiltration, propagation of terrorist attacks, and promotions of divisions within the movement.

General Nelson Miles, famed for his aggressive role in numerous military campaigns against native peoples in the West, led the U.S. troops into Puerto Rico. He issued a proclamation which declared that the U.S. Army had come to give the people of Puerto Rico "the advantages and blessings of enlightened civilization."

The Army has never left the island. Today, the Department of Defense owns more land employs more people and spends more money in Puerto Rico than the combined total of all the 50 other U.S. agencies controlling all aspects of Puerto Rican society. A powerful Armed Forces radio directs its programs to the population — a recent series was designed to promote North American symbols and values.

In May, FBI chief Clarence Kelley acknowledged that "the Puerto Rican nationalist groups are at this time among the FBI's highest priorities".



There are 1.7-million Puerto Ricans who have been displaced or relocated to the United States. Almost one-third of those live below the official "poverty line" compared to 11% of all U.S. families. 25% must live on welfare. Unemployment is nearly 50%.

Things aren't much better on the island. There half the families live on food stamps. To keep the economy solvent, Puerto Rico must attract \$1.8-billion in new private investments and loans each year, furthering the colonialist apparatus. The minimum wage laws do not apply there.

The exodus of people from their island is one of the largest population exoduses in contemporary history. Over 400,000 moved out in the 1950s. The fact that one-third of the population is found outside its national territory has profound consequences for the destiny of Puerto Rico.

The myth which is proffered is that the migration took place voluntarily as people moved to the "promised land".

When the United Nations came into being in 1945, Puerto Rico was the first petitioner to that body. In 1952, the UN voted to accept the U.S. position that Puerto Rico was an "internal matter", and a year later, the U.S.-dominated General Assembly decided that Puerto Rico was "self-governing" and no longer a colony.

The independence movement reached a peak after World War II, when the world was moving against colonial sentiments. President Franklin Roosevelt had made vague promises of independence during the war, when Puerto Ricans were being drafted into the U.S. Army.

When the U.S. kept Puerto Rico's claim out of the UN, a group of nationalists took dramatic action. A decision was made for an armed attack on the U.S. House of Representatives, and upon Blair House where U.S. President Harry Truman was staying. For the last twenty years, the U.S. has held the group in prison, the longest-held political prisoners. They have a federal court action going now seeking their release. They are Lolita Lebrón, Oscar Collazo, Rafael Cancel Miranda, Irvin Flores, and Andrés Figueroa Cordero. At the time, Flores said, "We had to show the world the true facts that Puerto Rico was still a colony."



When the UN Committee on Decolonization was established in 1962, again Puerto Rico was the first petitioner, but the U.S. blocked the petition's demand that Puerto Rico be listed as a "colony". In August of 1972, however, the Committee decided to hear the case of Puerto Rico. The Committee concluded its investigation by reaffirming the "inalienable right of the people of Puerto Rico to self-determination and independence in accordance with the General Assembly resolution 1514 (XV)." It also requested the U.S. Government to refrain from taking any measures which "might obstruct the full and free exercise by the people" of those rights. It said it would keep Puerto Rico under continuous review.

When the case came up before the General Assembly in November, 1973, the United States of America stood alone in denouncing the report of the Committee on Decolonization. Before the UN, the chairman of the committee, Tanzanian Ambassador Salim Ahmed Salim, described the U.S. position as an attack on the committee. The report passed, 104 in favor, 10 nations abstaining, and 5 voting against. The five were the United States, the United Kingdom, Portugal, South Africa, and France. The old empires die hard.

The U.S. was outraged by the vote, and warned the governments represented on the 24-nation Decolonization Committee that if they pressed the Puerto Rican question, that would be regarded as an "unfriendly act".

The move is still alive in the UN, postponed for the time being. In 1975, the U.S. set up a "pact of Permanent Union of Puerto Rico with the United States" which would satisfy UN technicalities, but which would maintain the U.S. colonial structures of domination even stronger. However, the results of the November elections are likely to mean that the Pact will be put into the background for now.

This September, the Decolonization Committee agreed by consensus to reaffirm the right of Puerto Rico to its independence, and to "consider specific measures next year to follow up on previous resolutions in relation to the colonial case of Puerto Rico."

Although Juan Mari Brás was active in guiding the case through the UN, he warned that the process of independence "will only occur as a direct result of the advance of our struggle, that which is being carried out on Puerto Rican soil by our people." He described the committee's decision as a victory against "yankee imperialism".

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"VICTIMS NO MORE"

Buffy Ste. Marie
Speaks Out

Some people have wondered how I could sing "Now That The Buffalo's Gone", and then turn around and sing "Yeah, Yeah, Native Northamerican Child" — the tragedy of Indian history, and then about fun.

Well, we Indians can dance all the colors of the rainbow — not just one end.

Truth for me has been a wandering path that's criss-crossed all the shades of ecstasy, all the shadows of bitterness.

My heart leaps when I look into the face of my beautiful Indian child, wrapped in the strength of his father's arms: together, we are the flag of North America. We're growing free and joyful.

But the same day, my teeth clench in horror at our history, what's been done to us, what's going on still today, what's in store for us by virtue of our Indian-ness.

I sing the songs of both our summer and our winter. I write throughout all the phases of the moon, because they're all true.

My country is dying, but my nation is healing up.

The white veneer of Canadamerica is rotting of its own diseased values, but my nation of Sunskins is fruitful and young, tough and gaining experience, becoming immune to the breath of cannibals: we're learning, but oh, at such a cost, such a cost!

My mother's father was a great and lovely family man, and a Cree chief. His name was Star Blanket. He knew Sitting Bull of the Sioux, and so did my father's grandfather, Piapot, also a Cree chief. We are Crees, and Sitting Bull is a Sioux. My husband is Sioux, a descendant of Little Crow, and our child is both Cree and Sioux, and I'm proud of us all — Star Blanket, Piapot, Sitting Bull, Little Crow, our parents, our relatives, and ourselves.

You can take an Indian child, hold him by the feet and dunk him in a bucket of whitewash, up and down, day after day, year after year, and it's still only a "maybe" whether or not you'll kill the Indian in him. You might, and you might not. In my case, a white-dipped childhood gave me enough suffocation to show me the difference between breath and death, between Indian sharing values and white gobbledy greed. Day after day, my white-dipped childhood stuck me with little needles, painful little needles piercing me in places where I should have known joy — my heart, my eyes, my woman place, my sleep — giving me little doses of hate regularly, frequently, silently.

So I became immune to the ravages of hate; immune to the disease of the *mooniyasuk*, the whiteman, the *keshageshuk*, the greedy-guts — though it terrified me.

Because I sleep in fear of the blue-eyed nazi wrapped up in red-white-and-blue, I will never again be caught napping. Because I was attacked, I learned readiness, but what a cost, what a cost!

The whites carry the greed disease. It kills some of them, and most of us. They need to be cured, but they usually don't mind their disease, or even recognize it, because it's all they know and their leaders encourage them in it, and many of them are beyond help. We need strong healthy medicine, and wise native doctors if we are to survive the plague of the *keshagesuk* — the greed-mad unholy gold-worshippers who in their insanity will kill you if you stand between them and a dollar. Their major insecurity is economic insecurity. It makes them too crazy to be without tickets to the supermarket. They've cut themselves off from nature. They dope their children with cornflakes and chevrolats, and they think they can't live without money.

They say a heroin addict can't help attacking his fellow creatures to get what he needs — the *Keshagesak* are like that about gold. Morality never enters

into it. We Indians are still so naive — we are continually surprised that they continually steal from us and misuse us in every possible way because of their economic paranoia.

But their ways are different from ours. Brothers and Sisters. In their eyes, it's all right for them to victimize Indian people, Indian culture, if we stand in the way of their holy quest for a railroad fortune, a gold fortune, an oil fortune, a uranium fortune, a pipeline fortune, a cattle fortune, a water fortune, a political fortune, a fortune in the Church, or someother kind of fortune which they will inevitably call "progress" to dress it up.

But it still comes down to this: if an Indian stands between a mooniyas and his money, the Indian is expendable. The teachers, churches, and courts will suddenly effect a double-standard, and the Indian will get lost in the shuffle.

Our advantage is that we are used to living skinny. Even if we're full of fry-bread and beans, fat and gas, carbohydrates and malnutrition, are skinny on the inside. What is skinny? My uncle, Pius Kiasuatum sings me an old Cree song. It goes, "Heyo-hey-ay-oh, my sister-in-law, we are so skinny." It's a strong, sad song that came in war-time.

Skinny can be malnourished, but it's still alive.

Skinny can be bitter, but light and wirey.

Skinny can be tough.

Skinny can be well-practiced in the art of living on nothing, nothing to eat, nothing to dream.

Skinny can teach you who your friends are, which pays off in the long run, if you survive — if you don't get to drinking and doping and wasting away your medicine power.

Skinny can be like it used to be — for fasting as one of the steps to finding your vision, if you are a smart Indian and not a stupid victim.

Fast from liquor. Give marijuana back to the medicine people, to be used for what it is, a medicine administered wisely, rarely, thoughtfully. When marijuana is used just to be socially cute, an Indian is weakened.

When an Indian is growing wiser in these times, we go through a hell of bitterness. Use it like fuel. Use it! Use it! Burn it and feel its warmth, but don't eat it. Don't thrive on it too long, or it'll constipate you. A diet of bitterness that doesn't pass out of you wastes your years.

It's self-destructive to save bitterness. Bitterness is meant to be used. It's part of our long-term vision to understand how we've been victimized, but the trick is to break the cycle.

Refuse to be a victim. Don't glory in your bitterness any longer than it is useful.

I'm not saying forget strong feeling — I'm saying use it! How? One way is to educate other people, to help other Indians come *through* the misery of learning our horror history — to come out on the other side of winter and into the spring of strength that comes with *unvictimizing* yourself or someone else. Scream the bloody truth of how we've

been raped in every possible way, and then *rise up and dig the beauty of our people*.

Rejoice in our survival and our ways.

Come to understand the victimization of our people in order to appreciate what our parents and ancestors have been through, and honor them. Come to understand how things got to be this way for native people, and help our relatives who are still spun out by the horror of the white wars, even now.

We'll sing our historical truth songs so that never again will anyone be able to sweep it under the rug. But we will not be victims of it anymore.



We'll also sing our songs of joy in being Indians. We'll celebrate each other. We'll encourage each other, and paint each other's pictures in a thousand masterpieces. The bitterness that burned our hearts will die down when we need it to, and it will become embers and coals, and we'll cook over it, and love each other in its light, and tell each other funny stories beside its glow, and warm each other with songs of the beauty of our relatives, songs of our ancestors and our grandchildren, our Indian past, and our Indian future.

We won't forget — and we won't be victims anymore.



"Buffy Ste. Marie"

— from a painting by Terry Murray

The Spirit Way



by Gayle High Pine

The Creator gives you sight.

And the Creator gives you sight of "the real world behind this one", moving by degrees among the spirits of all things in the dream world of vision-sight to see trembling, quivering, unsolid, dissolving, spirits shining and glowing.

Why do the Western-world people accept "everyday" sight as real, and yet refuse to accept spirit sight? Does not the Creator give us all ways of seeing and hearing and thinking and knowing?

It is One Creation. The spirit world is not a place or "another world". The spirit world and the physical world are not two, but flow into one another, changing, returning, shifting back and forth. The spirit world is the motion itself: the growing and moving, the feeling and flowing. It is the great flowing of Power that briefly crystallizes into the form of a physical being as directed by that being's spirit, or Original Instructions.

The Instructions are to be known through our spirit. For what we see as the physical world is the shadow of the real world of spirit. All physical ways are the reflection of spirit forces, as the moving of the surface of the ocean reflects the great moving of the vast waters beneath.

The spirit world — the great ocean of Power — is vast and rich and colorful without end. And thus one's visions — those moments when the physical world and spirit world sight are exchanged — are such awesome and transforming experiences. A hint of the infinite richness of the spirit world is given in our visits in our dreams where anything can happen, things that the physical world is too limited to allow. The myths, the songs, the arts, the customs are given of the spirit world in creating the spirit shape or Instruction of each nation. And, like all the Creation, these are always growing and changing from the life at the center.

The spirits — often misnamed "gods" by the Western people — have their own laws of behaviour, like the laws of gravity, inertia, etc., for the physical world. They do not know everything and are not all-powerful. They are only tiny flashes of light in the infinite maze of color and light that is the spirit world. But each is very powerful indeed in the way each is given.

Physical beings and spirits are meant to work together. It is easy to think of the spirits as more powerful than we are, for we may take for granted what they can do that we cannot. But in the same way that we seek power from spirit helpers, so do they seek power from physical beings. They need our help, and we need theirs.

The ceremonies give the spirits help and love and strength, and direct the flow of Power. Some spirits have power to help the harvest. The deer ceremony brings deer in the winter by calling the deer spirit and carrying our own spirit to where the deer spirit lives, till the deer spirit and the Nation-spirit are moving as one.

It is love and prayer which feed the spirit beings, as they feed and strengthen our spirit selves, for the world of spirit is where thought and spirituality are substance. They are also fed by the offerings of sacred tobacco. Sacred tobacco has power in and of itself,

unlike sacred things which are dependent for their power on the power of the culture of the nation to which it is given. The power of sacred tobacco was known from coast to coast in both Americas. People who use tobacco wrongly find the health and harmony of their bodies hurt — this is what comes of mistreating sacred things, and this is the manner in which Power creates good or hurt, usually not as a dramatic bolt of lightning, but slowly and naturally.

Your "subconscious" is not a room of your very own, as Western psychology tries to make it. It is a door into the one great spirit world, the other half of the Creation. A mind is one of the most powerful forces in Creation. Our minds continually reshape what we receive (whether in dreams or in waking sight) into the closest things that it has known before. Our minds direct these spirit forces into the paths and patterns that have been established.

Thus both the forms of our dreams and the way we experience our life is determined by the form of our spirit. The shape of our minds shapes the world, both when we are "alive" and after we are "dead". A loving person lives in a loving world; a hostile person lives in a hostile world. We show in our dreams our deepest hopes and wishes and feelings and fears. And there is little we see in the conscious world that cannot be explained by our already-established beliefs.

The culture given to a tribal nation by its Original Instructions creates the world for its people in a harmonious oneness of the myths, ceremonies, the explanation of the universe, and the spirit beings who belong to the nation. The people are of one mind because they are of the spirit of one nation. These natural worlds are themselves living, growing, sensitive spirits. But the Western peoples who have largely cut themselves off from spirit-world awareness and who completely confuse themselves with their own creations, have become a mass of horribly-twisted, conflicting, distorted and hardened spirit forces destroying all around them.

Children talk to spirits, and would continue to do so were they not taught to distrust their "imaginings". They are leaving the spirit world as they grow into the physical world and learn their cultural ways, and they still know the spirit ways. When their stuffed animals and invisible playmates answer them, even parents who indulge their kids' "delightful imaginings" at least make sure that the kids understand it is "just pretend".

After all, Western society assumes, people who can't tell fantasy from reality are crazy people. But there are those who are still halfway of the spirit world, who still belong to the dreamlike "unreality" of the vision way. Many of these would have been the prophets and vision people of their native nations. But it is not merely a difference in interpretation that makes them prophets among native people and mentally disturbed in Western society. The spirit world is so fluid that these persons are very fragile and vulnerable. They can be torn and twisted by pressures that would barely affect another. Western society, instead of offering them delicate cultural guidelines to help shape these spirit forces, presses and crushes them so that they are forced to lose any balance between spirit sight and physical-world sight. Everywhere, everywhere is the message that all they see and hear is false. Everywhere is pressure to reject one-half of their being and knowledge, ripping them apart. And nowhere is there anything to tell them what it is that they see and hear. Some flee into the spirit world to escape into the ecstasy of their "fantasies" and "delusions". Some are taught such fear and horror of this world of "unreality" that they tear themselves apart trying to escape from that. Some



spend all their effort trying to hide from "normal" humans the fact that they hear voices and see "hallucinations" and that their world is hazy, unreal, like a dream.

Western psychologists try to make such people reject half of their sight and "come back to reality", rather than helping them to bring both of their knowledges into unity and balance. While it is important that these people should learn to balance their spirit sight and their physical sight for their own sakes, it is even more critical for Western society — for Western society will never regain its spiritual guidance so long as it continues to destroy its vision people and make the rest of its people terrified of their respective "unreality".

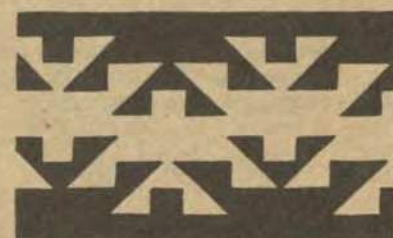
Anthropologists and other Western world observers of native people dismiss our visions as just imaginative and quaint. After all, if "normal" white people don't get messages from spirits, there can't be any such thing.

Visions are just hallucinations produced by the power of suggestion, they say — and try to prove their point by the fact that people of a given culture tend to get the same type of guardian spirits or have the same type of vision, i.e., they expect to see animals, and that's what they see.

It is just forced imagination, these doubters say — *but they don't even know what imagination is*. How is imagination supposed to discredit our visions and guardian spirits when imagination *itself* belongs to the spirit world?

When our medicine people cure us, it is due to "suggestion", say Western anthropologists and psychologists. They "explain" our guardian spirits as "subconscious projection" and they write off shamanism as "schizophrenia". That passes as "explanation" for them, even though they don't know what "suggestion" or "projection" or "schizophrenia" mean in terms of spirit forces. To say that guardian spirits are merely extensions of our subconscious minds and have no independent existence, is meaningless.

In the subconscious or spirit world, there are no boundaries — only centers or vortexes, and a mind is one of the most incredibly powerful spirit forces that exists, actively participating in shaping and affecting spirit beings, spirit forces, and all other minds — and



nothing has independent existence.

The Western "explanations" are not right, or wrong — they are just no explanation at all. Dreams, "imagination", "hallucination", "suggestion", "subconscious", and such the Western intellectuals babble about are only to reassure each other that by inventing names for things, they've scientifically explained them.

The educated Western world peoples look down on "primitives" for being content to live in a physical world without trying to figure out the molecular theory of heat, or the chemical process of photosynthesis. Yet Western people seem content to live inside *selves* that are strangers to them.

The way Western science "explains" the world is like "explaining" the spiritual power of music by measuring and charting the frequency of vibrations in the air.

We can see the interaction of human beings as the interflowing of spirit forces. We have no boundaries — we are constantly transforming the flow and direction of the Power that passes through us. It is like one ocean, and these flowings of Power are always flowing back and forth, expanding and contracting and changing and growing, and thus we are constantly affecting one another spiritually. And as all the physical world is just a manifestation of spirit forces, so all our actions as human beings are manifestations of the action of our spirits. Even the health of our bodies is determined by the health of our spirits, and as our bodies are part of our spirits and forms of our spirits, so is our spiritual health determined by the health of our bodies. We cannot learn to live as true human beings in the physical Creation by playing with the conditions of the physical world alone.

If our spirits are strong, if human beings are one in spirit, human beings can live in physical harmony, and we cannot restore our spirits without restoring harmony with Creation in the way we physically live.

Yet "superstitious savages", living in a world where everything is possible, believe the spirit world and the physical world are one. Western peoples wouldn't believe that they would fly until their bodies did, wouldn't believe that they could talk to someone far away until a machine convinced them. They need these things as a substitute for the magic — for the reality of flying which they have lost.

Legends are the memories of what we have been. We humans could change our shape, move as spirits, fly with the raven or race the salmon upriver, move as water or deer. It takes the form of memory — legends, art, songs. But it is not really memory, for it has always been so, and is so now. We can change to any form, move anywhere. We follow the Power in its thousand paths, trace it in the pottery and weaving, in the stories and dances.

A tree thinks and talks in a different rhythm of being than that given to humans. It is not just a pretty metaphor that we can talk with trees. To speak with it, a human must move outside the world given to humans — let go, let go — move with the rhythms of trees, slip between the worlds of humans and trees. The Power of the Creation is very fluid. All that may be needed to call rains, or to heal a plant or a human, is to slip invisible and weightless between the worlds, slip among the spirits and move with them, insert a word or the power of your brief song. That is how it may be done.

We make many spirit journeys that we are not aware of in the conscious side of life. These journeys teach us

even when we do not remember; they bring back treasures from the spirit world to enrich our lives in the conscious world.

The people of the greatest Power, those most strongly centered, are those who have fully-developed spirit world or dream-world selves — and who are able to understand that one's self in the dream side of life is no less important or "real" than what one is or sees or does on the conscious side of life. They are one — they shape one another.

To accept that there is no such thing as "imaginary" is to live without fear of the Spirit World. This often takes the form of fear of "death", and equally as often it takes the form of fear of "losing touch with reality". If so many of us did not discuss our "imaginings" as "imaginary" and unimportant, the Spirit World could teach us everything that is happening in the physical ways of Creation, and some of what is to happen, as can our now-all-too-few prophets and holy people, those who can see the flowing and emerging shapes of spirit forces. It is as one with physical sight can see

what is all around, and what is coming far away better than a blind person can.

Yet we may casually dismiss the delicate, fleetingly "imagined" spirit messenger, because after all, many things happen in our "imaginings" that never take place in the physical world. But such happenings are already real — they do not need to take place in the physical world to become more real.

True, visions may be misinterpreted. It is not enough simply to have visions, for even visions whose meanings seem very clear may have many levels. It may take the lifetime to learn all the meanings of a single vision. True spirit sight is learned from day-in, day-out living in the spirit way with the same comfortable familiarity that we have with the physical way.

In fact, it is only through living in the spirit way that we know how to live in the physical world. Western peoples — even though they believe only in a physical world — are like strangers and foreigners to their physical selves and are destroying their physical surroundings.

We are spirits, and our sense of beauty and wonder and reverence and creative inspiration and love and prayer are called "spirituality". Our instructions are given in the spirit way, and our communications with all beings are given through the Spirit. Western-world peoples have convinced themselves that intellectual reasoning is the only way of knowing the world, and so any being that does not have this cannot feel or know or communicate — they feel. The spirits of these people shrivel up so much that they can communicate with nothing, not even each other.

The Power is alive. All our minds are part of the Power, and everything created of the Power is of one mind and shares one flow of pain and joy and death and birth. We are spirits, and from the spirit way comes our knowledge of how to be one with each other and all beings. We are alive in the Spirit Way, and will be alive and one forever.

Gayle High Pine (K'apisehimu)

Judy in Fantasy-land

Judy, a friend, phoned me recently to relate her experiences in Hopi-land. A month ago, she travelled with some Rainbow people who stayed with the Hopi for a while, and she reported she had participated in some peyote ceremonies with them. She was excited and enthused by the reception given by these people.

She told me that the Hopi were the declared spiritual spokesmen for all Indians, and that they envisioned a day when all people would be part of an Indian race: "You don't have to be red to be Indian," she said she was told. "You simply have to display a deep and abiding love for our Mother the Earth."

I told Judy that I was not familiar with the Hopis, but that I did know that many native peoples resented the idea of an "Indian Race", a term indiscriminately applied to hundreds of North and South American peoples. "Some of the people you claim to represent don't want to become one 'Indian'," I told her. "They want to prosper as Shoshone, or Cherokee or Comanche or Crow or Kwakiutl. Don't you respect distinct cultures?"

She dismissed my criticism, saying, "Why should I?" It was because of this terse reply that I realized that Judy did not even know the people she claimed to love boundlessly. Her experiences were limited to a few people, and somehow, her romantic notions had been encouraged. She believed her experience had deepened her sensitivity — but she remained an adolescent girl so entangled in fantasies and fears that she cannot respond to anything but the images she projects into the world around her.

Judy's enthusiasm for the "Indian" way of life is inspired less by a living knowledge than by a desire to forget her own confusing background.

Being without a living heritage, it is convenient for Judy to reduce all "Indians" to one romantic image. To her, "Indians" are not men, women, and children who have been injured by the attempted destruction of their unique cultures, but blessed children of Nature who have remained unaffected by centuries of hunger, privation, disease.

In other words, the native peoples had become "Indians" — images of her own wish-fulfillment, people magically unrelated to the world they live in.

For Judy the true Indian is not the brave who has become a drunkard or the medicine person who has become a curiosity, or the mother who has lost a child, or the adolescent who has become alienated from the ways of his parents — for Judy the true Indians are those few persons she met who took Peyote with her and gave her the feeling that she was a blessed child of the Great Spirit.



Finally, I stopped her: "Judy, if their world is such a paradise and their company so blessed, why did you come back here?"

She replied, "To kidnap some of my friends, like you, and to save them from the cities they are living in by taking them back with me."

Her response surprised me. I've known Judy as a girl who has never been responsible for her own life, so I asked, "What has given you the strength to assume the responsibility for any other life?"

She said, "Oh, it isn't me — it is the Great Spirit!"

For one moment I wondered if she might have gained a greater maturity, a surer vision. But her abrupt and falsely modest reply was typical of other people who have been "miraculously changed" by the blessings of Jesus or Krishna or Scientology or Transactional Analysis. They're always so anxious to save others

from a world they've failed to come to terms with in themselves.

I ended the conversation on a sarcastic note, but the exchange disturbed me. I was struck by her insensitivity to the world around her, and I was disturbed by her attempt to get me to encourage an image I knew to be false.

After the conversation, I asked myself what would compel someone to hitch-hike 2,000 miles from the Heart of Paradise back into the bowels of Hell? I knew there was much missing from her story — I sensed a weariness and an anxiety in Judy that her enthusiasm attempted to mask.

Then I realized that this was exactly what had compelled her to come back. The very real poverty and harshness and unrelentingness of the land she journeyed in had become too threatening to her. The new kind of person she was posing to be was too hard a pose to hold. She had come back to convince herself, through the encouragement of her friends, that the fantasy she had created was the reality. I don't know if it was loneliness or shock or bareness or sheer vastness that terrified her.

Certainly I knew she was far from the quality that Ohiyesa expressed in *The Soul Of The Indian*: "The first American singled with his pride a singular humility. Spiritual arrogance was foreign to his nature and teaching. He never claimed that the power of articulate speech was proof of superiority over dumb creation. On the other hand, it is to him a perilous gift. He believes profoundly in silence — the sign of a perfect equilibrium. Silence is the absolute poise or balance of body, mind, and spirit. The man who preserves his selfhood is ever calm and unshaken by the storms of existence — not a leaf, as it were, astir on the tree, not a ripple upon the surface of the pool."

Having failed to meet this profound rhythm of life, Judy had convinced herself that the reality of the "Indian" paralleled her own fantasies and dreams. Still, the things she refused to acknowledge did exist, and they began to tread too closely to an alien part of herself for her to deny them.

It was not the hunger or the poverty or any other condition of the Indians that terrified Judy — it was the realization that something in her was unprepared to meet and to deal with these conditions in the world. Thus she hurried back to the comfort and the reassurances of the city life she damns.

Of course Judy would "love" me to accompany her back to Hopi-land. Not in order to save me, but rather so that I could encourage her fantasies, and reassure her that the reality of the world can be tempered to suit her particular wants.

Judy's entire situation is ludicrous: a girl who has always drawn the world to suit her own specifications, professing a respect for people who have an abiding love of the earth. She clings desperately to the romantic image of the "Indian" because she has never gathered the strength to live her vision in the world. I refuse to assure her that stating the ideal is the same as living it.

Doug Boyd, in his book, *Rolling Thunder*, reiterates a prophecy which Judy would like, a prophecy which he ascribes also to the Hopi: "The day would come when the children of the white man would begin to dress like Indians, when they would begin to wear long hair, headbands. That would be the generation from which would come the first non-Indian friends."

I do not believe these prophets speak for the majority of the native peoples, if, in fact, they spoke these words at all. I wonder what the silent men and women think of those sons and daughters of their oppressors, who are really not unlike their parents, despite all their sympathy for the "Indians".

The majority of these white children come to the reservations during the ceremonies for the same reason

their parents go to Europe during the summer: they go to have an "experience", to claim a unique piece of life, albeit a more mystic and personal one.

But when the experiencing gets a bit too intense and personal, or it deprives them of the comforts familiar to them, they pack their bags and scurry back to the despised but secure houses they fled from.

Judy returned for the same reason: to turn her failure to meet the challenges of another way of life into an apparent success. She is here to have her friends admire her, and to support her belief that she is now a part of a responsive and enduring way of life. But her presence here and her need for reassurances proves that this is not true. In fact, her fantasies injure others as well as herself.



It is the fraudulent image of the "Indian" that obscures the lives of the people Judy claims to love.

But many of the native people have changed. Many of the nations have lost the way. Many native people do not have the answers. Some of the elders are now Carlisle graduates. The fraudulent image of the "Indian" also obscures the minds of the native people.

All this was spoken of long ago.

Makataiweshekiakiak, chief of the Sauk and Fox, remembered: "We always had plenty. Our children never cried from hunger, neither were our people in want. The rapids of Rock River furnished us with an abundance of excellent fish, and the land being very fertile, never failed to produce good crops of corn, beans, pumpkins and squashes. Our village was healthy. If a prophet had come to our villages in those days and told us that the things were to take place which have since come to pass, none of our people would have believed him."

The Crow chief Plenty-coups reflects sadly: "I see as in a vision the dying spark of our council fires, the ashes cold and white. I see no longer the curling smoke rising from our lodge poles. I hear no longer the songs of the women as they prepare the meal. The antelope have gone; the buffalo wallows are empty. Only the wail of the coyote is heard. . . My heart is cold within me."

The Sioux holy man, Tatanka Yotanka, describes the coming of the Europeans to America as an abomination threatening both the native population and the welfare of the land: "Behold, my brothers, the spring has come — the earth has received the embraces of the sun and we shall soon see the results of that love. . . Yet hear me — we have to deal with another race, small and feeble when our fathers first met them, but now great and overbearing. Strangely, they have a mind to till the soil, and the love of possession is a disease with them. These people make many rules that the rich may break, but the poor may not. They take tithes from the poor and weak to support the rich who rule. They claim this mother of ours, the earth, for their own and fence their neighbors away. They deface her with their buildings and refuse. That nation is like a spring freshet that overruns its banks, and destroys all who are in its path."

Chiparopai, an old Yuma woman, witnessed the un-natural ways corrupting the life of her people: "Sickness comes with you and hundreds of us die. . . In the old times, we were strong. We used to hunt and fish. We raised our little crop of corn and melons and ate mesquite beans. Now all is changed. We eat the white man's food and it makes us soft. We wear the white man's heavy clothing and it makes us weak. We

(continued on next page)

worked all winter in the wind — bare arms, bare legs, and never felt the cold. But now, when the wind blows down from the mountains, it makes us cough. Yes, we know that when you come, we die."

The memories and knowledge of a beautiful life remain in the hearts of many native people, undaunted by the woes and problems. This is a world that lives in a reality far more encompassing than dreams. This is a world worth the sacrifice of fantasies and fears. And this is the world that Judy neither acknowledges nor respects.

I had tried to suggest to Judy during our phone conversation that we have a responsibility to correct injustices to native peoples. "In order to begin a new life, you have to first redress the negligence in the present one." She cut in abruptly and assured me that the Great Spirit would solve all problems.

Judy so typifies so many of the whites who visit the reservations to expand their horizons. Their motivations are so sincere, and they all return speaking of the mystic warriors, the natural people, the children of the Great Spirit. They travel as though in a dream, all the while disregarding the reality of the world of their "Indian" friends.

They go to satisfy their own needs, but remain blind to the more fundamental needs of these other people's lives.

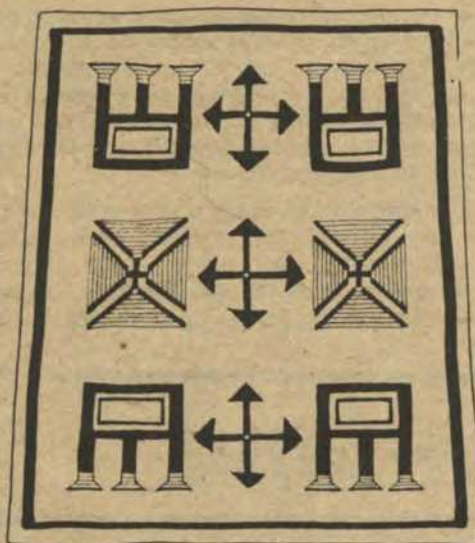
Still, people like Judy return with tales of love and beauty, offering fantasies disguised as visions of the Great Spirit. Every little thing which she encounters which is beautiful only fixes her dreams, and makes her more resistant to the real needs of the people around her. She deems those who do not support her dreams as unenlightened, cynical, and unblessed. She imagines that she is one of the chosen few, and she expects others to acknowledge her claim.

But I will not. I will say that things are not well in this land, and Judy is continuing the deception that prevents the healing that is necessary to create a greater life.

Even more critically, Judy lies at the heart of what is corrupting this land. She is one of those devoted to fantasies because they refuse to meet the challenges of an enduring life. Her visions do not take root and grow because she is too satisfied with dreams that evade the responsibilities of a fruitful existence.

Judy remains blind not only to people, but to the entire living community because of the domination of her projections. She wants the experience of life without living. She is a true child of the competitive, compulsive society that has taught her to treat the entire world as a commodity. In her, experiences, rather than things, are the commodity.

Cooperation, responsiveness, and community require responsibility to give these ideals life. But she has failed to meet the living rhythms of the people that have touched her. She sees "Indians" as far-sighted and sensitive, responsive to the subtler cycles of the earth — in other words, she sees "them" as all she dares not live in herself.



The restoration of the earth, and of natural righteousness will not begin magically. The welfare of the earth is the living responsibility of all people, not merely a vested interest of the "Indians". The native people have suffered first and most visibly from the pollution of this land because they are a part of the land, living a responsive and natural life.

But inevitably, the consequences of the white man's neglect will overtake him, and he will suffer even more painfully, because he is severed from the knowledges and the resources that are a part of the storehouse of natural peoples.

People must address the living element in themselves, instead of trafficking in artificial notions of the "Indians". These stereotypes are lethal, because they allow us to escape our own responsibilities, to avoid the lesion between men and the spirit of the earth that deeply oppresses every level of the natural world. People of the Western world are out of contact with other people, with other lives, and out of contact with their deepest selves.

Judy reflects a fraud, despite all her enthusiasm. She is willing to live in her dreams, not confronting her fears, and making those dreams a living part of the world. She has yet to awaken the willingness necessary for meeting the rhythms of life.

It is not just compulsion or alienation or greed that destroys life, as Judy imagines. It is also fear and fantasy and naivete which prevents it from taking root in the earth and in our hearts. The only real answer to life lies in becoming a part of life itself.

The reverence native people bore for the earth, and the ways in which they lived, remain whole and inter-related. As Ohiyesa said about the manner of his people's worship: "In the life of the Indian there was only one inevitable duty — the duty of prayer, the daily recognition of the Unseen and Eternal. His daily devotions were more necessary to him than daily food. He wakes at daybreak, puts on his moccasins and steps down to the water's edge. Here he throws handfuls of clear, cold water into his face, or plunges in bodily. After the bath, he stands erect before the advancing dawn, facing the sun as it dances upon the horizon, and offers his unspoken orison. His mate may precede or follow him to his devotions, but never accompanies him — each soul must meet the morning sun, the new sweet earth, and the Great Silence alone."

It is the meeting of the heart and the earth that blesses the souls of men and women. And it is men and women, asleep or ailing, who have compelled the nightmare that currently grips this land. It is those of us who have the will to awaken from this nightmare who must nurture the earth back to a healthy state, thus restoring ourselves in the process.

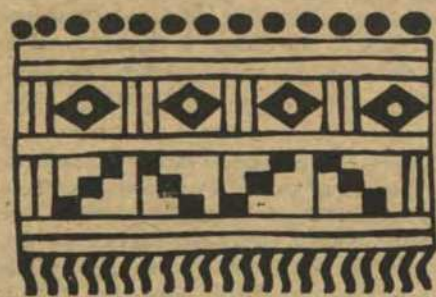
When we listen to and become sensitive to the rhythms of this land, the life the Old People describe will cease to be a memory, and will become reality. We will know the pride Standing Bear expresses when he described the ways of his people: "The old Lakota was wise. He knew that man's heart away from nature becomes hard. He knew that lack of respect for growing, living things soon led to lack of respect for people, too. So he kept his youth close to nature's softening influence... The man who sat on the ground in his tipi meditating on life and its meaning, accepting the kinship of all creatures and acknowledging unity with the universe of things, was infusing into his being the true essence of civilization."

That the welfare of men should be a dream apart from the responsibilities of life was unthinkable to the natural people of America. Let us think with the same spirit which animates the earth. Let us look honestly at the world we are now creating. Let us reflect on the great possibilities that lie within our reach. Let us redress our present negligence. And let us choose a path leading to a truly sensitive and enduring way of life.

— Jason Mahadeva

THIS EARTH, OUR MOTHER

THE HOPI MESSAGE: "Heed our words . . . this might be the last chance."



[At the United Nations Conference on Human Settlements — Habitat — in Vancouver, B.C., May 25 through June 12, 1976, were thousands of people. The official UN conference took place in hotels in downtown Vancouver, where diplomats wrestled with issues in the comfort of plush seats. Out towards the edge of Vancouver is Jericho, an old Royal Canadian Navy sea-plane base with five huge hangers, a wharf, a view across the harbor to the city, the mountains, the sunrise. This was the home of Habitat Forum, the non-governmental parallel to the diplomats' conference. Although there were hundreds of groups represented with exhibits, something was missing. That gap was filled with the arrival of a Hopi delegation. In a field overlooking the site, an area was roped off, and tipis began to appear. On Sunday evening in the second week of the conference, five spiritual leaders came to the platform in the large plenary hall. Banyacya introduced the others. The eldest blessed the meeting with prayer and sacred corn meal — he had not travelled out of Hopi Country before. Then Banyacya spoke, explaining their reason for being there. The following are excerpts from his speech.]

My name is Banyacya of the Wolf, Fox, and Coyote Clans, and a member of the Hopi Independent Nation. I have been appointed as an interpreter for and by the hereditary Kikmongwis and the religious headmen of the Hopi People.

I am here to fulfill my clan duty by presenting to the United Nations and the world the message of the hereditary Kikmongwis, Hopi religious headmen, and other native traditional elders.

Today I brought two Hopi initiated religious leaders who were authorized by our Kikmongwis of the Shungopavy and Oraibi Pueblos, two of the oldest continually-inhabited villages on Hopi land, to carry their sacred prayer feathers and message of peace, and the prophecies of warning for this day, as we were instructed by our ancestors. We have seen this destruction once before, [when] mankind put more emphasis on material rather than spiritual things, when laws of nature were interfered with and ignored, and the world was destroyed. We do not want to see it happen again.

A few spiritual people who adhered to the powers of the Great Spirit were allowed to survive and are the ancestors who have carried the knowledge that is the Hopi spiritual way. The word or name 'Hopi' means 'peaceful people'. This means any people who learn to live in peace with each other and in harmony with nature are Hopi people.

The time has come to join in meaningful action. Destruction of all land and life is taking place and accelerating at a rapid pace. This year, 1976, the Bicentennial [of the U.S.] is being celebrated. The question is, by whom?

Our native land is continuing to be torn apart and raped of its sacredness by the corporate powers. We do have an alternative to this. Mankind has a chance to change the direction of this movement, do a roundabout turn, and move in the direction of peace, harmony, and respect for land and life.

The time is right now. Later will be too late.

In order to do this, the native people must return to the spiritual path as one to cure and heal our Mother Earth. It is only through the heart, prayer, and ceremony that we can bring this turbulence of evil to a halt. According to many prophecies, "purification" is near — that means that human life has to be purified or punished by certain acts of the Great Spirit due mainly to the corruption, greed, and turning away from the Great Spirit's teachings.



The healing of this continent requires the native peoples, the first inhabitants of this country, those who were given the duty to safeguard the Great Spirit's land and life, and those who want to follow the Great Spirit's teachings and instructions.



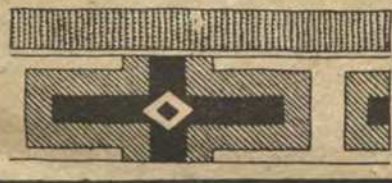
In 1948, the Hopi Kikmongwis and religious elders met for four days to compare and to remind each other of our ancient knowledge, most of which was kept in their sacred kivas. These men were around 80, 90, and 100 years old, and they met in the circle, smoked their pipes and meditated. They then delivered this knowledge for the first time in public. I felt strongly that they have a message not only for the Hopi people and other native brothers, but for the whole humankind. They told of the destruction of the first world, the destruction of the second, and they talked of the present world from its creation — how we came to this land, how we spread throughout the land, how to take care of the land, and how the future will be if man again does not adhere to the spiritual balance in harmony with nature. Everything in the prophecies has been fulfilled, and I know they are speaking the truth.

I felt it is my sacred duty to relate this message at this time. Hopi and other native spiritual leaders are greatly concerned with the conditions of our Mother Earth, and her children, the native people. They have watched the white brothers systematically destroy the native people as they do natural resources. According to our beliefs and prophecies, if this destruction continues, man's existence on this world will soon be ended. . .

The Hopi are an independent sovereign nation who have never signed a treaty of any kind with the United States Government. The Hopi People have been living for hundreds of years under their own form of self-government... We live a spiritual life in traditional Hopi form that was given to us by Massau'u, the Great Spirit. From Massau'u, the Hopi and the other First Peoples of the Americas were given special knowledge about the care of the sacred lands so as not to disrupt the fragile harmony that holds man and nature and earth together.

This is the Hopi Nation's third attempt to work with the United Nations to notify the world of the crisis we are in. Our first attempt was in the 1940s when we tried to present a statement to the United Nations. The Hopi were not allowed to talk on the floor of the Assembly. Instead, we were told to submit a written statement. The elders of the Hopi Nation said "no" — according to Hopi beliefs, they must deliver a spontaneous spoken statement, because to deliver a spontaneous talk is to give words life and speak from the heart. It is ultimately the Hopi way.

The second effort to contact the World's Peoples was once again through the United Nations when the Temple of Understanding held a convention of the "five great religions" of the world in New York City on October 20, 1975. This organization invited the First Peoples of the United States to speak at the session. During this conference, the Hopi Nation presented a statement concerning the role of Western religions among the First Peoples. The Hopi know that every nation and people have their own religion — all these religions are equally good. Hopi and all other native First People in this Western Hemisphere have their own spiritual beliefs and systems. Hopis believe it is important for peoples to help other peoples, but one must show respect for other peoples and their religion and spiritual beliefs. Hopis are not against other religions or beliefs — they are opposed to those who try to destroy a people or a nation in the name of a religion. This was part of the message the Hopi Nation presented to the Temple of Understanding Conference.



[But] at the close of the conference, the participants prepared a statement to be presented to the United Nations. It did not recognize the spiritual religion of our people nor did it represent the view of the Hopi Nation or of the other First Peoples. Instead, what the statement of the Temple of Understanding did was to uphold and reaffirm their faith in the political, economic and social systems of the Western world... The second attempt to fulfill the sacred duty of contacting the world through the United Nations had failed as prophesied by the spiritual leaders.

This message today is our third and perhaps final attempt to inform the world of the present status of man's existence on our Mother Earth... We do not come before the United Nations in order to join it. We come to fulfill Hopi sacred mission and ancient prophecy in order to find one, two, or three nations who should by now recognize their sacred duty to stop the destruction of the First People's land and life throughout the Western Hemisphere... Through Hopi prophecy and spiritual beliefs, the Hopi know that greed, pollution, and lack of understanding of nature are about to destroy Mother Earth. The Hopi and all native brothers have continually struggled in their existence to maintain harmony with the earth and with the universe. To the Hopi, land is sacred. If land is abused, the sacredness of Hopi life will disappear, and all other life as well.



Banyacya, Hopi Nation

— The Disciple photo

Land is the foundation of Hopi and all life, and the foundation of the Hopi stand. Land was here long before any human being set foot upon this earth. Somewhere, the human race began, and we came to this land after asking permission from Massau'u. After obtaining his permission, we came and settled with him on this land. He showed us the continent. He gave us sacred stone tablets, religious instructions, warnings and prophecies, and all land and life was placed in the Kikmongwis and religious headmen.

He marked out the boundaries for each group on the continent after which each group was given an individualized life plan with certain spiritual and religious beliefs — the way to worship, to live, the food to eat, the languages to speak, etc. He gave each group their own way.

He then gave his final instructions — live and never lose faith or turn away from your life pattern.

This is one of the main reasons for our ceremony here this week — the peoples of the world are turning away from their life plan. Therefore, it is the responsibility of the Hopi to bring out these facts so that peoples everywhere will remember it, think about it, and live up to it.

In ancient times, it was prophesied by our forefathers that this land would be occupied by the Original Peoples, who have received permission from the Great Spirit, Massau'u, and then from another land a white brother would come, supposedly to help his brothers, who are taking care of the land and life in a spiritual way with prayer, ceremonies, and humility. He would either come with a strong faith and righteous religion which Massau'u had given him, or he would come after he had abandoned the Great Life Plan and fallen to a faith of his own personal ideas which he invented before coming here.

It was known that the white man is an intelligent person, an inventor of many words and material things, a man who knows how to influence people because of his sweet way of talking. He would use many of these things upon us when he came. The white brother would do many things that will be good for our native brother.

But when it becomes the sole purpose of getting control of this land and he lives only for his own self-glory, then we must not listen to his sweet tongue, but watch his deeds. If he mistreats us, lies, and starts to force our people off their lands, we must wait for our true brother who has the other set of sacred stone tablets.

The Hopi have not listened to this first white brother. We Hopi have been faithful to the instructions of the Great Spirit, Massau'u, up to this time. We have followed our life plan. We are still

carrying on our sacred rites and ceremonies — we are still living in accordance with the pattern of life Massau'u has given us. We have not lost faith in Massau'u. He has given us many prophecies.

Today, almost all the prophecies have come to pass. Great roads like rivers pass across the landscape. Man talks to man through the cobwebs of telephone lines. Man travels along the roads in the sky in his airplanes. Two great wars have been waged by those bearing the Swastika and Sun symbols, as prophesied by our religious elders. Man is tampering with the moon and the stars. Hopi and other native brothers were warned no man should bring anything down to earth from the moon — it will create unbalance of natural and universal laws and create more severe earthquakes, floods, hailstorms, season changes and famines. This is now happening. Most men have strayed from their life plan shown them by Massau'u. These signs tell us we are nearing the end of our life patterns.



We are coming to the time of the purifiers, who were commissioned by the Great Spirit to stop man's destruction of self and nature.

Those of us of the Hopi Nation who have followed the path of the Great Spirit without compromise have a message which we are committed, through our prophecy, to convey to you.

The white brother, up to the present time, through his insensitivity to the way of Nature, has desecrated the face of Mother Earth. The white brother's advanced technological capacity has occurred as a result of his lack of regard for the spiritual path and for the way of all living things. The white brother's desire for material possessions and power has blinded him to the pain he has caused Mother Earth by his quest for what he calls "natural resources"...

And the path of Massau'u has become difficult to see by almost all men, even by the native First People, who have been forced into white brother's educational systems and now have chosen instead to follow the path of the white brother.

Today, the sacred lands where the Hopi live are being desecrated by men who seek coal and water from our soil that they may create more power for the white brother's cities. It will destroy our Hopi and other people with smog, poison air, lack of water, and pollution of water and land. One example is sacred Hopi land in ruin all over the "Four Corners Area" where Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, and Utah meet in the United States — this area Hopis call Tukunavi, and is part of the heart of our Mother Earth and is a shrine and sacred place for the Hopi and other pueblos for many thousands of years. This desecration of our spiritual center must not be allowed to continue, for if it does, Mother Nature will react in such a way that almost all men will suffer the end of life as they now know it. All we ask is that this place be respected and protected by all nations, who have sacred duty and responsibility, and every measure must be taken to preserve this spiritual center.

Massau'u said not to take from the earth for destructive purposes, and not to destroy living things indiscriminately or without prayer. He further stated that man was to live in harmony and maintain a good clean land for all children to come and take care of land and life for the Great Spirit. The United States system has gone against these religious instructions and now almost destroyed all our land and our way of life — that life being our religion. All Hopi People and other First Peoples are standing on this religious principle...

The United States and United Nations should understand that they cannot bring about peace and harmony or the good life in the world if they do not correct the wrong doings going on within the American continent. The United Nations will never be able to reach its goals to bring about peace and harmony among all people, or make it in the future, if it does not at least support the Hopi and the other First Peoples of this land in their struggle for world-wide recognition and respect.

The Hopi want to bring about the uniting of all world religions — the Hopi spiritual leaders invite world spiritual leaders to gather with them in Hopi land as soon as possible. They are waiting for you.

To this point in time, our words have not been heeded by the nations of the world. This might be the last chance. If our words are not taken seriously, or are not heeded, only destruction will follow. We have done all the Hopi can do to notify the World's Peoples. If the people refuse to take action, the Hopi prophecy of total destruction of all mankind may be fulfilled as known to the Hopi spiritual Kikmongwis and religious headmen, who wait patiently in their sacred kivas on Sungopavy and Oraibi Hopi land with sacred stone tablets and spiritual instructions to receive all understanding beings in search for survival.



[We are grateful to American Friends Service Committee Tao Peace News for this transcription. The book, Hopi: A Message To All People, published by AKWESASNE NOTES, further amplifies the Hopi message. It is available from AKWESASNE NOTES, via Roosevelttown, N.Y. 13683 for \$1.]

SALOYAT SYOWAN SUIN XHALTAP

*The ceremony exalting
in the minds of the people
the magic spirit song
of the 'flying human beings'*

Once there was a man who was told to build a boat. Fish in the sea, birds hovering above them, sea lions and killer whales preparing to pursue them — all these had the means to cover the water like a glance covers the curve of the earth. A tree can thrive in hard soil. A coyote can cross the thousand hills running. But a man knows he needs some help: a house to live in and a boat to ride on.

One day this man was walking through the woods when a word spoke to him saying that now was the time to start finding his boat. "Where?" he asked. "Look!" was the word. So he went deeper and deeper into the forest, looking, until at last he met a tree that said, "I am the tree for your canoe."

"But you are so far from the sea," the man said.

"It is all right. I will give you a song to bring me down to the beach," the tree answered. So the man began to carve away around the dark bark of the tree. He slept by the tree the whole time, cutting it away, praying and fasting, getting to know who the tree was and why it had chosen him, until it fell.

When it lay there, he was confused about what to do. "Well, begin! I am lying down so you can reach me," the tree commanded. So the man cut off all the branches, which were sticking out and smoothed off the sides and split and spread the center seam of the tree along the line of its spiritual flow. Then he put water and red-hot rocks in the seam and spread it wider as he carved it, until the boat shape grew into the curve of a canoe, inside and out, flowing and ready to shift in the winter sea.

"Now I have done as I was told and I am very tired. What can I do next, except to leave you alone in this forest on this mountainside?" the man asked the canoe. So the canoe told him not to worry and gave him a sacred song as it had promised. In the man's song was a raven who flew in straight lines and understood where fish swam and how men dreamed. So the man thought about this song and carved a raven onto the prow of the canoe.

Then he sang his song to the raven until it looked up at him and asked, "Yes? What is it you want?"

"I have this canoe and I am up on this mountainside and cannot get it down," the man said sadly, "and I am asking you if you have any ideas."

"Of course I have," the raven said, "that is why I am in your song. I am the eyes and the wings of this boat. You are the hands and the hooks. We must work together. I will do my best and follow you as you sing through the woods."

The man began to chant, as a parent does when he stands in front of his child, tempting it to crawl, or as a hunter does searching for a deer and drawing it in front of his arrow, or as a teacher does, trying to lay motion in front of his still students. So, slowly, with great difficulty, the raven canoe lifted itself a little in the air and followed the man walking backwards down through the ferns and bushes and kinnikinnick, listening to the strong song of the man.

After a while, the man tired. "What is wrong?" the canoe asked him. "I have not eaten or drunk for a long time and I am very tired. I think I will have to rest for a little bit."

"Oh," the raven canoe said, "then this is very hard for you. I will give you some extra power for getting down the forest." Then the man began to chant louder until he could stand up again and walk down the mountain backwards without falling.

For several days, moving through the brush and trees, the man sang the boat down towards the water. It floated slowly along, nodding to the man's



song, until he grew tired and rested a bit. Then he picked it up again and together they made it, red cedar canoe and power-singing man, after pushing and coasting and squeezing between trees, down to the water's edge.

Everyone came to see the man's marvelous canoe. "It is tremendous. Twenty of us can ride in it," some said. "It is so beautiful, let us go fishing right away," said others. "How did you ever get it here?" asked a few.

So the man told them about his song and they wondered how that could be until he sang it one more time for them and the boat made one more move into the water and waited there for them to all get in. Then they got in with their nets and harpoons and halibut hooks and herring rakes, and they all went out for fish.

Naturally they were successful, that day and on afterward. They asked the man to teach them his song, but he couldn't so he showed them how he found his and they learned their own spirit songs and after that nobody starved on that water.

When the canoe builder taught his people, the first thing they learned was that each individual human being has his own magic or power song. Even though there are also tribal songs serving to bring communities and clans together and give them power, the personal songs are still central to purity and strength for the whole. They are learned only after great study, prayer, suffering, and contemplation.



Such songs and chants may be called poems. The owners of them are poets. In this age of facility, filled with mirrors and machines, few seem to want poems. Maybe they don't even want raven canoes for feeding their people. Maybe it is because poetry is frightening and its power is great. A poet is a maker and he deals with the great and terrible. He makes things real. His work is to shatter fantasy and help people live in their souls and grow in their spirits. The tool

of the poet is the imagination. The desire of the poet is to make all other men poets.

The Lummi, Nooksack, Quinault, Makah and other Northwest Pacific Coast native people had very specific disciplines, methods, teaching systems and plans which helped them become poets. In our time, the poet is [often] a lonely person, separate and bitter. In the old days, the poet was a maker of reality, talented and skilled at teaching everyone else his art.

The prime Northwest Coastal method was the creation of a complex winter-long ceremonial made of rituals, songs, poetic actions, and community involvement. While the summer was the work-demanding time of the year, the winter was the spiritual half. While the heavy rains and hard snows whipped the coast and the salmon dried in smokehouses, the shamans and clan leaders prepared the rituals of the various societies: the Raven, the Bear, the Wolf, the Hamatsa, and the Killer Whale. Each of these many clans had their own ritual plays, their masks for various spirits, their magic, music, art, dancing, and the mystical awe of the community and the individual comprehension of spirit.

These parts of the winter ceremonial welcomed the young into their tribe and clan, and reminded the people of their metaphysical role as beast-and-god-and-man. The wonderful and complicated steps taken by the poets and shaman in the yearly ritual reproduction of the original mystery of reality were deep. Some are so far off that they are lost or hidden, some unknowable, and some are right in front of our eyes when we learn how to perceive the spiritual ecology of the North Pacific Coast.

Reproduction of the winter ceremonial on paper would be as difficult as orchestrating the seasons of the year. Understanding of the winter rituals will take tribal and poetic preparations as an American community which we are still not near. After a while, maybe it will be able to describe the ceremonial actions and uses of the *Syowan*, the Lummi spiritual power song, but now we can only think about the preparation of our minds to learn to sing, being still unprepared for the heavy work of performing one now.

Instead I can describe the ritual disciplines and ordeals used by other

American poets of the plains tribes; those of the Columbia River Basin and the plateau area, specifically those used in the education process of the Yakima people.

Just as the coast has its own spiritual ecology and demands for poetic action, so do the Eastern slopes of the Cascade mountains, along the Nachez river, have their requirements for learning. Last summer, with a group of Indian and Chicano poets, I studied and taught poetry in the middle of the ecological and spiritual power-center at the Cascades where we learned the importance of paying attention to the requirements of the world.

Just as the Lummi Indians learn *Syowan*, spirit song, so do the Yakima learn how to attain the nature of *Anawisha Anahoi*, the hungry bear who wakes up in the spring, ready to consume everything, unstoppable and unappeasable. The needs of this spiritual landscape is so different from the needs of the coastal earth.

In the same way, our pine mountain rituals were very different from the dark winter drama, with mystical ravens flying through the magic air of a crowded longhouse stuffed with poets together in the tribal spiritual quest. For the Yakimas, the poets learn the *Anawisha Anahoi*, the hungry bear, the disciplined and protective, solitary and joy-eating beast of heaven. And he knows, "it takes only one bad winter to make a hungry bear."

The way we went was to begin by building a sweat house in the calm of a cove out of the burling main stream of the Nachez River. It took us a long time to get into the art of constructing the hut, but we finally learned through experience how to get the proper willow branches, leaves & mud & clay for the walls and sand for the floor. Then we cleared a path to the water and got firewood. The first day was introducing ourselves to the woods.

On the second day, we got more excited about the possibilities of the sweat bath. Some of us who hadn't been very involved became the most open to learning the course of natural events which provided the pattern of spiritual demands made by the earth upon us. For example, we learned that slick, smooth river stones were wrong for the hot bed of the sweat bath. They exploded when water was poured on them. Instead, we found that pitted, heat-dented volcanic rocks, which could expand and contract with the juggling of fire and water were perfect for holding the heat. We learned how to make the fire and how to chant the hard sweat-chants smelling of fir sap and cedar. We discovered what it felt like to leap naked into the river and be shocked into joy like sliding otters and be clean. Experience is the teacher.

On the third day, we worked on examining what had been revealed. We took several sweat baths, getting deeper into the demands of the landscape. We became serious enough to discuss the necessary preparations for finding our spirit songs on a day spent fasting and in silence up in the hills.

Even though the Yakimas spent weeks in fasting and solitude to find their *Anahoi Wanpt* we spent only the fourth day in the crags and highlands alone and searching. Separate, silent, eating nothing, sleeping in the grass, drinking from the puddles used by elk and bees, we walked around looking for the first word of our *Wanpt*.

On the fifth day, we came back down to our camp, but didn't discuss much what had happened. Some saw eagles and some discussed with chipmunks. We did continue the sweat baths, draining off all our old heaviness. At night we studied our own and other tribal writings, for clues on what might be needed in the Indio-Afro-Chicano-Gringo tribe coming on.

After our dawn sweat bath on the sixth day, we swam for miles down the rough river race and then discussed the book

and prepared to find our songs. Just as each man has to be a poet, he needs five songs for his life. The inland peoples said these were:

1. **The Song of the Name:** the one chosen when the person becomes old enough to put aside his given name, learn what his real self is, and get there. Once this name is learned it is never told to anyone except perhaps secretly through this song.

2. **The Song of the Spirit:** when, after fasting and suffering, a man gets through to where his spirit waits to meet him and guide him through life, he makes up a song recognizing that spirit, in whatever form it lives in, and keeping that spirit near him. This is called his *Wanpt* or spirit song in Yakima language, and it is a power song, like the *Syowan*, only less involved in tribal ritual purposes. The *Wanpt* protects the singer and gives him the roar of the bear when he has need to shout and be magic.

3. **The Song of Love:** is used to charm and sooth his wife to him. Coming out of his heart, sung upon flutes, as bird-high up as the spirit song, the *Wanpt*, is rooted deep down. It is a fragile thing and thus strong enough to bind him to his love. Only she can hear it because only she can be trusted with his heart and his few other possessions.

4. **The Song of Joy:** for his child's birth, for his own winning of honors, for acknowledging the pleasures of this life. Everyone can hear these preparations for acceptance and they are shared by everyone.

5. **The Chant of Death:** is sung only once, even though it may be prepared long before.

Every man has to have at least these five songs in him. How else can he belong to his tribe, his clan, his society, or himself? He is lost without them, alone and separate from his culture and his meaning. Without poetry, a man can neither join his own spirit or his peoples' or the earth's. So any poet who knows the way to learn poetry and to open up the magic center of a man's mind has the responsibility of teaching the art of poetry to all his brothers and sisters.

One way it can be done is how we did it. Spending six days in the Disciplines

of Fasting — Enduring — Ordeal — Sweat — Bath Purifying — Riverdiving — Prayer and Contemplation and Singing we were led by the earth's rituals to understand how we could not escape our own simplicity and poverty, in which our spirit came to us and sang.

After the last sweat-bath and swim on the seventh day, we discussed our writing in a group for the last time and picked up ourselves and shifted for the campos and towns where our dreams would have to take the place of slaughtered forests for our friends. We had at least the beginnings of the first

word of the song we would each need to start the dreaming among our friends in the lowlands.

During each day except the fourth day, we had also done daily writing, reading, discussion, and study, at certain times, with classes on such ideas as Garcia Lorca's Theory and Function of the Duende, Kenneth Patchen's *Journal of Albion Moonlight*, Rabindranath Tagore's *Gitanjali*, David's Psalms, *The Teachings of Don Juan*, the ceremonies of Black Elk, Smowhalla, Kamiakin and other tribal poets of the Indian past and the American present, like Ginsberg, Snyder, Whitman, Rothenberg, or describers like Frank Waters and N. Scott Momaday. But even modern Indian writers, like Vine Deloria, cannot bring the boat of America through the hard desert of all the dreaming it has killed.

When we make it through the badlands, we will have to make it together. Our power, whether individual dreaming or tribal ceremony, comes from the earth. Learning songs is learning the spiritual demands of the earth. Every section of the world has its own demands. In America, the Indians spent thousands of years discovering those demands. If we are going to get back to our homes, we are going to have to study the actions required of us by our separate parts of America, in the plains, deserts, mountains, coasts, forests and hills.

Then when each person has his own songs and knows the importance of dreams, we can fight through our daily fears until we can see the hungry spring-awakened bear riding his raven-head canoe across the sweet waters of our lives to a place where we all belong.

[This essay was written by Tom Heidelbaugh, the Laughing Bear, now with the National Indian Youth Council. We are grateful to him for his thoughts.]



A UNIVERSE ALIVE!

[This commentary is by Vine Deloria, Jr., and is based on an article in Washington University Magazine from a talk he gave to a campus assembly.]

During the 400 years of struggle between the white man and the Indian, the Indian has often said, "This is our sacred valley. Our people are buried here; our spirits are here. If you push us off this land and destroy us, you will never become inhabitants of this ground in the same way we have. You will never know peace and rest."

The white man has replied, "What are you talking about? We have to build a dam here so that we can send thousands of kilowatts to Rochester so people there can use their electric toothbrushes. God wants us to have electric toothbrushes."

That has been the difference. The civil rights movement, the black community, has had to fight out from under the Christian concept of history and man. At least the U.S. Constitution gave the black man three-fifths of his humanity; for many centuries, Christianity had given them no humanity at all.

What we have been doing for the last 400 years is attempting to emerge to some conception of what a society should be and why the particular



society that is on this continent has certain responsibilities to act in certain ways.

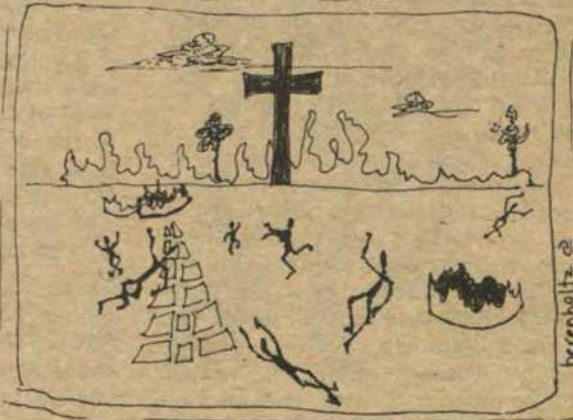
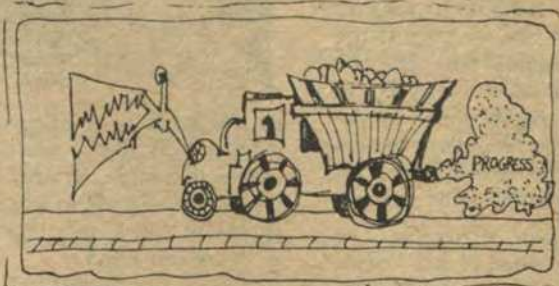
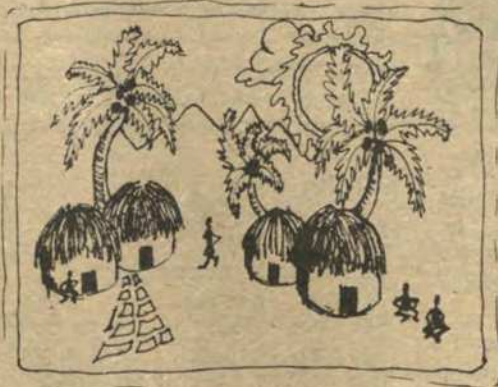
As you go through American history, you don't see a group of brilliant philosophers sitting down in Independence Hall to write the document of the ages. You see instead a group of landed people with strong material and economic investments trying to compose a document to protect their property rights. At each period that the

document must be interpreted to include more of humanity, the American people run away from that document as fast as they can. If you look at the last 20 years, you will see that every time the Constitution has been mentioned as something the American people should live up to, there is an incredible scurrying around to avoid having to do so.

Every indication that we have in terms of modern science and the work done on the frontiers of thought seems to indicate to us that the Indian conception of the universe as a living-thing

is the correct interpretation. The present ecology movement is not about the inherent right of the river to exist because it's a river. It is not concerned about man's responsibility to the creation of the universe. In the American tradition, today's ecologists are seeking only the further transformation of existing resources and are not attempting to have a relationship with those resources themselves. You can clean up the Columbia River or the Hudson River, but unless you understand what that river is and your responsibility to it, you are merely balancing the cost benefits of using the river one way against the cost benefits of using it another.

I see no meaningful way either for American Indians to enter the modern social movement, or to solve the basic problems of America. The white man and sometimes the leaders of the black community cannot bring themselves to the reality of humanity. Everytime the Indian tries to raise the concept of land or the concept of a community, he is buried in the white man's fantasies. To re-examine the experience of mankind in terms of a universe that is alive and not dead is asking too much of the American people.



You Should Know, Your Children Are Looking

So —
Where are you going:
Little brown man,
with your light
all snuffed out
and when
can you stop going:

— P. Hays

Aztlan
I heard that before
And you keep hearing it more and more
Aztlan is a whisper
It burns a fire and a hungrier into your soul
Aztlan is a whisper
And it keeps calling you home.

Ah, sí, hombre
Pues
You sit there with your imported beer
And bullshit of how proud you are
To be a brown-eye child of the Sun
Year after year trail by
And indoors, your toes are a bleeding
From too many sores of hitching on the road
But its memory is a splinter of your birth
Still you keep wanting to make that long distance call
Just to hear her laugh and whisper your name
Wondering if you will ever see her again
Cause it's getting time for you to go
Waiting is something you know nothing about
You always did what you pleased
And dared anyone to call you wrong
Que tal: Everybody asks. Que pasa:
Where have you been, and where are you going
This time around? And you dare not say it
Cause you already got one bullet hole
Its pain burned into you and let you to poetic prose
But it reoccurs in your midnight dreams,
Creeps into your outstanding fantasies
And all your naked sweating visions,
All my relatives

Aztlan, I heard that before
It burns a fire and a hungrier into your soul
But no, you say, you are not ready
Man, let me finish my drink and pass out on the floor
We need leaders, and answers, and land, and people working together
And don't look at me, you say
Cause I'm still looking at images and the printed word
Following around intelligence, looking for solutions like it was my brain
And keep inhaling Winstons, the wisdom of words, and the history of protest
You keep wishing for something to happen to effect the flow
And somehow change the slave labor, once and for all
Your endurance is just about spent
Looking like a burned-down candle
Aztlan, I heard that before, and you keep hearing it more and more
And you say, lets forget the labels, and get down to human needs
Land, food, and shelter, and moral sovereignty
You say, you know the spirit is in all of them
The center is the key to the circle
But that white burden is a heavy square overload
With their words, promises and schemes
That force you to overwork your own land and struggle for them
And you know that your children are looking from across the road
And the unborn are coming
And they will always remember which way you go
Aztlan, I heard that before
And you keep hearing it more and more
Aztlan is a whisper from the pasting wind of time
Your people remember, your soul flavors it
Aztlan is a whisper
And you keep hearing it more and more
Aztlan is a whisper
And it keeps calling you home

Is Aztlan a theory and memory, or in solid form and growing? The Earth, our Mother, Tonantzin still embraces the Sun and Moon, holding on to the power of revolting growth. Like a flower breaking through the cement sidewalk in downtown L.A. What a beautiful sign of omnipotent optimism, the eternal opus of Creation. The Earth, our mother, how many times have we heard those words over and over again, till it becomes a standard cliché in printed and tongue form, almost to the point of merely selling the Indigena Struggle. As a People, we seem to fail to see — or we see such a small micrograph of the native point of view. In our movement, we also seem to place little faith in it. In our movement, we seem to be grasping for a part of the action in the present imperialistic system, a system which in the time of people, cultures, and nations is relatively young, destructive, and decaying very rapidly. By the time we get equal rights there will be nothing left.

In the long period of 475 years, through numberless attempts of reshaping large masses of Indigena People into a constant changing abnormal reality — in many instances, not a matter of choice. It has become a real weird situation, like seeing corn with plastic kernels. Presently most of the social unrest here on this land is largely due to cultural shock to all people here — red, black, white and yellow.

The foreign oppressors have used against us what they call the "tools of Civilization and Progress." But in the bitter past and the sad present condition we face as a people, the truth of the matter is they are the weapons of Oppression. Western governments, religions, languages, and money — when those failed they used liquor, disease, war, and prisons to transform us into a low working class for their reality. Using the excuse of assimilation for our better welfare. The process is better known as cultural sterilization of the mind, body and soul. It is also known as black witchcraft, developed in medieval times to control and use people. In return, we gave them an unbelievable amount of heritage, foods alone: maize, beans, chiles, potatoes, chocolate, tomatoes, avocados, and so many others, which now carry European and American labels. We have also added pages to the standard American dictionary and made it thick; in Nahuatl alone, words like chocolate, tomato, coyote, peyote, ocelot, avocado, mesquite, tamale, tortilla, tobacco, Mexico, chili, and on and on.

— Another Place



But we never gave the land, and yet we are landless. In 475 years of constant struggle there is only one treaty — the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, and that was between two Western systems.

Now we can hardly recognize the land, while so many parasites are making full use of stripping the resources for their own personal power trips. Also used against us has been one of the most effective weapons to control minds.

Myth, that to the point now we are drowning in false labels and pride leading us often to stereotypes of ourselves. We at times look in the Smoking Mirror and sometimes catch a small reflection of indigenous cultures that went under profound change as their cultures were oppressed by six European flags and the rest of their gang. In many instances, we carry both consciously and unconsciously in our present state of being, Mexican Indigena cultural, physical shapes, images, and ways which constantly surrounds us. They are and have remain cultural gifts handed down from the old ones from occupied Aztlan and beyond the borders of the present Mexican state. The spirit intact in those gifts should remind us of who we are and what we are and help resist the force of complete assimilation. The fire sparks of Indigena spirit hangs on in hope that we will use its entire knowledge to continue the future as a people within a people within the land and not as a people within an adopted system.

There is an estimation of roughly nine million Chicanos existing in the United States. Nine out of ten times, what stares at you is brown eyes and skins, and the percentage for blue and white is

very low. But sometimes the way we see and accept ourselves is unhealthy, as when two states of being pitted one against the other, neither moving for the other, causing us to be confused and in a semi-sleep as the revolution of the Natural is pasting us by. We tend to see ourselves, past and present, as a large unit of people under one form of government, and at the same time as individuals, with ego or self, the contradiction of many and one.

Indio pendiño, indio sucio, and indio cabron have been words used and still used to shame and belittle our ancestors one generation after another. They have become enormous mental fists to knock



us unconscious of our true Beings. For some, it is hard to overcome that demeaning force, so now we seem to be unconsciously ashamed and extremely proud at the same time, like sleeping with one eye open.

In our proudness, we seek identity. In the Chicano studies we are doing anthropological research on ourselves. A

necessary step, we look back — but more often than not we see only the Aztecs and the Mayas, seldom beyond to what surrounded them. We see the main governments, not the pueblos, the bands, the clans, and the families. We see only the rituals, temples, and artifacts, and calendars — which is good, but only to a certain point. They are still just parts of the cultures.

Seldom do we see the people at time who were in harmony with the Creation. Perhaps the Spaniards only continued the oppression which the Aztecs were perpetrating.

In recent times for 20th Century Chicanos, many good books have been written on the history of Chicanos. Two are most outstanding: *Occupied America* by Rodolfo Acuna, and *475 Anos del Pueblo Chicano* edited by Centro Chicano de Comunicaciones, and one that deals with the present Mexican state. *The Other Mexico* by Octavio Paz, but they also carry on the labels of myth. While the history is true they seem to reach the point of accepting their colonialism they are reflections from mirrors out of focus. Usually the first chapters are devoted to the Aztecs and Mayas. They continue to define the Mestizos, Mexicans, Mexican-Americans and finally the Chicano — large masses of people with the same ideology. Perhaps sometime the reflections will come into sharper focus, and see the problems of our changes and begin to define of how to undo what has been done for direction to Aztlan.

We will find see many pueblos with their own headmen and leaders, spiritual and medicine people. We will see pueblos who had their own autonomy. We will see that it was to destroy that autonomy that the Spanish created the first major myth labelling all the people as "indios", the Mejicanos were recognized as a people to be subjected, made to do the slave labor of the oppressor.

Their tongues, their beliefs, their governments became merged — they then belonged to just one category: slaves of the Spaniards.

In 1810, with the uprising of Hidalgo, the oppressors created the second myth. Threatened with loss of power and control, they became "Mexicans". They became "Mestizo" — Aztecs and Spaniards joining forces to become a new state and label, a label in the sense that nothing changed for native people, the same oppression with a new name.

They allowed their people to be proud of their first label — indian — and yet carry on within the oppressive system of their invaders.

Yet some people retained their original nature, relying on their cultural ways and the land. Some did, and still refuse to give up their spiritual autonomy. The biggest contradiction between the old and new in the Western Hemisphere today is in the state of Mexico.

When Zapata was offered the president's chair, he refused to even sit on it. He knew that if he accepted it. He would only become what he had fought against. Zapata sought a return to the indigenous past, to those most permanent and stabilizing elements of the past. The Mexican Revolution of 1910 was not begun for the sake of restoring the Aztec Empire, but for the sake of restoration of the autonomy of the people, the pueblos, and their land. Zapata was not fighting for the control of all of Mexico, but for the area where he came from. So with other leaders of that time, until they all got wiped out by those who chose to continue the power of oppression. Mexico had the choice of social reform for all the people, or the choice of industrial development for a few — at the expense of oppression of native people. The national Revolutionary Party became the Party of the Mexican Revolution in 1938, then in 1946 it became the institutional Revolutionary Party.

There are many native people who say they are not Mexicans. The way the word is defined today doesn't begin to fit the real Mexicans of yesterday. They are saying that the revolution of 1910 is not over — the struggle against foreign oppression continues. Most recently, we have seen Lucio Cabanas taking a further step in that revolution. They say he is dead — but the struggle and revolution continues. But only native people who retain their natural ways hold the real elements of the real revolution. They carry the knowledge of how to be in harmony and keep the land good. For tens of thousands of years or more they

developed and remained intact with the land Europeans called a "gold mine" of natural abundance. Their scorecard is very high in the sense of real progress — if progress is defined in the terms of survival of people and land. In 475 years, with all the present problems and destruction in terms of major wars, people and land. As far as physical survival is concerned, their scorecard is very low.

After the war between Mexico and the United States, those left on the northern part of the created border, now referred to as the "Southwest" became still another type of mestizo: "Mexican-Americans". A half-way label, in the second process of colonialism, foreigners to their own cultures and land, while trying to retain the first process of colonialism. Colonialism is colonialism whether it is Spanish or English — its the same process. The missions became boarding schools, and now the process is carried on in universities.

Suddenly, both eyes became open. We became CHICANOS by choice. For the first time in the history of the United States, U.S. occupation forces invaded within the borders of this with 1000 troops and tanks shortly after June 5, 1967, in the mountain village of Tierra Amarilla, against Chicanos struggling to affirm their rights to the land. But in some ways we are still acting like Mexican-Americans.

When we as a people refuse allegiance to the state of Mexico, to the state of the United States of America, stop fighting their wars and working for the welfare of those states, and begin to support and give allegiance to the people of this land and ourselves as indigena people, will we start giving up false labels and take on our real identities as People of the Sun.

Should we ask them what they learned about us? Or should we be learning about ourselves. What were the spaces between the Olmecs, Toltecs, Maya, Mixtec, and Aztecs. Who and what was between those spaces. What was the

nature of the spaces in regards to earth, animals, people? What were other native people doing in these spaces? What were the politics of the nations, clans, bands, women, children, and men? Lets get an overview instead of the general outlook of history in the "New World" recorded by non-natives, or their selections of native material.

In a way, it's sad to think of going to school to learn about yourself. Still it's a better alternative than going to learn to become a piece of social machinery for the unit of destructive progress in Western Civilization.



If there is no other alternatives at the present in regards to education, then should we be asking for stronger input of what is going to be taught at these Get-Your-Head-Together Centers.

There are Chicano Studies at most large universities in the Southwest. Still it is hard to avoid the bulk of material put out in regards to reshape victims of the Spanish Colonial Period. On the other hand, there are some studies which are reaching further back into their roots. In Minneapolis, there is a course on herbology with the nature of uses within the People in La Raza in the past. At Northridge and few other places, there are courses in Nahuatl. Then there is DQU. Other sources are stemming out more and more.

Still, shouldn't we be asking for more enlightenment to what was going on under the Sun before and after Western Man in regard to Natural People in Mexico and other areas surrounding it.

There are a lot of anthros coming and going in Central America. For what? What did they find? Is it for novels? Museums? for a Master's Degree? What are they doing? Should we ask them what they learned about us? Or should we be learning about ourselves?

What were the spaces between the Olmecs, Toltecs, Maya, Mixtec, and Aztecs? Who and what was between those spaces? What was the nature of the spaces in regards to earth, animals, people? What were other native people doing in these spaces? What were the politics of their nations, clans, bands, women, children and men? Let's get

We still are close to the land, while most world states are in anarchy with the natural Creation. Perhaps it should also be a priority to align ourselves once again as people in touch, in balance, with the natural Creation.

Because of our poisons, our many hang-ups, the struggle will be hard for us, but it can be easy for our children if we don't poison them. They can become the ones to teach us, and begin the real solid steps toward becoming ourselves.

It is easy to be macho, but hard to be a warrior.

Our esteem, protection, and rights should not come at the expense of others.

We will restore the circles. We will become the revolution.

Finally, the words of Rodolfo Acuna, in his ending to his preface of "Occupied America" — "I hope that through an understanding of the colonization of the Chicano, I can become more human with them as well as others."

— *Pues, guest of the Longhouse People of the Mohawk Nation,*
Juan Reyna

Who Are The Americans?

[This essay is by Dr. Jack Forbes, whose writings have appeared in the past issues of AKWESASNE NOTES. He is a founder of DQ University at Davis, California, a joint Indio-Chicano institution of higher education.

[This essay is a double-edged sword: it questions the use by Europeans in North America of the term "American" to identify themselves, but implicitly, it deals with the weakness of the increasingly popular term, "Native American". That still interprets as "United States Indian", for are not the natural people of Mexico and the Canadian Arctic also "native Americans"?

[The choice of terms, for us, is really a choice of what aspect of native identity we wish to emphasize. For instance, to argue that The People are native Americans does emphasize that we are the Original People of this land — but at the price of de-emphasizing our sovereignty and separateness from the United States.

[But from this article, perhaps there will be a running discussion from which might emerge organic and strong concepts. We are grateful to Jack Forbes for this essay, and to all who give it consideration. The Editors.]

One important aspect of modern European imperialism is the manner in which several Overseas European populations have attempted to use a subtle form of semantic warfare for a strategic purpose, namely, the transformation of themselves into the "native" population, and the actual natives into the existential status of foreigners or non-persons.

This process can best be understood if we first illustrate how it was somewhat similarly applied in Scotland to Scottish (Gaelic-speaking) people. Very briefly, English-speaking Lowland people, led by a largely English/Norman/French aristocracy, came gradually to dominate Scotland. As they sought to gain control over the country, the English language was favored over the Gaelic tongue. Gradually, the Gaelic language came to be restricted to the region inhabited by Highland clans (tribes) who, because of their independent tendencies, were considered to be a threat

to English-style imperialism and capitalism. Finally, the Scottish-Gaelic language was renamed "Irish" ["Erse"] by English speakers. It had now become a "foreign language". In 1745, "Irish" speakers were crushed militarily, and their culture was outlawed. The culture has since revived somewhat (almost in a nostalgic way) but the Gaelic language has retreated to a very small area.

It seems clear that those Scots who, in the 1700s, avidly aided English imperialism in the conquest of Scotland, made themselves feel better by calling their enemies "Irish". The "Irish" language, being identified with a foreign area, (Ireland) and one of low status, could be suppressed without any twinge of conscience. It did not really "belong" to Scotland, after all, but was merely an "import" from Ireland. This was really not true, since Gaelic had been in Scotland since the Fifth Century A.D., or earlier, and in any case, was closely related to Pictish, the Celtic speech of all of Scotland before 400 A.D.

Much the same thing has been done by Overseas Europeans in Australia and South Africa. In both instances, the native people are known by various more-or-less derogatory nicknames (black fellows, "abos" in Australia, and Kaffirs, meaning "niggers" in South Africa). They may also be referred to as "aborigines" or by tribal names. The Whites have appropriated the names "Australian" and "African" for themselves, and in fact, the Dutch dialect spoken in South Africa is known as "Afrikaans" and the people call themselves "Afrikaners".

Of course, it is an absurdity to refer to Dutch-speaking "Boers" as "Africans" and to their language as "African", and at the same time to refer to the native people of that land as "Bantus", "Bushmen", "Hottentots", "Blacks" or "Kaffirs", and to the mixed populations as "Cape Colored", etc. Absurd or not, though, this tricky use of words has the psychological purpose of *semantically and emotionally rationalizing the vicious European seizure of African lands and the establishment of a white-supremacy political apparatus.*

Similarly, the Overseas Europeans in Australia, by appropriating the name "Australian" for themselves and their culture, have sought to "nativize" themselves and to make the true natives foreigners. Of course,

native Australians are often called "Aborigines", but this is a term which white racism and chauvinism has so distorted as to make it almost synonymous with "savage" or sub-human. (It is worth noting that no white or "advanced" populations are ever referred to as "aborigines" even when they are known to have lived in an area for a long, unknown length of time, as with Bretons and Welsh.)

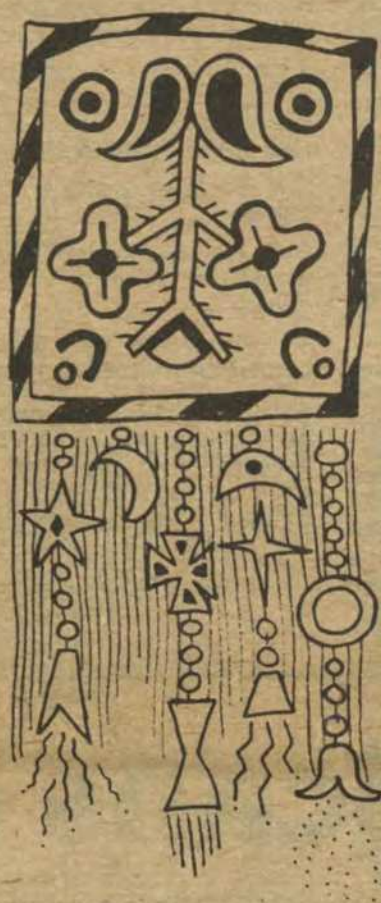
The area known today as America or "the Americas" is a region that has had many names. Since 1492, it has been known primarily by three terms: the New World, the Indies, and America. The first term (New World) is obviously not a proper name since it totally reflects a European ethnocentric perspective. The second term (the Indies) was used erroneously since it is derived from "India" or other words relating to the Indian subcontinent of Asia. Nonetheless, it is worth pausing for a moment to review its use.

The Spaniards, in particular, used the term "las indias" (The Indies) to refer to America long after the latter word had become popular among other European nationalities. In fact, many official Spanish agencies relating to America continued to use "las indias" until the loss of the empire (such as the "Archivo General de las Indias"). With such a usage, it is not at all surprising that the inhabitants of this land were called "Indians" by the Spaniards.



The Spaniard, therefore, may have made a mistake when he called this land "the Indies" but he, at least, did not appropriate the name "Indian" for his own settlers, but applied it to the native inhabitants alone.

In the 1500s, the name "America" came gradually to be applied to this land, first being used for South America. During the 1500s, 1600s, and 1700s, quite clearly there could have been only one group of people known properly as "Americans". The English-speaking colonists occupied only a small portion of the land, from the Georgia coast north to New Hampshire, on Newfoundland, and on a few Caribbean islands. Everywhere they were known as "His Majesties Subjects in America", as Englishmen, as British colonists, or to some degree, as Yankees, New Englanders, Virginians, and so on. Similarly, French, Dutch, Portuguese and Spanish settlers occupied only small areas or were numerically tiny minorities in the midst of native populations or populations of mixed origin. During the colonial era, such Overseas European groups seem to have cherished their identification as Spaniards, Frenchmen, etc. If they used the term "American" at all to refer to themselves, it was only as a vague geographical designation, confined to such a phrase as "the American colonies".



Prior to the rebellion of the British North American colonies, the term "American" was used to refer to the native people of the land, and such usage continued long after the 1770s as well. The proper use of the word "American" may be seen in the following examples:

- in 1650, one section of a Dutch work dealing with New Netherland was entitled, "Of the Americans, or Natives, their Appearance, Occupations, and Means of Support."
- in 1747, John Wesley, an English evangelist, published a book in which he said, "It is certain that this is the method wherein the art of healing is preserved among the Americans to this day." He was referring to the native tribal groups of the Georgia region.
- as late as the 1780s, Frenchmen were referring to the native tribesmen of the Pacific Coast as "Americans".

But in spite of the occasional use of the word "American" as a name for native people, the English and the French, in particular, more commonly used such terms as "savage" and "Indian" even before 1776. Why?

The word "savage" is never innocently used. Its intention is always to denigrate.

"Savages" have no rights. They can be coerced, converted, killed, and enslaved at will. The English, French, and others found it convenient to use a term which, existentially, gave them *carte blanche* to do what they pleased.

The term "Indian" in both North and South America very rapidly became almost synonymous with "savage" especially as used by the English. One finds some writers using both terms interchangeably. The Europeans could, therefore, accomplish several things by their use of words:

- 1) By calling the natives either "savages" or "Indians", they could equate them with brutes having no rights worthy of recognition.

- 2) By calling the native Americans "Indians", they could deny them the status of being "Americans". Thus they could be regarded as a kind of wild animal "ranging over" this land, but without any "residential" rights in the land.

I would argue that it is no mere result of chance that the English colonists persisted in calling the Americans "Indians" long after the word "America" had become firmly established as the name of this continent. It was, I believe, a conscious effort to deprive the native people of their nativity, and to give them a name which bore no relationship to the name by which their land was known.

After their rebellion, the British colonists selected the name "American" for themselves, in spite of the existence of a greater number of natives, Africans, mixed populations, and Europeans living elsewhere in America. It is unfortunate that the Anglo-Europeans chose to use the continents' name for their then-small population, but they were then, as now, little concerned with the sensitivities of others.

After the 1780s, we find a new absurdity. Now "American" soldiers and "American" pioneers are fighting against "Indians," Mexicans, etc., and are enslaving "Negroes". The term "American" is used so as to exclude all non-whites whatsoever, and all persons living in America beyond the United States' boundaries.

An effort has been made in the last few years to broaden the term "American" so as to include natives, Blacks, Chicanos, etc. Fundamentally, however, the white population of the United States continues to feel that "American" refers only to white United States citizens and their way of life. Blacks, natives, Chicanos, and Asians are "Americans" only in so far as they behave like whites, and even then doubt persists.

The continuing use of the term "American" as a weapon by the Overseas Europeans of the United States can clearly be seen in the so-called scholarly works published by white historians, sociologists, psychologists, etc., in the past ten or twenty years. Such terms as "American society", the "American character", the "American mind", "American poetry", "American philosophy", "American painting", etc., are almost always used so as to exclude all non-whites, and all persons living in America outside of the United States.

It is almost a foregone conclusion that no native person in his right mind would ever look in a book labeled "American" and expect to find anything relevant to the native experience. The books about "American psychology" always have to do with Freudians, Neo-Freudians, Jungians and other white sectarians quarreling over white personality traits, not native psychology. The historical and sociological books usually make outright attacks upon native Americans (as enemies of the "heroes" of the books, or "deviants" with a strange thing known as a "sub-culture" or as exotic marginal "freaks" who somehow disturb the placid sameness of European life in America.)

It is fantastic indeed to speculate on why the so-called intelligentsia of the Overseas Europeans in the United States continue to use the word "American" as their exclusive property when most of them know full well that Latin Americans and others deeply resent such usage. But then it only serves to illustrate the phenomenal ethnocentrism and chauvinism of the Anglo-European population. That this chauvinism is fueled (or perhaps even perpetuated) by the academic world is, however, a tragedy of great proportions. It augurs ill for the future.

White writers quite clearly have not regarded "Indians" as being a part of the "American people". New terms have been coined over the years, such as "Amerinds" and "American Indians", designed to do the following:

- 1) to provide a way to continue to deny the native his right to primary use of the word "American", since "savage" and "Indian" used alone have gone somewhat out of fashion.
- 2) to attempt to "domesticate" native Americans living in the United States by brainwashing them into the notion that "American Indian" means they are a different people from "Canadian Indians", "Mexican Indians", etc.

During the 19th Century, the Anglo-Europeans also attempted to refer to themselves as "Native Americans" and "Old Americans" to differentiate themselves from non-whites and newer European arrivals of Catholic religion or of Jewish, Italian, or Slavic national origin. This usage, more or less popular from the 1830s through the 1920s, illustrates the use of the term "American" as a weapon directed against all non-whites and non-English speakers.

Given this situation, it is not at all surprising that natives had to be called "Indians" and Afro-Americans had to be called "Negroes". All other peoples having a right to the use of the term "American" in some form or another had to be known by nicknames or ethnic appellations (such as Mexicans or Jews), implying foreignness. Not surprising then, that many such groups tried to establish themselves as Jewish-Americans, Mexican-Americans, American Indians, etc., thereby forcing some public acknowledgement of "Americanness".

Beginning in 1961-1962, a native-Chicano group in California organized itself as the Native American Movement/Movimiento Nativo-Americano and distributed a pamphlet called, "Who Are The Native Americans?" This group actively began to argue that all people of native American ancestry in all parts of the Americas were Native Americans and that only they had the right to the use of that term. NAM also attempted to shatter the notion that Chicanos were "Whites with Spanish-Surnames" who could be "Americanized" and that "U.S. Indians" were somehow different from other tribally-organized native Americans living in Canada, etc. In 1968 and thereafter, another organization, United Native Americans, popularized the Native American term for "Indians" throughout the United States.

Since 1968, the term Native American has come to be widely accepted by both natives and non-natives. This represents a great psychological victory for native people, but one which is largely limited to the United States. In Canada, the term "Native People" is more popular because "American" implies United Statesian even to native Canadians. In Latin America, the native people are yet unable to counteract the effects of Europeanist propaganda - natives are still called whatever the Europeanized elites want to call them.

Fundamentally, we must recognize that the word "American" is still being used wrongly by Overseas Europeans. The native gain brought about by the adoption of "Native American" has not had any meaningful impact upon the manner in which "American" soldiers are still killing "un-American" tribesmen in textbooks, novels, and movies. We can still turn on the TV any night of the week and discover that the "Americans" are not us!

We must recognize that the white use of the term "American" is still a weapon - a weapon to disguise their own foreignness to this land and its heritage, a weapon against non-whites, and a weapon against all the other people of the Americas. If this is true, then can we allow them to have the use of that weapon without being challenged?

"We are all Americans" has become a popular slogan among white liberal groups. If it were extended to include all of our brothers and sisters throughout the Americas, it might be all right except for one thing - are we all really Americans?

Are those Overseas Europeans who reside in New York but emotionally identify with Paris and the Greek Islands really Americans? Isn't New York just a temporary place of residence for them? Couldn't they easily move to London or Geneva or Tel Aviv and feel equally at home?

Are those Blacks who embrace African or Arab-Muslim culture Americans, or are they Africans?

Are those Jews who cultivate anything Jewish and emotionally regard Israel as their "true" home Americans, or Middle-Easterners?

Are those Asians who remain highly loyal to a distinctly Chinese culture (for example) Americans, or Asians?

More difficult still is this question: is a Japanese-American who chooses to assimilate himself to European White culture in the United States an American, an Asian, or a European? Or is he a Japanese-European? Similarly, is the Black middle-class person who imitates white values a Black-American, or a Black-European? A Black Anglo-Saxon?

These are hard questions, which require profound thought. Several things seem clear to me, though, such as:

- 1) if we are meaningfully to talk about an "American" culture, it has to refer primarily to the Native American Way since this is the only continuous cultural tradition found in the Americas and is likewise the only tradition common to all of the Americas today.
 - 2) this does not mean that "American" culture or Americanism refers only to the ways of life of the past. It also includes the ways in which people of native race have changed in the past 500 years.
 - 3) a large proportion of Europeans in the Americas have never truly assimilated to either this land or its heritage, and are still existentially very much foreigners. These people are *certainly* Overseas Europeans, and not even European-Americans.
 - 4) some Europeans and many Blacks have become emotionally attached to this land and have absorbed part of the native heritage, and in some cases, native ancestry. They can properly be regarded as European-Americans, or Afro-Americans.
- "Americanization" is the process of becoming assimilated to the tens-of-thousands of years of rich American heritage. It does not mean turning one's back upon European, Asian, or African inventions entirely. It does not mean wholly denying one's overseas heritage. But it does mean that you give yourself up to this land, that you love it, and that you try to relate positively to its heritage.

Whether we like it or not, this is America, after all. Let those who want to be European go to Europe to do their thing.

1977 Native American Calendar

The 1977 AKWESASNE NOTES calendar is something special. It can be used as a regular calendar — or for those who are trying to restore harmony with the natural world into their lives, it is a moon calendar. There are thirteen "moonths", and each one begins with the new moon, always a time for sacred activity.

This year's calendar is of a different design to make it easier to handle and display — the binding is in the center instead of at the top, and thus the calendar can be shipped flat. However, the size is the same: 17 x 22 inches.

As always, each page is a separate work of art, suitable for framing or posters long after 1977 is past. Artists include Kahonhes, Clayton Brascoupe, Carl Winters and Rokwaho. A reduction of one month's art is shown here.

With each day are important events in native history. Names of months in some native languages are given. The theme for the calendar is "Harmony With The Cycles".



Native organizations can use the calendars for fund-raising. In quantities of 50 or more, there is a 50% discount, plus shipping costs. Many groups use this as a major income for their programs, selling many hundreds of calendars on a reservation, campus, in offices and workplaces, churches, meetings. Bookstores or other sales outlets wanting a lesser quantity may order at a 40% discount — and persons can help us by encouraging bookstores and gift shops to sell the calendar for us. Calendar sales are an important source of revenue for the continuation of AKWESASNE NOTES.

Single copies of the calendar retail at \$3 each, postpaid, in a large envelope. Order early to avoid disappointment. Write:

AKWESASNE NOTES
Mohawk Nation
via Roosevelttown, N.Y. 13683
telephone (518) 483-2540

UCLA also has an Undergraduate Academic Advancement Program in which 22 American Indians participated last year, among the 120 native American people in the university. The program is designed to aid people who lack adequate preparation for admission to university by providing counseling, tutoring, and special services. For information, contact Arlene J. West, UCLA Undergraduate Admissions, 1147 Murphy Hall, 405 Hilgard Ave., Los Angeles, California 90024.

A program in Natural Resources is offered to native people into forestry, soils, water, fisheries, resource management, wildlife, etc., is being offered in Wisconsin. The curriculum will include American Indian Economics and Law, Native American philosophy, a summer camp and an internship. For further information, contact: Gary Kmiecik, Coordinator, College of Natural Resources Room 107, University of Wisconsin, Stevens Point, Wisconsin 54481, or telephone (715) 346-4478.

The Project on Native Americans in Science wants to identify Indian and non-Indian teachers who have taught science and/or math to Indian students, and who would be willing to share their experiences and ideas. In addition, the Project wishes to identify native people with degrees in scientific and mathematical fields, including agricultural, computer science, etc., for the purposes of establishing a human resource bank of Indian people. For further information on this and other work of the project, contact: Dr. Rayna Green, Director, American Association for the Advancement of Science Native American Project, 1776 Massachusetts Ave., NW, Washington, D.C. 20036 or telephone (202) 467-5433.

University of California/Berkeley is recruiting students for the Master of Public Health Program for Native Americans for next fall — including specialization in hospital administration, laboratory sciences, health education, and alcohol and substance abuse. Students are provided with tuition, travel, and living expenses. Applications should be sent immediately to Wendy Schwartz, MPH Program for Native Americans, School of Public Health, Berkeley, California 94720 or telephone (collect) (415) 642-3228.

A reading teacher for junior or senior high school level is needed immediately by the Zuni Alternative Learning Program. Contact: Hayes Lewis, Zuni Cultural/Education Program, POBox 339, Zuni, New Mexico 87327, or telephone (505) 782-4630.

"No Bosses Here: A Manual on Working Collectively" is a step-by-step guide about how people can start getting themselves into working in a non-hierarchical situation and building a cooperative world. Looks solid and interesting, and can be had for \$3 from Vocations for Social Change, 353 Broadway, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139.

In the Mohawk Nation at Caughnawaga, a chapter of the American Indian Movement has been formed, and is meeting at the Peter Lawrence Farm every Sunday at 2 p.m. For information, contact Joe Canadian, POBox 25, Caughnawaga, Quebec, or telephone (514) 632-6343.



contacts



A chapter of the Native American Solidarity Committee is forming in Westchester and Putnam Counties, New York. Anyone in the area interested should contact John Soto at 82 Cortland Ave., Peekskill, New York 10566 or telephone (914) 526-3156.

The annual Indian Art Exhibit sponsored by the Scottsdale National Indian Arts Council has been cancelled indefinitely — the Council determined that revenues were insufficient to continue the well-known art event. Alternate means of assisting Indian artists are under discussion.

The Church of Scientology has formed a private non-profit organization, the National Commission on Law Enforcement and Social Justice. There are offices in 21 cities. It offers to help individuals and groups fight abuses of privacy and lies about them in files kept by government agencies. Persons with problems in this area can get information about what help the NCLE can give them by contacting NCLE, 740 Hennepin Ave. 1516, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55403 or telephone Terry Thomas at (612) 824-9390.

A writer putting together a collection of 27 Tonkawa stories is interested in talking with Tonkawa people and contemporary story tellers for help with the manuscript. Contact: James Cody, General Delivery, Jonestown, Texas 78641.

An Indian-operated film company is available to contract with native organizations and others for sound films, slide-tape programs, filmstrips, and other media. For further information contact Carole Korb, Shenandoah Film Productions, 538 G St., Arcata, California 95521.

The Indian Law Reporter is a thorough effort to gather up all cases, decisions, judgments, etc., regarding native peoples of the U.S. It publishes 12 issues a year, and is \$75 annually, although a special below-cost rate of \$42 is extended to Indian individuals, tribes, organizations and legal service offices. Anyone into Indian law on a practicing basis needs this Reporter. Contact: Indian Law Reporter, 1000 Wisconsin Ave., NW, Washington, D.C. 20007 or telephone Lynn Athey at (202) 337-5210.

Persons willing to participate in a 1977 nationwide tomato-planting demonstration by home gardeners will receive three different varieties of tomato seeds for planting. Just send a self-addressed envelope to Family Gardening Council, c/o Citizens for Energy Conservation & Solar Development, POBox 49173, Los Angeles, California 90049.

Terry Lopez, the Moses Family is looking for you, still living in the same place. Contact: POBox 1279, Omak, Washington 98841.

A native person with secretarial skills and a commitment to the resolution of native issues and concerns is needed for work in a denominational church headquarters with a native American associate. For further information, contact: Employment Manager, Room 432, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027.

The American Indian Bar Association, formed to strive for justice and more effective legal representation for all Indian people, has been formed. W. Richard West, Jr., a Cheyenne, was elected president of the new group, and Leroy W. Wilder, of Fremont, California, is president elect.

The Minnesota Chippewa Tribe is seeking an executive director to administer programs of justice, conservation and development of tribal resources, and to promote the general welfare. For further information, contact: President, Minnesota Chippewa Tribe, POBox 217, Cass Lake, Minnesota 56633 or telephone 335-2286.

An exhibition, "Contemporary Paintings & Prints by Native American Artists on the West Coast", will be showing from February 9 through March 12 at the Center for International Arts in New York City. In conjunction, there will be poetry readings, seminars, discussions, and lectures relating to native cultural, political, or educational affairs. For further information, contact Rick Browning at the Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St., New York, N.Y. 10003 or telephone (212) 473-6072.

Oklahoma State University Psychology Department invites American Indians to apply for graduate study for mental health professions. Deadline: March 1, for fall admission. Contact: Coordinator, PsychGrad Training for American Indians, North Murray Hall Room 409, OSU, Stillwater, Oklahoma 74074 or call Archester Houston at (405) 624-6027.

A summer program for native college students is being organized for a Mackinaw Island, Michigan, conference site from June 12 to August 5. Students in their senior year of high school or freshman year of college are eligible to apply by writing to Headlands Indian Health Careers, Department of Microbiology, POBox 26901, University of Oklahoma Health Services Center, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73190 or telephone (405) 271-2133. Funding is provided.

Some people just haven't got respect for their elders. The Council on Interracial Books for Children, long active in helping educators understand how children are taught racial stereotypes in the books they read, has noted the same negative stereotypes often create negative images of grandmothers and grandfathers. A special issue of the Council's journal on "Ageism" is available, as well as other materials on combating racism against native peoples. For information, contact: Interracial Books for Children Bulletin, 1841 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023.

A book written by ten women incarcerated in Raleigh, North Carolina, contains articles, poetry, graphics and a desire to change the intolerable conditions of many women's prisons. The sisters asked us to tell you the book, "Break de Chains of Legalized US Slavery", for \$2 from N.C. Women's Prison Book Project, POBox 27, Durham, N.C. 27702.

A "Graduate Advancement Program" is available to students from groups with "historically low participation in graduate work, such as American Indians." The program has a variety of awards, and out-of-state applications in the applied and pure sciences are particularly encouraged. Application deadline: February 15 for next fall. For information, contact GAP Graduate Division, 405 Hilgard Avenue, University of California, Los Angeles, California 90024.

A Summer Institute in American Indian History will be conducted for high school teachers at the Newberry Library's Center for the History of the American Indian during the six-week period from 11 July - 19 August, 1977. The purpose of the Institute is to encourage an informed presentation of the history of native peoples in the classrooms. Ten fellowships are available. March 15 is the deadline for applications. Contact: Francis Jennings, Director CHAI, Newberry Library, 60 West Walton St., Chicago, Illinois 60610, or telephone (312) 943-9090.

American Indian horsemen have formed a horse-breeder's organization to deal with the problems and growth of horses raised by Indian people in North America, such as the development of markets, establishing a registry, providing technical assistance, etc. Interested native people who own horses can contact: National American Indian Horsemen's Assn. Headquarters, 1660 S. Albion St. 1918, Denver, Colorado 80222 or telephone (303) 759-5379.

OUR OWN PUBLICATIONS

Native Colours

A book of poetry by Karoniaktatie, covering the years of his life when he was sent out to an Eastern prep school until his return to his people and his beginning to understand the meaning of the Old Ways. Beautifully designed, illustrated, and written by the poet — a colorful presentation. 88 pages, \$2.50.

A Message To All People: Hopi

The Hopi Prophecy is important to all peoples today, for as we understand what has happened to human life in previous worlds, and in the days following the Creation of this one, we can better understand what we human beings need to do today. A different sort of history from that in the textbooks. This new edition is in newly-set type, illustrated by Kahonhes. \$1.00

CHIMBORAZO



Life on the Haciendas of Highland Ecuador



edited by John Brandt
with translations by
Michael Scott
and Mal Warwick.

Chimborazo

Poet John Brandt records the thoughts, poetry, and experiences of the native people of Ecuador, plus photographs and his own account of a stay with them. Poets, anthropologists, students of Latin America, native people and other human beings will find this an important book. \$2.50.

Voices From Wounded Knee: The People Are Standing Up

This is the story of the liberation of Wounded Knee in the words of the participants, culled from 100 hours of tape, recorded while the occupation was in progress. It is accompanied by 200 photographs and several maps. This account is essential reading for anyone who wants to understand this episode of the struggle for human dignity and freedom in North America. Many colleges are now using it as a text. 282 large-sized pages, \$4.95.

Indigena Pamphlet Series

[INDIGENA is an organization devoted to the causes of the native peoples of the Americas. As an information center, it works cooperatively with AKWESASNE NOTES in this series of pamphlets, as well as having its own publications available. Write: INDIGENA, POBox 4073, Berkeley, California 94704.]



The Situation of Indian Peoples in Guatemala

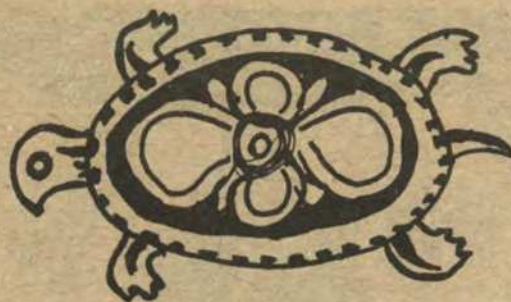
A clear explanation of agrarian exploitation, political domination, and ideological oppression of the native Mayan population by foreign interests, and people of their own heritage who have taken another path. 25 cents.

200 Years of Resistance Buttons

An eye-catching pin, an answer to the Bicentennial Era. 75 cents each, postpaid. Groups wishing to sell the pins as fund-raisers can obtain 100 for \$37.50, but payment must be included with the order.

Note Cards from the 50th Issue Cover

A packet of 20 attractive note cards with a reproduction of the cover art for the 50th issue on one page, with three pages blank. 3" x 4". Envelopes are not included but ordinary envelopes can be used. Only \$1 plus 25 cents shipping. (Ready again on March 1.)



Turtle, Bear, Wolf: Poetry by Peter Blue Cloud

AKWESASNE NOTES is proud to publish as its second book of poetry Peter Blue Cloud's powerful imagery and poetic statements. Blue Cloud is a Mohawk who writes of his childhood and his children, of iron-work and Alcatraz. 56 pages, \$1.75.

BIA: I'm Not Your Indian Anymore

A fresh new printing of this important book is in. Part of it, the story of the occupation of the BIA takeover in November, 1972, is now history. But out of that came the Twenty Points of the Trail of Broken Treaties, still the most comprehensive platform of "What do the Indians want" available. The Twenty Points, plus the government's rebuttal and a reply to that, are essential dialogue for the decade ahead. \$1.95.

ALL BOOKS LISTED ON THIS PAGE ARE ALSO AVAILABLE FOR WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTION

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BEST OF AKWESASNE NOTES SERIES

[AKWESASNE NOTES' first fifty issues contained almost 2400 pages of articles, essays, and information about native and natural peoples. Only a third of those issues are still in print. So that information of continuing value remains available for study and discussion, this series reprints some of the outstanding articles which have appeared in NOTES.]

1. How Democracy Came to St. Regis & The Thunderwater Movement

Two historical articles by Rarihokwats, using data from Indian Affairs archives to detail how the bureaucracy deliberately thwarts and destroys native movements trying to help their people. 24 pages. 75 cents.

Tiahuanacu Manifesto

Proclaimed by the native people of Bolivia. Speaks of the importance of Quechua and Aymara cultures today, of their view of the Spanish Conquest, and of the current economic situation. Demands for new leadership and better education in rural areas. A people's voice well spoken. 25 cents.

The Indian Situation in Brazil Today

An outline of the genocidal war being waged against the native people of the Amazon. The destruction of communities is documented. 25 cents.

The Rights of Indigenous Women in Colombia

A strong statement by native women, made in the 1920s. Like the others in this series, this pamphlet is illustrated by Miguel Sague. This is not a dry legal statement, but a stirring, strong, emotional manifesto. 25 cents.

200 Years of Resistance Stamps

A sheet of 24 stamps, printed in two colors, for \$1.00 as a means of raising money for AKWESASNE NOTES at the same time you raise consciousness about native people and the Bicentennial Year. The stamps are on paper that sticks when moistened for use on letters and in public places as mini-reminders. Sheets are perforated. Groups wishing to sell the stamps as fund-raisers can obtain 100 sheets for \$50 with payment made in advance.

Wounded Knee Stamps

These stamps are miniatures of poster number 3. These are also \$1 a sheet.

Six Nations Indian Museum Series

[The Six Nations Museum is at Onchiota, New York, where from Memorial Day until Labor Day each year, thousands of persons get a better understanding of the Iroquois heritage and way of life. The museum is owned by Tehanetorens, also known as Ray Fadden, Mohawk Wolf Clan. Most of the pamphlets in this series were issued by the Akwasasne Mohawk Counselor Organization, and have been redesigned and reprinted by AKWESASNE NOTES.]

The Great Law of Peace

This is the Constitution of the Iroquois Confederacy, portions of which were adopted in the U.S. Constitution. It is a statement of morals, spiritual belief, and government which is 1,000 years old — and which remains valid for use today. 84 pages, paperbound, illustrated by Kahonhes. \$1.00. (Temporarily out of print — the fifth printing should be ready by February 15.)

The Migration of the Iroquois

Pictographic writing and text in English, with handsome drawings of Iroquois life by Kahonhes, detailing a chapter of North American history — how the Iroquois migrated from the west to the northeast. Newly reprinted, 75 cents.

Conservation

A short booklet explaining what happened to the Natural World here in North America from the native viewpoint — and what needs to happen now. Pictographic writing and text. For children and schools, 15 cents.

Deskaheh

A new book in this series, detailing the life of the Cayuga statesman who went to the League of Nations in Switzerland in the 1920s to present the case of sovereignty for the Iroquois peoples. He was exiled from Canada, and died in the U.S. His last famous speech is reprinted. Illustrated by Kahonhes. 50 cents.

TALES OF THE IROQUOIS



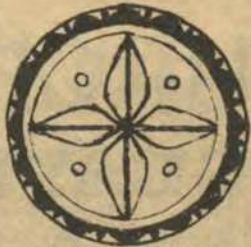
by tehanetorens

This attractive collection of fifteen teaching legends of the Iroquois is part of the Six Nations Indian Museum Series published by AKWESASNE NOTES. The book is 99 pages, softbound cover, with striking illustrations by Kahonhes. The tales are as Tehanetorens remembers them being told to him. For many of them, along with the text, are pictographs which tell the story — and aid non-readers in remembering the story. *Tales of the Iroquois* is a unique gift for children or adults and is excellent for use in classrooms. ISBN 0-914838-14-8. \$2.50.



SPLINTERS OF THE TREE: a handsome poster, 17x22, in four colors, pretty enough to frame — and with a strong message. \$1, plus 25 cents for cardboard mailing tube.

BOOKS



POEMS... SONGS... STORIES

ASHINI by Yves Theriault. The fictionalized autobiography of a Montagnais hunter, concerning his relations with the Creation and his People — as well as his reactions to those who have invaded his land. Winner of the Governor-General's Literary Award. \$2.50.

TALES FROM THE LONGHOUSE by Indian Children of British Columbia. Stories from Vancouver Island and Kingcome Inlet. \$1.95.

THE STORY-TELLING STONE edited by Susan Feldman. Fifty-two Tales of the Creation, of Tricksters, heroes, journeys into the mysteries and other wonders. 95 cents.

THE INDIAN'S BOOK edited by Natalie Curtis. A book of songs, stories, drawings and decorations. A treasury for general readers, teachers, singers. 149 songs with music and words. 584 pages, 23 photos. \$5.00.

SHAKING THE PUMPKIN edited with commentaries by Jerome Rothenberg. Renderings of a great oral and sacred tradition. Of interest to all who want to carry the possibilities of personhood into new worlds to come. 475 pages. \$4.95.

AMERICAN INDIAN POETRY edited by George W. Cronyn. A standard anthology of traditional songs, translated by poets. A collection of "American classics". \$3.95.

SPECIAL INTERESTS

LAW AND THE AMERICAN INDIAN: Readings, Notes and Cases by Monroe E. Price. Designed in part to provide useful and practical material for Indian People and their lawyers, and as a complement to the *Handbook of Federal Indian Law*. Hardcover, 807 p., \$16.50.

CHEROKEE COOKLORE, edited by Mary Ulmer and Samuel Beck. Recipes, herbs, wildfoods, history. Step-by-step picture instructions on how to make corn soup the old way. \$1.00.

CHEROKEE PLANTS AND THEIR USES by Hamel & Chiltoskey. From conversations with the Old People at Cherokee, North Carolina. \$1.50.

CHEROKEE WORDS WITH PICTURES by Mary Chiltoskey. Attractive compilation of phrases and alphabet. \$1.25.

CLOSING THE CIRCLE. An attempt to find out what is happening in the native American community of Minneapolis. Describes efforts in a different kind of school, a new business organization, a unique cultural center. Illustrated. \$1.00.

NEW OFFERINGS

BENEATH THE MOON AND UNDER THE SUN by Tony Shearer. This book sings of Quetzalcoatl and poetically reveals Shearer's understanding of the spiritual sources of the Sacred Calendar used in Mexico and Central America. A beautifully illustrated, informative valuable book. Hardcover only. \$12.50.

BOBBI LEE: INDIAN REBEL. The struggles of a native woman of Canada, and her unceasing encounters with poverty and racism. \$1.95.

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HISTORY-COLORING BOOK OF THE OJIBWAY INDIANS by Eddie Benton Banai, illustrated by Joe Liles. Book I: "The Ojibway Creation Story". Book II: "Original Man Walks The Earth." Each \$2.00.

THE PRAYING FLUTE by Tony Shearer. A new and welcome addition to a storyteller's repertory, an instant classic and a delight to listeners young and old. Charming drawings by the author. \$4.95.

SOUTHWESTERN INDIAN CEREMONIALS by Tom Bahti. Short descriptions of some ceremonies accompanied by beautiful photos and color illustrations. \$2.00.

AIRLIFT TO WOUNDED KNEE by Bill Zimmerman. Wounded Knee, 1873 — surrounded by powerful weapons, cut off from sources of supply, Wounded Knee sent out a cry for help. In response, the author and seven others organized a risky airlift. This is the story. Hardcover, \$10.00.

LIKE SPIRITS OF THE PAST TRYING TO BREAK OUT AND WALK TO THE WEST by Minerva Allen. Poems & stories by a young Assiniboine woman. \$3.50.

PEOPLE OF THE DEER by Farley Mowat. Traces the story of the destruction of the Ihalmiut — the inland People of Canada's Great Barrens. An indignant tale about the invader and his insensitivity. \$1.25.

THE ORIGINAL AMERICAN: U.S. INDIANS. A Minority Rights Group Report. Life for the native peoples from pre-Columbian times to today, and the machinations of the U.S. Government. Reports on those doings and the new voices, as seen from a British perspective — and they see it fairly clearly. \$1.50.

TURKEY BROTHERS AND OTHER IROQUOIS FOLK STORIES as told by poet Joseph Bruchac. Illustrated by Kahonhes. Listen to what the animals have to say to us, and learn from them. An excellent children's book. \$3.95.

ACTS OF THE APOSTLES AND EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS IN THE MOHAWK LANGUAGE (1835) translated by H.A. Hill. University of Northern Colorado Linguistic Series No. 3. One of the few things in print in the Mohawk Language. \$2.50.

WHITE SAVAGE: The Case of John Dunn Hunter. Was he kidnapped as a child by the Osage? He desired to save the native peoples from genocide, and established the "Red And White Republic of Fredonia" as a refuge. He was murdered while rallying arms to this cause. Or is this all a hoax? Clever detective work by Richard Drinnon to reveal some little known native history. Hardcover, \$4.98.

WITH MAGAZINE. A special issue of a journal for young people by the Mennonite Church. Words of native peoples, spoken gently and wisely. Highly recommended. A good classroom reader. 75 cents.

ZUNI FETISHES by Frank Hamilton Cushing. A reproduction of the 1880-81 article in the Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution. Well illustrated. \$3.00.

ONCE AGAIN AVAILABLE

PENOBSCOT MAN by Frank G. Speck. The story of Penobscot life: shelter, hunting, fishing, travel, food, arts and social life. Hardcover only, \$12.50.

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THE NATIONS

THE IROQUOIS IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION by Barbara Graymount. "The Iroquois had tried to honor their agreements with both sides, but were only exploited and betrayed in return." Interesting data in this scholarly work. Hardcover, 296 p., \$13.00.

THE IROQUOIS CEREMONIAL OF MID-WINTER by Elizabeth Tooker. An analysis of the Midwinter providing insight into the meaning of the most intricate celebration of the Iroquois as seen by an anthropologist, not a participant. Hardcover, \$11.50.

LEAGUE OF THE IROQUOIS by Lewis Henry Morgan. One of the best general books, published well over 100 years ago. 477 pages, illustrated. \$4.95.

PARKER ON THE IROQUOIS edited by William Fenton. Three Monographs by Arthur C. Parker, Seneca folklorist, author, ethnologist, historian. "Iroquois Uses of Maize and Other Food Plants", "The Code of Handsome Lake", "The Constitution of The Five Nations". \$4.95.

THE NAVAHO by Clyde Kluckhohn & Dorothea Leighton. The history, economics, religion and social structure of a People. \$2.95.

THE OMAHA TRIBE [Vol. I & II] by Alice C. Fletcher & Francis LaFlesche. A classic treatise first published in 1911, based on 29 years study and observation. Vol. I is devoted to tribal history, environment, food, the sacred pole. Vol. II considers social life, music, warfare, healing, religion, language, and post-invasion history. \$3.50 for each volume.

THE OJIBWA WOMAN by Ruth Landes. An ethnological field study on village and tribal life in Western Ontario. Shows how social patterns are related to male and female concepts of identity. \$2.95.

THE INDIANS OF THE WESTERN GREAT LAKES 1615-1760 by W. Vernon Kinietz. The story of the Huron, Miami, Ottawa, Potawatomi, and Chippewa people in the years before the invasion changed the pattern of life. An excellent study. 427 p., \$2.95.

THE CHEYENNE INDIANS [Vol. I & II] by George Bird Grinnell. A classic work first published in 1923. Vol. 1 includes history, old time ways, village life, social organization, the boy and the girl, women, subsistence, amusements & government. Vol. II includes protection, religion, healing, ceremonies, culture heroes and notes on songs. Each volume: \$4.50.

BEFORE & AFTER THE INVASION

THE AZTEC: MAN AND TRIBE by Victor W. Von Hagen. "They made themselves in a relatively short time heirs of thousands of years of culture even greater than their own, a culture which was adopted and assimilated by them. 55 drawings, 8 pages of photos. \$1.25.

REALM OF THE INCAS by Victor W. Von Hagen. The engrossing history of the vast nation linking more than two-million people in a complex state: their art, agricultural projects, engineering, and downfall. 50 drawings, maps & photos. \$1.50.

AZTECS OF MEXICO by G.C. Vaillant. An excellent introduction to the study of this complex culture, with 51 text illustrations, 64 pages of photos, & bibliography. 363 pages. \$3.95.

THE ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS OF PERU by J. Alden Mason. A summary of present knowledge of the Incas and the cultures that preceded them, detailing history, economic life, public works, social organization, government, religion, arts. 64 pages of photos. 335 p., \$5.95.

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WILDERNESS MESSIAH by Thomas Henry. The story of the founders of the League of the Great Peace, the Iroquois Confederacy, one of the few pure republics the world has known. Hardcover, \$1.98.

THE CANADIAN INDIAN: A HISTORY SINCE 1500 by E. Palmer Patterson II. An unemotional lucid account of Canada's original People from earliest contact to current struggle. \$3.00.

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INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA by Harold E. Driver. A complete, highly-regarded overall survey of North America's nations. 632 p., \$7.95.

AMERICAN EPIC by Alice Marriott & Carol R. Rachlin. A history of the People. \$1.50.

KARNEE: A PAIUTE NARRATIVE by Lalla Scott. Paiute life before and after the invasion as described by a woman deserted by her white rancher father, and who chose the world of her native mother. 95 cents.

THE NETSILIK ESKIMO by Asen Balikci. The story of the People of the Seal, "human society in a most extreme condition, life pushed into a corner that makes Thoreau's hut a Hilton Suite." (Harpers). \$4.50.

THE RAIN DANCE PEOPLE by Richard Erdoes. A book about the Pueblo People who speak for themselves simply and eloquently, forming a powerful picture of a people struggling to preserve identity despite oppression. Hardcover, \$7.95.

PEOPLE OF THE DREAM by James Forman. Based on the tragic last days of Nez Perce freedom. Hardcover \$4.95, paperback 95 cents.

THE SAN CARLOS STORY / SAN CARLOS UPDATE by Joel Nilsson. A series of 12 articles written in 1974-5 about conditions on the San Carlos Apache Reservation. Conflicts with government, police, corruption, alcohol, desecrations. \$1.75.

THE NEW INDIANS by Stan Steiner. "In this rich collection of incidents, anecdotes, and most important, individual portraits, we see the beginnings of a remarkable renaissance." [The Los Angeles Times]. \$2.65.

THE VANISHING WHITE MAN by Stan Steiner. Highly recommended. To educate your friends, family, students, enemies — after you have given them a subscription to AKWESASNE NOTES, try this. Hardcover only, \$10.95.

I HAVE SPOKEN compiled by Virginia Irving Armstrong. A collection of oratory of the People from the 17th to the 20th Centuries, concentrating on speeches focusing around Indian-white relationships. \$2.95.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS AND HOW TO MAKE THEM

CRAFT MANUAL OF YUKON TLINGIT by George M. White. Stories, carving, dolls, moccasins, boat models, traps, weapons, tools, belts, headbands, snowshoes, and other Tlingit crafts with photos and drawings. \$1.95.

CRAFT MANUAL OF NORTHWEST INDIAN BEADING by George M. White. 163 pages of information and instructions, diagrams, drawings, photos, many in color. \$5.95.

CRAFT MANUAL OF NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN FOOTWEAR by George M. White. How to make 26 different types of moccasins with clear drawings & diagrams. \$2.25.

THIS IS A LIST OF FIFTY BOOKS, AVAILABLE IN SOFT COVER, WHICH WE REGARD AS A "BASIC LIBRARY"

All books are available from AKWESASNE NOTES, Mohawk Nation, via Roosevelttown, N.Y. 13683, individually. The entire collection is available for \$105 plus \$2 packing and shipping, a savings on the list prices which total nearly \$130. We reserve the right to make an occasional substitution.

We welcome suggestions and criticisms of this list, i.e., the names or books readers feel should be part of the basic library, or titles listed here which you feel should not be on a "Basic Library" list.

The purchase of a basic library is an excellent way for a school, library, urban center, or native organization to set up a special shelf of top-notch reading material.

Alcatraz Is Not An Island, edited by Peter Blue Cloud. Indians of All Tribes. \$3.95.
American Heritage Book of Indians by Wm. Brandon. \$1.25.
BIA I'm Not Your Indian Anymore. Akwesasne Notes. \$1.95.
Ashini by Yves Theriault. \$2.50.
Black Elk Speaks by John G. Neihardt. \$1.95.
Book of the Hopi by Frank Waters. \$1.95.
Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee by Dee Brown. \$2.50.
Come To Power, edited by Dick Lourie. \$3.95.
Custer Died For Your Sins, by Vine Deloria, Jr. \$1.50.
Death And Rebirth of The Seneca Nation by Anthony F.C. Wallace. \$3.95.
Great Law of Peace: The Iroquois Constitution. \$1.00.
Harpoon Of The Hunter by Markoosie. \$2.25.
History of the Five Indian Nations by Cadwallader Colden. \$2.95.
Hopi Prophecy by Dan Katchongva. \$1.00.
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Tewa World by Alfonso Ortiz. \$2.95.
There Is My People Sleeping by Sarain Stump. \$2.95.
Uncommon Controversy, by American Friends Service Committee. \$2.95.
Voices From Wounded Knee. Akwesasne Notes. \$4.95.
The Way, by Stan Steiner and Shirley Hill Witt. \$3.95.
We Talk, You Listen by Vine Deloria, Jr., \$.95.
When the Legends Die, by Hal Borland. \$1.25.
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RESOURCES

WHOLESALE CRAFTS

Mohawk basketmakers keep turning out fine baskets of many sizes and shapes, using black ash splint and sweetgrass, local materials. Basketmaking is one of many old and useful traditions among the native people that has survived into today, and may help us to survive into tomorrow. Some of the designs go into the distant past: the pack-basket, corn-washing basket, storage baskets. Others are more fancy: sewing baskets, kettle baskets, pin-cushions, strawberry baskets. They range in size from the tiny thimble basket to the 24"-high packbasket.

There is also beadwork: nice earrings, necklaces, hair-ties, chokers and others. Leatherwork is limited, but sometimes is available.

Most are one-of-a-kind items too difficult to catalog. While we can fill some individual orders, we highly recommend the crafts on a discount basis for fund-raising for a church bazaar, powwow, trading post, coffee party, etc. Order a 30-day consignment by making a deposit of 50%. A typical consignment would have a retail value of \$133. Your price would be \$100, plus about \$2 shipping. Before the end of 30 days, you can return any unsold items, and pay only for those sold. Order from:

Kaientares
AKWESASNE NOTES
Mohawk Nation
via Rooseveltown, N.Y. 13683

INDIAN TOBACCO

KINNI-KINNICK — blends of herbal ingredients and fine tobaccos — is available from AKWESASNE NOTES. It is mixed, packed, and shipped at Akwesasne. There is a brochure on the six available blends, but the best way to try it is to order 2-ounce samplers. They are \$1.15 each, or 3 for \$3.15, postpaid. Test them out to find a favorite for re-ordering in ¼-pound or ½-pound pouches.

Each blend of KINNI-KINNICK is representative of the old mixtures for social smoking. The blends we have:

Eastern Woodlands
Thousand Campfires
Old Chippewa Straight
Mohawk
Western Plains
Northwest Coast

One blend, Old Chippewa Straight, contains no tobaccos — just barks, roots, leaves, herbs. Great for people who can't quite quit smoking.

For tobacco shops, commercial outlets, or for fund raising by groups, we suggest a sample shipment of six two-ounce pouches of each of the six blends for \$25 postpaid. That's a 1/3 discount. Returns permitted anytime.

Order from:

Kaherahare
AKWESASNE NOTES
Mohawk Nation
via Rooseveltown, N.Y. 13683

GUATEMALA CRAFTS

These Mayan crafts from Guatemala are being made available to North American peoples, to aid families which depend upon this market for their total cash income. We feel it is important to help in this way, and to make available to native and natural people of North America these beautiful handmade textiles to increase our own consciousness that it is possible to make such beautiful things with our own energies and the gifts of the Creation.

All of these are beautiful gifts or special treats for yourselves or your homes. Some are one-of-a-kind, while others are available in quantity. They are available on a first-come, first-serve basis. Please indicate what we should do if your order is not in stock: make a substitute, or wait until the item is available, or return your money.

All items must be prepaid and are sent at the prices listed, plus cost of shipping for which you should add \$1 or so. If you are not completely satisfied, you may return the item to us by insured mail or UPS for a full refund.

Wholesale inquiries are invited for prepaid orders.

All funds realized go to Mayan weavers in Guatemala, or into AKWESASNE NOTES projects benefitting Guatemalan native peoples.

In addition to the items listed here, our friends in Guatemala are shipping other items each month. If you order "something beautiful" — surprise me", we will.

COIN PURSES. Two sizes, each of strong colorful fabric with a zipper. \$2 and \$3.

SASH: multi-colored, predominately red, approximately 4½ feet long. A nice gift. Very strong. \$4.

BEAUTIFUL SMALL WALL-HANGINGS in several bright colors. Approximately 8 inches by 8 inches. \$2.75.

DOUBLE LONG DECORATIVE CLOTH: black, with bright embroidery. \$22.

LONG DECORATIVE CLOTH: for the back of a couch, or table center. Red, with butterfly designs. \$18.

WALLHANGINGS: over three feet long tapestry, predominately green with bright designs. Other colors available. \$13.50.

SERVING CLOTHS: for bread baskets, table settings, end tables, dresser tops. Predominately black with attractive designs embroidered. Another kind is of various colors. Please specify. \$6.

BELTS: very strong, approximately 1" x 36". Beautiful colors and designs. Can also be used as a headband or hatband, or for trim. \$4.

WALLHANGINGS with quetzal bird design. Brightly colored, 5" wide x 2½ feet in length. \$4.

TWO SPECIAL ITEMS

MAYAN BLANKETS: We made a mistake on the price in our last issue. The blankets are a bargain at the \$50 listed, but in fact, we are asking just \$40. Beautiful, thick, warm blankets, made of new wool with Mayan designs. Equal in quality to fancy high-priced blankets sold in the best shops. Durable enough for a bedroll, and yet soft enough to sleep in. These blankets are woven on a large loom, brushed with thistles, shrunk in a hot volcanic stream, and prepared by a Mayan family especially for AKWESASNE NOTES people. 58 x 86 inches. And a bargain at \$40.

COLORFUL SASHES: Brightly-colored narrow stripes, strong enough to give real back support. Can be worn by men or women. About 6 inches wide by 50 inches long, with embroidered design and tassels at one end. Woven on back-strap loom. Very durable. \$7.

POSTERS



Chief Joseph



Wounded Knee



Zuni Governor



Sitting Bull



Three Sisters



Grandma Hunter



Poundmaker



Shackled Native



Family Portrait



Three Horsemen



Fire Carrier



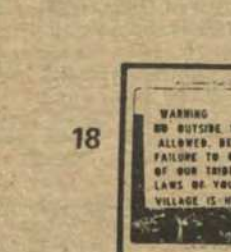
Dan Katchongva



Our Ideas



Statue of Liberty



Signs of the Times



Flathead Chief



Rush Gatherer



Bear-Belly



22. Campesinos



Wintu Woman



Shrine of Hypocrisy



25. Circle of Life



26. Crow Dog



27. Blackfoot Chief



29. The Things That Are Ours

30. Painted Tipi

31. Unity Under The Creation (this issue)

14. Ganieneh Poster

In each issue of AKWESASNE NOTES, there is a centerfold poster. The entire series is available printed on heavy poster paper of various colors. They are 17 x 22 inches. Any combination of posters is available at 3 for \$1 or 50 cents each, plus 25 cents for a cardboard mailing tube. One poster, "Splinters of the Tree" (28) is in four colors and is \$1 each. We reserve the right to substitute in selections of posters when we are out of stock. The posters are also excellent fund-raising items for schools, groups, fairs, powwows — 100 can be shipped, an assortment, for \$25. Order from: AKWESASNE NOTES, Mohawk Nation, via Rooseveltown, N.Y. 13683.

Comments



Remembering Who We Are

NOTES: Since the Empire seized control of all the media and the educational facilities, all understanding of America has passed away. Recently, a "constitutional expert" began his article by saying, "We have no idea of the basic assumptions behind the Constitution."

There is a very simply way to restore order to America, and that is to restore what is missing in American history. Amnesia is a kind of madness.

Yes, we took the habeas corpus and trial by jury from [England's] Magna Carta, but if we were able to live under the Constitution, we wouldn't need them. All the other rights of the Bill of Rights, as well as the divided powers and the basic institutions were enlarged out of the [People of the Longhouse's] Great Law of Peace — all those things which uniquely give Sovereignty to the People, all the things that provide the basis for legitimate diversity among people and the states.

It is somewhat preposterous to teach Americans the history of their country when on the first page, children find themselves transported to alien climes — Italy, Spain, England. The history is of America — it should therefore begin in America, [including] the founding of the Kaianarekowa [The Great Law of Peace]. I am well aware that this idea will strike historians as delirious.

[Meanwhile] every generation gets the treatment of re-cultivating old ethnic rancors instead of learning the high common ethnics we need to live together in peaceful diversity.

There is a hundred year gap, also, which mashes the Puritans in with the Revolution. Gone is the great change when Colonials, after the bloody massacres of Indians and the bloody witch-burnings, threw out theology and "went Indian" en masse. Where are the Deists and the Theists, the people who attended the Iroquois Councils at Onondaga for so many years, who watched grown-ups counselling together without turning every debate into a ball-game were fouls were all right as long as no one saw it? The last Puritan, Jonathan Edwards, spent his life trying to revive Christianity and died in 1758. Only 13% of the Colonials were even nominal Christians at the time of the Revolution.

And what do modern historians make of the Declaration of Independence, which addresses itself to Nature and Nature's God?

Nowhere in American history are we told that Jefferson's immigrant father, like so many others, held his farm according to Indian law — that passing bands could cross it, camp on it, eat of the fruit of it, socialize with the family. This influence on Jefferson's childhood is not mentioned. All the peaceful times with Indians are wiped off the books, along with their huge accultural power.

During World War II, we took in millions of European refugees. After the war, we imported thousands of intellectuals from all over the world in what was called "The Brain Drain" and they went straight into positions of authority in science, medicine, education and government. An immigrant may be intellectually convinced of America's feasibility, but it takes three generations to wipe out the old imprints. We are not acculturating them — they have recolonized us.

The Empire has profited enormously from it — because these people believed in Authoritarianism. We now have powerful hieratic religions, a Napoleonic Headquarters government, an economy of principalities, and a new patriarchal family. As usual, the Indians, because they are ruled by the Federal Government, are getting the business first, but the rest of us are also suffering expropriation, taxation, frustration and oppression.

Under these circumstances, where else can an American go — except to the Indians?

Joan Matheson
Valentine, Nebraska

The Civilization of Consumerism

NOTES: I hope that A. Berliner, author of "Mixed Viewpoint" [Early Autumn issue] re-reads the history of White settlement of the Americas: the immigrants came here to improve economic conditions, hence they were ready to squash anything that stood in their way, no matter the immigrants' background: poor, peasants, oppressed, civilisers, missionaries. Some of the whites may have been open-minded, but being a product of Western Civilization, their influence was infinitesimal.

I am a member of an oppressed minority — French Canadian — but our culture is oppressing the Indians, the James Bay People. Our materialistic system is a grinder of all it defines as "less developed". Unless we recognize that the civilization of consumerism — be it capitalism, socialism, communist or whatever — is the threat to any real way of life.

R. Yves Breton
Montreal, Quebec

Good For Sir William

I like AKWESASNE NOTES for its high level of accuracy, but on page 33, in the Ganiengehaga article, you refer to Sir William Johnson and Molly Brant's children, whom "he never recognized as his heirs." On the contrary — he very carefully divided the extensive land grant between the children of Catherine Weissenburg, Cawlyne's two and Molly's eight — carefully defining the lots and acreage. He was also careful to appoint guardians for the young ones.

Nancy Coy
Phoenix, Arizona

Accentuate The Positive

NOTES: I have been struck by the morbidity of your reports. You would think *nothing* ever good happened to the American Indian. I'm proud to have Indian blood in my ancestry, no matter how small, and all this "downer" reading is depressing.

You should put the positive outlook into your paper. We should all honor our ancestry and be proud of our heritage. But ways, means, methods of making it *today* are also needed.

You should print articles like in "Mother Earth News" but from a "brother's" view. Articles on how to get help that is available through the system. Articles on how to go about getting a job. Start from ground zero and work up. Search out scholarships, grants.

Always look to the positive. The way is open to all our people now more than ever and we should be taking advantage of it.

Swamp Possum
Flat Rock, North Carolina

The Original Undiscoverers

NOTES: In your Early Summer issue, you quote about "scientists make new discoveries in North America" and you credit "Dr. Richard Adams, anthropologist and leader that first discovered the find."

As you ought to know, these graves were known to local Indians — Vermilion Band, Poise Forte Band of Chippewa, also Crees. Indians left them alone for they were sacred. The first person other than Indians who found them was Norman Saari, a Finnish American of Ely, Minnesota, while he was guiding. He contacted my sons, James Gawboy, a game warden at Aurora, Minnesota, and Carl Gawboy, an artist of Ely, Minnesota. It was about three years ago that Saari told us of his find at our home and described it to us.

We Gawboys knew the white fellows had found the secrets of the sacred place. We urged him to contact the University of Minnesota and describe them to them. The brain trust told us there couldn't be any artifacts in northeast Minnesota because the glaciers would have ground everything up. The brainy boys huffed and snorted at Saari's find. Finally, they sent some students to look them over, and they surely looked old so they sent Dr. Adams to "discover" them.

Who knows — they may have been our grandfathers. Or maybe they were the Windigos, Mesabas, Ahgijahkunsag of the stories and legends of the Algonquins.

Robert Gawboy Sr.
Ely, Minnesota

Learning How To Help

NOTES: The letter from Scott Perez entitled "Encountering Racism Within Us" is all good and very nice, but what I'd like to know is, what exactly can these 'well-meaning' and 'good-hearted' whites who haven't done much to actually help — do to help? Now what can I do to help the American Indians? I've heard this from my native friends about whites not doing anything to help, but still no one comes out and says what they need done. If anyone has anything for these 'good-hearted' and 'well-meaning' whites to do, then stop beating around the bush and say so. Give us a chance. Open your eyes and acknowledge the fact that there are a lot of good honest white folk who aren't out to do you harm.

Golpher
San Diego, California

Fools Lead To The UN

NOTES: As a Teton Sioux, I am rather annoyed to see so many well-meaning Indians looking to the United Nations as a source of authority by which Indians may achieve "sovereignty". I know that Indians have long been void of constructive leadership, but I didn't know that they could be so easily led by fools.

Perhaps the Indian has learned nothing of the nature of the white man's problems, and this is why he is so prone to repeat the same mistakes. The white man has created his own problems by his eagerness to accept authority. The white man once lived in tribes, but set up larger and larger sources of authority until he was and is completely enslaved by a bureaucratic monster of his own making. As such, he remembers little of the true meaning of freedom.

Any structure which can help you to attain freedoms can also be used to restrict freedoms — the UN is potentially the largest regulatory structure this planet has ever known. Personally, I am interested in destroying sources of authority, and not chaining myself to them. To me, this is the real spirit of an Indian.

Terrence Oaks
Sepulveda, California

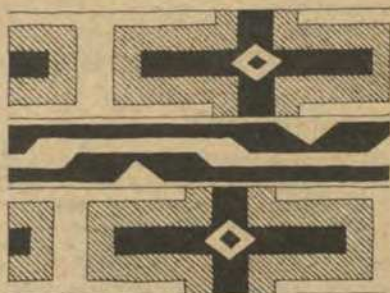
Nazis vs. Natural World People: Response to Frau Beyrich

Shocked & Embarrassed

NOTES: I was shocked and embarrassed to read that somebody compares the native idea of "unity in diversity" to Hitler's race theory! Yes, Nazism preached the "separation of the races", but not as equals. The Native and Nazi idea of "The People" are completely different. The Nazi idea was [is?] that the blonde, blue-eyed, tall Germans, the "Aryans", are the "superior People", while the Jews, Slav Peoples, the Gypsies, are "inferior Peoples" which may be exterminated if the superior People don't like them, i.e., if they have something the superior People wants — money, businesses, land. Of course, if you believe in and are part of the Superior People, then you can refer to John Trudell's words as Nazi ideology. But how can you confuse Hitler's ideas with Rarihokwats' idea of diversity — preserving the different cultures because each of them is equal to the others.

As for Mrs. Beyrich, you don't need to have been a member of the Nazi Party to think like a Nazi. I am ashamed that there are still people here in Germany who think like that. I don't want Native People to think that all Germans have the same ideas.

Sonnchild Richter
Germany



A World Which Didn't Exist

FRIENDS: Your Early Autumn issue is just as beautiful and interesting and heart-warming as ever. Except for Ms. Beyrich's letter, which I just can't let pass, although I do not wish to carry into NOTES the very German discussion as to whether Hitler was a criminal, a madman, both or neither.

"Hitler and his leaders made faults," Ms. Beyrich confesses. But dear Ms. Beyrich, a genocide is a genocide.

I'm sorry for Ms. Beyrich because she's living in an illusory world, a world which didn't even exist when she thinks it did, i.e., during the Third Reich.

Ellen Heinemann
West Germany

Sorrow and Rage

NOTES: I need to respond to the letter in the Early Autumn issue from Ursula Beyrich because it enrages me and fills me with the deepest sorrow. It would be simple to list the Nazi crimes against humanity, but I cannot believe Frau Beyrich does not know them and understand they are hideously real — too many victims survive to tell the story.

I remember Buchenwald and Bergen-Belsen just as I remember Sand Creek and Wounded Knee — and for as long as I live, I shall never permit her to forget.

Muriel Fine
Washington, D.C.



Another Dissent From Germany

NOTES: The answer to Mrs. Beyrich is a strong NO! With the best will, I cannot find similar points in the Nazi philosophy and in the Indian philosophy. Their structures are very different. Nazis were oriented to the Lord-Slave relationship, where native people have a Brother-Sister relation. Decisions are made by many people. To obey blindly would not occur to Indians. This is what the democratic and communistic systems want to reach after, but both are very far away from that aim today because only the vertical-structured communication is allowed and practised.

European philosophers Leibniz and Hegel argued that there are relations to, from and between everything all around. Literature from these and other philosophers were strictly forbidden during the Nazi time.

Pardon, Mrs. Beyrich, but these things must be said.

Margaret Selaskowski
Hamburg, Germany

No Wish To Be "Superperson!"

NOTES: I know about Nazism and Hitler from personal experiences. During the war, the inhabitants of my country, the Netherlands, were, in the view of Mr. Hitler and his fellow-bandits, of the same race as his one, and therefore we were, after the surrender of the main part of my country at 15 May, 1940, incorporated into the Great German Nation. In other words, the Nazis looked at us as real Germanic people, real Aryans, or as they called it, "Ueberschmische", which means "supermen".

I think it was very disappointing the "Herrnvolk" (Masterpeople) as the Germanic Nazis called themselves, that we didn't appreciate at all the idea of belonging to a super-race, with the rest of the world being "Untermensche" — lower, brutalized humanoides like Jews, Gypsies, Indians. We preferred to be Dutchmen. We thought we were only human beings. Not infallible, not without sins and failures, but only human beings. So we started the resistance against the poisoned mind and spirit of Nazism, which resistance for the mainpart was one of non-violence.

Thousands of my fellow-countrymen have suffered and died for that reason through German bullets. Innocent children and women suffered, starved, died, were killed as beasts in the name and by official order of Mr. Hitler, Mr. Himmler, Mr. Seyss-Inquart. Nice non-violent people, like my father, took the tremendous risk to hide Jews and "undergrounders" within their houses. I looked up to my father, notwithstanding our lack of food, notwithstanding the danger he brought for he symbolized to me the proudness of the free mind of my People.

Five long, long years we felt ... a cruel Nazi-boot on our necks. But all that injustice done to my people didn't break their spirit, didn't destroy their belief in humanity and personal rights. Therefore, I think I can feel so well the pressure of our "culture" upon the Indian Nations of America.

Therefore I reject the idea that the ancient holy symbols known to the People to make a world-wide war, a great destruction, under the holy Swastika. Unbelievable! Therefore I believe in the rights for every human being on our earth to keep his own thoughts, to be free in mind, to have his own religion and culture.

Dick de Soeten
Utrecht, The Netherlands



An Impertinent Comparison

FOLKS: With astonishment we read the letter of Mrs. Beyrich. It is quite ridiculous that someone seriously believes to see any common thoughts between Indian and Nazi ideology. Mrs. Beyrich quoted John Trudell without making a difference between life for all peoples and life for one people and slavery or extermination for all others.

We regard it as being quite impertinent to draw any comparison between Indians and Nazis. We regard it as an insult for any Indian, and for anybody who supports the Indian's struggle for freedom and human rights.

Jutta Leithardt
Initiativgruppe Indianer Koblenz
West Germany



Meanwhile, Back At The Ranch . .

NOTES: I write brothers in five different prisons, and I have started to see what we can do as a nation against Nazi-like treatment of native peoples by sadistic guards and incompetent wardens who play God and little tin soldiers.

I wish for all Peoples everywhere to pray with me for guidance and the way to tear down this kind of system and give our people a chance. May the Great Spirit be with you all,

Nakonia Bourdo
Wilbraham, Massachusetts



Signs Of The Times

NOTES: I am a 3rd grade schoolteacher who has loved studying native American culture for many years. I was wondering if you could help me with this problem.

A year ago, I decided to learn Plains Indian Sign Language so I could teach it to my pupils. I purchased two books on it, and soon I was so fascinated by all the signs and pictographs, I learned by heart every single one.

What I need now is someone to talk sign language with so I can stay in practice and even increase my speed.

Nathan Annenberg
New York, N.Y.

Aw, Shucks . . .

NOTES: Just glancing through the last issue of NOTES. I think it has become the best newspaper in the country. The balance of hard news, poetry, history, reviews and the fine layout and graphics are positively brilliant. And most importantly, where else can one find such complete coverage of native American news and struggles? May you grow even stronger in the new year.

Phyllis Brachman
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania



Being Black In America

NOTES: It is Thanksgiving, 1976, and I have been reading AKWESASNE NOTES, and I am a black american living in New Orleans. Somewhere there is irony in all this, for if Thanksgiving symbolizes anything it ritualizes the historical exploitation and genocide against the native american peoples.

If AKWESASNE NOTES symbolizes anything, it is the growing consciousness among native americans that they have been systematically & purposefully exploited and the historically important beginnings of a coordinated movement to counteract that exploitation.

And if being black in america and writing AKWESASNE NOTES in a spirit of brotherhood and friendship symbolizes anything it means that black americans must recognize that we & native americans are in the same boat in america, we face the same historical exploitation, the same lies, the same roadblocks along the way to peoplehood & powerhood.

Thanksgiving is a day of ironies, but for each step forward toward consciousness and effective union of the exploited, disenfranchised people of america, for this we can give thanks.

Tom Dent
New Orleans, Louisiana

[Tom Dent is a noted black poet whose words give meaning and spirit to his people's lives. The Editors.]



Flowering Tree Of Many Colors

TO THE PEOPLE: I am full-blooded white in this life, but I have a very deep concern in the ways of the traditional American Indian. A great, subconscious collective power is generating in white and native blood. A tuning is taking place in which, as has been prophesied, the native Indian Spirit is returning to the People. The Flowering Tree is blooming again.

Michael Thomas Parks
Austin, Texas

Bummed Out On Court Cases

NOTES: I hope you will consider increasing the amount of articles on traditional Indian beliefs and attitudes. I personally feel that NOTES publishes court cases a little too much. I get very negative feelings when I read about all the court cases. I hope that you might emphasize the traditions to give NOTES more of a positive position. The relating of traditional attitudes should be a prime concern.

Scott Chausse
Lakewood, Colorado

:LETTERS:

Learning To See Creation

NOTES: You have helped me to keep things in perspective. Seeing the Natural Way, the paths that have heart, is not easy in this time. It is a great reward to be able to read the words of those who are on such paths, and it is encouraging to read the letters of those who are seeing the Natural Way for the first time.

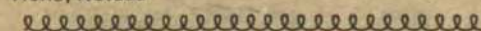
I want to thank NOTES for providing a voice by which native and natural peoples alike can talk with, listen to, grow and develop through each other. I hope, in time, the people from all the directions can see the Creation and themselves in it. I hope we can all see we are spokes in the Great Wheel, and that we all meet in the Center.

George Kaemmerer
Hubertus, Wisconsin

Greetings From A Grandmother

FRIENDS: Please renew my subscription. I am 90 years old, white, and burdened by the debt my race owes yours. Everytime I look at an Indian, I am ashamed of my white skin.

Mrs. Linnet Pratt
Reno, Nevada



Who's American?

NOTES: I wish this farce of calling the whites "Americans" should be stopped, being they are not Americans. Americans aren't white, but brown — and we didn't come from Europe. We were here way before the whites arrived, thousands of years ago when the continents were joined with the African continent. We are not Asiatics as the anthropologists claim. We don't eat with chopsticks. We are our own people, our own image.

We speak American languages — Nautl, Aztec, Mayan, Quechua, Siouan, Yuman, Zunian, Keresan, Caddoan and many others.

The Europeans want us to represent ourselves as Anglo-Saxons and this is impossible.

Xavier Bautista
West Covina, California

The Earth Is My Flesh The Wind Is My Breath The Water Is My Blood The Sun Is My Spirit

BROTHERS & SISTERS: I hope this finds all of you in strong spirit and fully prepared for winter. The need to write and communicate has been within me for two years. In return for all that you have given me, I have given you my all, my heart, my spirit, my love, time, devotion, prayers and now my written word.

Travelling through the land in rhythm and harmony has given an awareness, a perception, and an ability to see — to see the cities as reservations, schools as prisons, supermarkets taking away our food, our power. "Civilization" as viewed by Western thought divorces us from Nature, makes us fight it, instead of living in harmony with it. That is where our power comes from, the vibrations of the earth, food grown from her goodness, sparked with true solar energy, pure water and real earth — not the plastic pseudo-culture, rammed down our throats for all our lives in the name of life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness. For their reality we have monsters that spit poison into the air, bombs that are capable of destroying the world. Reality is fear, plastic, war, repression, state police, police state, hate, Pepsi it's the "Real" thing. You know all about it.

From the word go, our children are registered, fingerprinted, given a number, ID card, a role to follow (boys get one, girls another, blue & pink, dolls & guns, doctor man & nurse woman).

Why do we have to run their factories, offices, mines & wars? Why do we have to buy their reality, when the reality of nature is free?

The power is within, and it is that power which ties us cosmically to the universe. There are many universes within our bodies, and many universes contained in the cosmos. All are related, Love — the love the sun has for the earth, the love of the rocks to give themselves for soil, the soil to the plants, the plants to animals. We human beings, we use it all. The air, the earth, the waters, the plants, animals, birds, fish — and what do we give back? Polluted rivers, air, oceans, stripmines, barbed wire, prisons for animals, evil vile congested living arrangements, poor people, atomic bombs, napalm, torture, sadness, falsehoods, lies, illness and a rushed hurried world.

The truth cannot be hidden behind new coats of redwhiteandblue. The wheels of change turn strong and slow, but with truth, the wheel will go. Love will guide, evil will move aside. Our strength comes from the sun — we will be one. The Sacred Hoop will again be together, to join the People in love forever. Venceremos!

Joe Liska
Mexico

Beyond The Anger & The Tears

NOTES: After reading NOTES, I feel in some way changed. It's like being with people who are sharing something or teaching you directly. Sometimes I can even get beyond the anger and the tears. You're doing a beautiful thing.

Rema Loeb
Vestal, New York

Helping Where Help's Needed

NOTES: Would/could you print a survey of groups claiming to serve the needs of native Americans? Such a survey would examine each group's organization and function in terms of a few key questions, and would also give a clear impression of what interests the group actually serves. Then readers with extra money could make an intelligent choice based on the information presented.

Dave Nuttall
Wilmington, Delaware

[While there are some worthwhile groups raising funds, there are also others who use charitable appeals to aid missionary efforts, or who build establishment administrations with only portions of funds going to the intended beneficiaries. Our suggestion to NOTES readers is that they examine each issue they receive, and find one grassroots cause to identify with and support it with a check and a letter of encouragement. It's at the roots that the aid is often most sorely needed, and where a \$10 bill goes a long ways. The Editors.]



Wimmin In The Movement

NOTES: Your newspaper has the spiritual basis and gives information from the perspective I feel most sisterly to of any movement that is not solely wimmin.

I am a radical lesbian, which means to me that I am wimmin-identified, as you are native-identified. I see Amerika, capitalism, and the whole western tradition of acquisition of material wealth as resting on the exploitation of Mother Earth, Third World peoples, and wimmin. It is a crucial concept for all those working for liberation to recognize that wimmin's unpaid work and devalued status is one of the major cornerstones on which capitalism rests.

I strongly identified with Carter Camp's statement in the Early Autumn '76 issue. Just as native Americans are realizing that to "free yourselves from the yoke of oppression you must ally yourselves with those people who are struggling round the globe against imperialist aggression", so many wimmin-identified wimmin are trying to ally ourselves with all poor and oppressed people fighting for self-determination.

My main criticism of your newspaper is that in it, wimmin are mentioned almost solely as FBI agents or wives.

In Western tradition (materialized in Amerikan cities), the nurturing, rejuvenating cyclic female principle has been smothered by the unchecked male drive to dominate and control nature. I feel that because of the spiritual truths that native Peoples have retained, there is in your movement a strong respect for the female principle. But, as Western tradition has seeped into all of us, I think that all struggling men need to be conscious of the privilege and status that capitalism grants them in order to keep wimmin oppressed and the system afloat. For the men who read this letter, you may judge your own investment in the system by how threatened you feel by the concept of wimmin organizing together as wimmin.

I feel that wimmin have within our souls knowledge about survival and being in harmony with the earth that has been suppressed for so long it almost seems forgotten. But when wimmin unite and create spaces that are secure from patriarchal invasion, we remember. Our memory is vital to all beings on earth, and we are becoming militant in our demands for unity, autonomy, and self-determination.

I especially like your information about Guatemala, and the good coverage of native prisoners of war. I respect the strength you receive from your spiritual/cultural heritage to persevere with real militant political activism.

I would like response from readers. Love and strength in struggle,
Clare Thornapple
St. Louis, Missouri

And Thanks For The Airlift

NOTES: Over the years, you have been a beacon of integrity and thoroughness to those of us who are removed from immediate day-to-day contact with Indian affairs. We depend on the NOTES, and thanks to you, they are never a disappointment. We all owe you a great deal.

Bill Zimmerman
Santa Monica, California

[Bill Zimmerman is the author of the just-published "Airlift To Wounded Knee", an exciting account of the drop of food to the Independent Oglala Nation at Wounded Knee, 1973. The book was written to bring the story of Wounded Knee and the struggle for treaty rights to as many people as possible. It is published by Swallow Press, and is available from AKWESASNE NOTES in hardcover format for \$10. The Editors.]



Voices From Wounded Knee

NOTES: We the residents of Wounded Knee wish to ask that people please stop sending any more funds, furniture, food, to any organization saying that they are representing or set up to help the Wounded Knee residents. Since the massacre of the Big Foot Band in 1890, people have collected all sorts of funds imaginable with only a few selected persons receiving some of these, usually either relatives or friends of these groups collecting funds.

Now this criminal operation has stepped up and church groups are now aiding Wounded Knee resident groups, all using our name to fill their wallets. This is the result of the occupation in 1973, here at Wounded Knee by AIM forces. We still have no grocery store, gasoline station, or employing company. We have to go to towns 17 miles away for anything we need. A pack of cigarettes costs 45 cents for the cigarettes and approximately \$5 for the mileage. This is the help we are getting today, three years after the Wounded Knee occupation of AIM and U.S. Government forces.

Now the Tribal Government wishes to buy the land surrounding our homes to turn it into a National Park, because of the massacre of 1890 and the battle of 1973. This could mean that we will have to move off our land.

If there are any funds wished for us, it should be sent to Wounded Knee Battlefield Community Council, Wounded Knee, South Dakota 57794. We are presently trying to get a gas station and grocery store.

Florine Hollow Horn, President
Claudia Sully, Secretary
Wounded Knee, South Dakota 57794

The Rocky Road To Harmony

NOTES: I realize the necessity for Third World separatism to prune away the decades and centuries of racist lies and evangelical corruption. It is painful for some of us, this rocky, winding "non-instant" trail toward harmony. In the face of this, the openness of many American Indian teachers to those of other backgrounds who are sincere in their wish to learn tribal ways is deeply appreciated.

I believe in my heart that sovereignty will come as America wipes off her dusty mirror and finally looks herself in the face, as native people reabsorb their pure traditions and tap into the Ultimate Power, as artificial boundaries dissolve and Mother Earth proclaims what is real.

Sharon Skolnick
San Francisco, California

At The Winter Solstice

FRIENDS: At this time of winter solstice, I let you have my heart-best wishes for a Happy New Year. Our Germanic and pre-Germanic ancestors had nothing to do with Christmas. The celebrated winter solstice, 21 December (or our old name, Julmond) started out 12 days of holy rites. There was Earth Mother and Sky Father and their son, who was/is the keeper of order, the soul guide, and year-leader of the world. He passes through the seasons, and is symbolized as the Cross after his completed cycle [connecting the sunrises and sunsets of solstices and equinoxes forms a cross]. He then re-enters the womb of Earth Mother and is reborn on winter-solstice to begin the round of a new year.

If you come to Europe, you should try to visit the "European Collection for the Knowledge of Primal Community", Gerichtsweg 9, Marburg/Lahn, West Germany. The chairman of the institution is Prof. Dr. Herman Wirth.

Roland Winkler
Germany

Balanced Between Terror & Hope

NOTES: I guess if I had to choose one publication, it would be AKWESASNE NOTES, because it breathes a balance between the terror of the times and hope for the future — for all of us. Blessings on all of you and your work.

Elizabeth Greenhaves
Halifax, Nova Scotia

A Thousand Years From Now

NOTES: Perhaps a thousand years from now, the Indian People will look back and a father will say to his son: "You know, son, a thousand years ago, your People had come to live in bad misfortune: alcoholism, drugs, many diseases physical and spiritual brought much ruin to them. Strangers were forcing them to accept a way of life to which they could not become adjusted because they thought and believed different. Many died, many became crippled in body and spirit, many hearts were broken and families split. Unhappiness was everywhere and hopelessness became their daily bread. In the confusion which they saw all around them in their own country, and in the whole world, they just couldn't make any sense of their future."

But as the sun sets in the evening, so it must rise again in the morning. And since the sun of the Indian had long disappeared behind the horizon, and they had lived in night for hundreds of years, so it was time for it to rise again on the horizon and shine as it had before.

The sun rose slowly. Many did not see it, because it first shone in the heart of the Indian. The many poisons had not killed the spirit, so it recovered and became strong again. Many visions appeared to the people and the sun of hope, of peace, and courage kept on shining and nourishing the barren, scarred ground of the heart, where for many moons barely enough had grown for mere survival and existence. The soil of the heart became good and strong. It started to reject the artificial chemicals like alcohol, drugs, and many material things which it did not need. Only the wholesome rain, wind and sun of the Great Spirit was accepted.

"Now you must know, son, that at that time, the world was in great danger and the possibility of total destruction was always present with the people. There were many wars fought all over the face of the earth, and all that children could inherit was uncertainty."

"When the hearts of the people changed, many stood as the old leaders had stood, tall and proud. But in their faces, there was a love that had not been there before. They had not only conquered and learned to live with nature, but had risen above all troubles by the aid of the Great Spirit."

Many people began to see the change and new glory of the Indian who wore the colourful clothing of their forefathers again, and used many traditions in their daily life. Many came to see the "miracle" and they sought guidance and wanted to partake of the spiritual harvest of our people. Then our people were asked to travel and teach people all over the world. It was a splendid sunrise, son."

Max Bossi
Winnipeg, Manitoba

From Europe's Natural People

NOTES: I belong to a people struggling for autonomy in "Rheinland". The people of Rheinland speak their own language, have their own culture and traditions, but in history, they've been always suppressed by France and Germany. The indigenous people here too struggle for their rights and individuality.

Buddy Bardenberg
Germany

The Dene Nation Comes Together

BROTHERS & SISTERS: We of the Dene Nation are going back to the Old Ways. We are tired of talk and tired of the corruption within the cities and the rape of Mother Earth. Time is running short for everyone — even us. That is why we are turning to all of you for support, spiritually as well as materially.

We are now trying to live in a traditional way out of reach of society. We live at Carswell Lake in northern Saskatchewan. We trap, hunt and fish to survive. The only way into our camp is by plane or by boat. We are trying to live a good life. But now once again we are up against the white man who does not understand us, our ways, or the land.

A French mining company, Amak, backed by U.S. capital, has decided that uranium is to be had from our land. Not only our land, but the land of our ancestors from the beginning, whose spirits are still there, a land that was not to be bothered, a land that our family had a deed to long ago, a land that until recently was respected and kept in harmony. Now more and more mining camps are moving in to dig up this uranium.

We know that this is bad, not only because taking away from the Earth without putting something back is bad, but also because uranium is one of the major elements used in the making of atomic bombs which in the end will destroy all of the Earth. Therefore we must stand up and put an end to their illegal squatting on and destruction of our land. We need the support of our brothers and sisters from all over, your ideas, prayers, donations, literature.

We would like to receive newspapers from all over so we can be informed on all that is going on around us. We would like news from other struggling and natural peoples. Send them to us through:

Peter Deranger
10015 McDonald Ave.
Fort McMurray, Alberta

Wandering River
Saskatchewan

Selling Holy Ground

NOTES: We need help now. The tribal government is sending out questionnaires to people to see if they want to sell the Black Hills. A lot of Indians are only interested in money for cars and liquor — then they go broke.

They don't understand that the Holy White Buffalo Calf Woman brought our Sacred Pipe to the Black Hills, where the Indians camped. That's why those of us who know this say Black Hills is our Sacred Ground, our Church.

As a member of the Lakota Treaty Council, I'll ask you to help us. People read your paper.

Claudia Iron Hawk Sully
Wounded Knee, South Dakota

Let's We Forget

NOTES: My People cannot understand what booze is doing to them. Pretty soon the booze will take over the reservation and then we will say, "What happened to our reservation?" It already took over our people from their mankind as an Indian.

I can see what booze is doing to my brothers and sisters. Seeing them behind bars makes my tears roll down to my toe. When I see my brothers and sisters going to sleep and then never waking up because they had too much booze to drink that night makes me think — not just think for a minute. I think about it so much.

Well, anyway, I for one would like to see my native people stop drinking and stand up to be a proud Indian, not a dam drunk.

Edmund Francis
Big Cove, Micmac Nation



On Being Part Of The Change

GREETINGS: I am very pleased to have read in your last issue this short part of a letter: "I want to be part of the change, but don't know where to look or turn anymore."

I'm a Native-Alaskan and indeed, we're going through instantaneous changes and decisions in an ever-changing Alaska, set-up by "big government", big monolithic Teamsters-organization, and lastly, organized crime. All these changes supposedly is to help benefit Alaskans to get ahead in a prestigious way of life.

I don't like what I see and hear. I was one of the silent ones for many empty years. The things I had to contribute from my heart and mind were kept hidden deep inside of me. I was afraid to say anything. All of this has changed, now, since I have worked with other Native-Alaskans, making them more aware.

A lot of the Native organizations are run by the white government with white employees, with natives as puppets. A lot of us are afraid to do something about it because of family or threats.

Many of us are strong-minded and we have the will to strive, struggle and fight for a universal cause, and to awaken others from blindness and darkness hiding the truth.

Bob Torres
Anchorage, Alaska

The Struggles Of Other Peoples

PEOPLE: NOTES gets better and better — but I beg you to give space, recognition and some comfort from facts of other peoples whose struggles are similar to yours. Colour makes no difference to either church or state in exploitation and colonization. It should NOT make so much difference to you brown People that you reject us who are products of even lengthier tortures.

I speak specifically of my people, the Irish. We fought, starved, and suffered for ten centuries! We were shipped as slaves to strange far-away places. We were trained to torture and betray each other. We were deprived of our lands. We were forbidden trade, education, and religion. We, in other lands, had to learn from our masters. In the process, many of us became as our masters, and quickly forgot our awful heritage of suffering.

Some of us see your great struggle. We sympathize. We empathize. We note every little step forward. We extend our spirit of brotherhood and sisterhood and feel your pain.

But, we hesitate. We do not participate, because you do not make it easy for us to relate in a positive manner. You seem to say that you have a private family fight, and we Irish respect your right to privacy.

Josephine Boldt
North Bay, Ontario

Calling Maryland's People

NOTES: We are asking all Indian People within the State of Maryland to band together as an organized people so that we, as a people, can exercise some clout. There are many submerged Indians here, and perhaps by joining in our cause, these lost Indians will again find the Indian path.

Bill Tayac
Piscataway-Conoy Indians
5446 Marlboro Pike
District Heights, Maryland 20028

Curing Ourselves of Sickness

NOTES: I believe the work you are doing is extremely important. It has become obvious to me that the revolution IS happening. It is not quick and it is not extremely violent.

We are all in this together. Unless we recognize our collective power and unite, the opposition (federal government and corporate leaders) will make it harder on us all. DISUNITY is what they have gotten by encouraging racism — by teaching us to fear and hate all people of different races or nationalities.

I believe that many people became aware during the Viet Nam War — aware that we were actually killing our Brothers and Sisters off by the thousands in a distant land, not of a personal hate, nor because they were attacking us, but out of a corporate greed.

The commercial media ignores the situation many of the working people in the U.S. face, and they do it well. That's why our televisions aren't giving us the information we need — instead they just show us Doctors & Cops and Lawyers and Detectives doing their bullshit. And the rest of the time is spent trying to sell us a multitude of Things to put into our bodies and use in our homes.

It is sick. We cannot overcome this sickness in a state of disunity.

Kent Barnett
Springfield, Ohio

Littering At Akwesasne

NOTES: How about putting something in NOTES about littering. Better yet, how about recruiting some of your people or readers and cleaning up Akwesasne. Your young people burn, rob the store owners there and try to get them out of Akwesasne. These people at least tried to keep the town clean. How about doing your part? That Indian they use in the TV commercials about littering should see Akwesasne.

Embarrassed
Massena, New York

On The Meaning Of The Land

FOLKS: Your paper has made a big difference in my life. During the movement to end the war in Vietnam, many of us felt we were working to change American society fundamentally. Recently, I had begun to feel lost and confused in this effort, especially in trying to change myself.

Your paper is part of a great teaching, along with Alcatraz and Wounded Knee, that the Native People are the meaning of this Land. You have also helped me to understand that we are all natives of someplace.

Richard Johnson
Davis, California

Another Scandal Brewing

NOTES: I am an Alaskan Native, living where there are approximately 43% Alaska native residents who have relocated from Alaska. We are going through great turmoil trying to get 13th region recognition. Our leaders in the Senate are too busy to hear our pleas.

We are up against our own kind who have the backing of one of the largest institutions money-wise in the Pacific Northwest. The directors were selected in Salt Lake City, where there are about 5 or 6 Alaskan Natives. Our own Lloyd Meeds, congressman, pats us on our heads with a "Now, these are very clever people you're up against" — sympathy is not what we are striving for.

Marge Kellogg
Everett, Washington



An Undying Love For Peace

NOTES: I have an undying love for peace. I have an understanding of my people. We can do a lot together. United we can solve. United we can help one another.

If the People as a nation works together, the country can be strong, for unity provides that strength. Its beauty, dignity, will show and other nations will see and do likewise. Then we can see our wisdom's influence spread the world over to happiness unlimited.

Joe Mekiana
Anaktuvuk Pass, Alaska

A Claim of Libelous Material

NOTES: Your Autumn, 1976, edition of AKWESASNE NOTES, vol 8, no. 3, page 14, datelined Ventura, California, relating to a murder case in Ventura County contains false untrue material concerning me in the practice of my profession, which is libelous per se.

You state that Skyhorse was "forced" through a damaging "sanity trial". That statement is patently false, and I suggest that you examine the transcript of the "present-sanity" trial. You state that at a time that I was representing Skyhorse, I was also representing Marvin Redshirt and negotiating on his behalf with the District Attorney. That statement is likewise untrue and subject to proof.

The facts are that this office was appointed to represent a number of people charged with the murder of one George Aird on October 28, 1974. We examined the police reports as soon as possible for the purpose of ascertaining if there was a conflict of interest between the various parties and very soon thereafter declared a conflict and was relieved from representation of all of the parties except Paul Durant (aka Skyhorse) and Marvin Redshirt.

We kept these two defendants because Mr. [Richard] Erwin [the head public defender] interviewed Paul Durant and reported that he appeared to be presently insane. That he could not relate any facts concerning the offense and that there was a past record of psychiatric problems. He was also contacted by someone purporting to be Mr. Durant's mother in Chicago who informed him about the availability of a number of psychiatric reports from a hospital there. He thereupon declared a doubt as to Mr. Durant's present sanity. We had doctors appointed and obtained all of the past records we could get, all of which indicated that Mr. Durant was presently insane. It was our thinking at the time that if Mr. Durant was found to be presently insane, he would be committed to a State Hospital and that we could then represent Marvin Redshirt without the possibility of a conflict of interest between the two. I personally tried the present-sanity issue. I at no time discussed the facts of the case with Mr. Durant as, during all of that time, it was my impression that he was so mentally ill that he did not know what had occurred. Also during that period of time I never talked to Marvin Redshirt and never entered upon any plea negotiations with the district attorney regarding Marvin Redshirt.

Although at the time I thought the jury was wrong, they did not find Mr. Durant to be presently insane which then placed me in a position of conflict between Durant and Redshirt so that I could no longer continue representing both parties. Durant had indicated some unhappiness with the outcome of the present sanity trial and appeared to desire other counsel. I therefore declared a conflict as to him and asked the court to appoint an attorney for him.

Thereafter, I interviewed Redshirt and started preparing his case for trial. During the process, I entered into a plea bargain whereby Marvin Redshirt pleaded guilty to S.245 of the Penal Code (assault with a deadly weapon) and was placed on five days probation and sentenced to 250 days in the Ventura County Jail, with credit for time served. The understanding relating to his future testimony was clearly set forth on the record in the Superior Court and is and was available for your inspection. There was no agreement for him to give false testimony and in that respect, your article appears to be a wilful, malicious, false, misleading and libelous statement of the facts designed and intended to injure me in my business, occupation, and profession. As such, it is libel per se and I demand that a complete retraction be published in the next issue of your paper, and that it be printed on the first page of such publication.

This notice is given in order to permit you to mitigate the damages, for which I intend to sue.

Very truly yours,

Kenneth Cleaver, Asst. Public Defender
County of Ventura
Ventura, California

[AKWESASNE NOTES stated that the testimony that Redshirt would give in exchange for his freedom, would be "false testimony". We did not suggest that attorney Cleaver knowingly arranged for false testimony, and we apologize if that is not made completely clear. Also, in the interests of accuracy, it should be said that Cleaver represented Skyhorse at his sanity hearing and at the same time was representing Red Shirt, and later arranged an immunity bargain for Red Shirt after dropping Skyhorse. We should also make it clear there was no intent to injure Cleaver in his practice — we are interested solely in a fair and just trial for Skyhorse and Mohawk based on the Truth. We have referred Cleaver's letter to our attorney, and we will keep our readers in touch with developments. The Editors.]

Unity In Spirit From Poland

NOTES: We send to NOTES and the American Indian Movement the most hearty words of admiration, unity in Spirit and Love, and our assurance of our firm unbroken participation in your just heroic struggle, and strong support in your rightful requirement of Sovereignty, Freedom, Land, and Way of Life.

signed by Kuba Redowski
and 12 other Polish friends
Warsaw, Poland

South Dakota Penitentiary

BROTHERS & SISTERS: In the Late Autumn edition, I read the letter by Vincent Bad Heart Bull written to you from the bastille at Sioux Falls, which is nothing but a political prison. I have been confined for 18 of the past 23 years in prisons and institutions all across this country, and the South Dakota Penitentiary has to be the most racist institution I have ever been incarcerated in. I was born and raised in the South and thought I had seen racism there, but South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, etc., all together cannot equal the amount of racism that exist in South Dakota!

I was a federal prisoner confined to the South Dakota Penitentiary by contract, and lasted exactly seventy-three days. Two actions precipitated my sudden departure on June 22, 1976. First, I was preparing a class-action lawsuit for an inmate against the prison industries there, and second, I typed a Petition of Grievances to South Dakota Governor Richard F. Kneip for the Indians in the institution, which complained of the racist attitudes and actions of the officials of that institution, including Warden Herm Solem, Major Richard Rist, and Dean Henders. That seemed to be the straw that broke the camel's back — and mine.

On June 22nd, I was rousted from my cell and rushed to the Minnehaha County Jail in Sioux Falls, another dungeon, and then on to the U.S. Penitentiary at Leavenworth. I was accused of violating the mail regulations and law library regulations of the South Dakota Penitentiary and making a poor adjustment there. But they have ignored my repeated demands that they bring a disciplinary action forth. My real offense was being a white man who had the courage and convictions to assist the Indians there in their plights.

While there, I saw a guard provoke Curtis Bald Eagle into assaulting him, and when I left, Curtis Bald Eagle was still locked away in the dungeon they call segregation there. The white staff there seriously discriminate against every one of the Indians confined there, and attempt to dehumanize them and degrade them in every manner possible.

I would hope that this letter helps to enlighten all of your readers about the inherent racism alive and well behind the walls "up on The Hill" in Sioux Falls. Everyone should write to racist South Dakota Attorney General William J. Janklow and complain and demand an immediate investigation of that archaic facility and the tragic dehumanization process that is being officially precipitated there.

Communication is definitely a main key to the plight of the brothers behind those walls in Sioux Falls, and every effort must be made to keep in direct communications with them to keep oneself aware of all that happens there. I only hope that someone with some influence can force the changes that are needed to relieve the racists like Solem, Rist, Henders and all the rest of any further responsibility over the prisoners there.

Enclosure
U.S. Prison System

A New New Mexico Group

NOTES: We of the Native American Brotherhood Culture Club here in the prison of Santa Fe had a very productive meeting with the warden and his deputy warden of programs. One of the things we talked about was a painting on the dining room wall portraying an Indian scenery that was very degrading to our culture to say the least. It was agreed by the warden that it should be removed — and it is now removed.

We also asked the warden if we could have an Indian Drum for the proper conducting of our prayer meeting. This was also agreed to.

A working project was also approved and the members voted to make "God's Eyes" for future sale to receive funds for our account for future and more meaningful projects.

Our needs at this time remain huge. Donations of monies, yarn, beads, wooden dowels, leather, culture books and listings of other groups, clubs, organizations that may be of some help.

William Bustamante, Secretary
Native American Brotherhood
POBox 1059
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501

Writing To Precious

BROTHERS & SISTERS: I would appreciate it very much if you would put my name in your newspaper so some sisters and brothers on the reservation can write me in this prison. My name is Belton Brims, but all my friends call me Precious.

Belton Brims 74-B-833
POBox B
Dannemora, New York 12929

Shape Up, Big Mac!

NOTES: In this prison, Indians are denied several important and necessary things — there is no place for Indians to have religious services, nor for classes for educational means, nor for meetings. Nor are they allowed to congregate, find ways to overcome the racism and Nazi-type tactics of this administration.

I will continue to do what I can to help in the struggle, and urge others to speak out. As there is strength in unity, there is unity in strength.

Crazy Larry Harris 88375
Oklahoma State Prison
McAlester, Oklahoma 74501

Still Kansas Prison Hassles

NOTES: This is a protest of the Indian Culture Group. We protest the treatment of the group by the governing administration of the Kansas State Penitentiary. We are being cajoled, harassed, badgered and embarrassed. We are denied equality. We are not recognized as a self-help program. We incarcerated Indians are the forgotten silent minority.

There is a future for all incarcerated Indians — however, that future is dependant in great part upon the institutional administrators and their recognition of us, our solid programs, our cultural values, and our Indian traditions and culture.

Francis Wishteyah, Jr., Chairman
United American Indian Culture Group
POBox 2
Lansing, Kansas 66043

A Young Brother of Ours

NOTES: I am at Brevard Correctional Institution serving a five-year sentence for breaking and entering.

My friends and I used to ride horses on the beach and in the woods away from our home. It was beautiful to be away from the hustle, noise and trash of the town. Just to be away and spend the week out in the woods made me feel at peace with myself and the beauty of the earth around me.

But it was too good to last. Earthmovers came and started tearing down trees, grass, anything in their way. Everywhere we used to ride they barred up, raised fences, banned riding on the beach. Everywhere they'd run us off, saying it was "their land".

The only way I could think of stopping them was to wreck their machines. So I tried. I drove them into ditches. Broke into their storage houses and tore up their supplies and equipment. But it didn't stop them. They came to my father's home and arrested me.

I was fifteen years old then. I was put into adult court and sentenced to five years on August 25, 1975. I was 16 then. I'm 17 now.

I met a man here who received AKWESASNE NOTES. He turned me onto them and onto the Original Americans, a civilization which has endured so many abuses, putdowns, lie after lie from the white man. True, I am white, but I am sick and ashamed of my own people with their stuck-up snobbed masked-face attitude.

I don't have sympathy for the Red Man — I believe in them, in their changing but unchanging life styles and traditions.

Parker Robinson 049218
H-1-C-2-255
POBox 340
Sharps, Florida 32959



Shedding Light on Raleigh

NOTES READERS: As I write here on my steel bunk in this miniature hole they call a cell, I'm wondering if this letter will ever reach you. Last night, November 25, was a regular Tuesday of the regular weeks that continue to arrive slow and take their time to depart, leaving us with nothing but the dull picture of the day before.

But last night was a break in the routine, a night we remember with pride. Thirteen brave men from the unassigned section of the Central Prison Unit in Raleigh held an unexpected and unplanned peaceful demonstration on the West Side Unit, be refusing to return to our cells after returning from supper. The refusal was a plea for a confrontation with the acting superintendent, the purpose being to have a discussion concerning a number of important grievances that have gone unnoticed, and to inquire the reasons behind the unjustified beating of a fellow convict.

letters from prison

Beatings of inmates by sadistic guards has been a constant trend in this unit. I'm sure there are many prisons around the country that have the same, if not worse abuse of human rights and dignity. But for once, the eyes of many who had remained asleep to such episodes were opened, and this beating created a genuine concern among the population.

After our refusal, we were ordered to enter our cells. When the order was ignored, a number of guards were called to the scene with two lieutenants leading the pack. As the lieutenants approached us, we explained the reason for the demonstration, and added that we had no intentions whatsoever of creating a disturbance. The lieutenant said the best thing we could do was to return to our cells, and he would relay our request to the superintendent. He added with a little grin that if we didn't obey his order, he had no alternative but to order his men to forcefully place us in our cells.

So we returned to our cells since our purpose was to remain peaceful. The ending to this story is just a beginning: late that night, they called each one of the 13 men out to have charges read to us: "You are being charged with participating actively in a mutiny, riot or insurrection. Do you wish to make a statement? That will be all, take him away."

S&J Block is a strictly 23-hours lock-up section, and known as the best place to receive a brutal beating. I ask that the NOTES readers write the following inmates to inquire as to their status and treatment, and also that letters be sent to the Inmate Grievance Commission c/o Fred G. Morrison Jr. at the address below, asking for a full investigation I sincerely appreciate any help and support you might grant us.

The 13 men are: Daniel Crisco, Danny Martin, Danny Wade, Francis Davart, Freddy Kee, Joe Swan, John Briggs, Johnny Thacker, Julio John Herencia, Richard Utley, Robert Lee, Robert Ruritt, and Willie Wilson.

The man who received the beating is Larry Buckner.

A prisoner
835 West Morgan St.
Raleigh, North Carolina 27603

... and from the Brothers

BROTHERS & SISTERS: After a period of hassle, the Lakota brothers have banded together and formed our own cultural group, the first ever of its type for this institution. Since then, we have made great strides in uniting all Native Americans incarcerated

A Declared Habitual Brother

SISTERS & BROTHERS: I am a Native North American Indian incarcerated in the British Columbia Penitentiary. It was suggested by brothers here that I submit a brief outline pertaining to my sentence of "Preventative Detention", an indeterminate sentence, as a declared Habitual Criminal, so I could explain the injustice dealt out to me by the judicial system because of my lack of education, ignorance of law, and lack of financial funds.

I am a Shuswap from Kamloops, born August 5, 1935. I attended school at the age of eleven, and completed grade one — this was the extent of my education until 1967, when I went to a Basic Training and Skill Development course at Matsqui Penal Institution.

I have a wife who has stuck by me patiently. We have five children, ages two to fourteen years old. Life for my wife and children has not been easy.

The following is a true account of what happened to me:

At the age of 28, in the City of Vancouver, on March 17, 1964, I was declared a "habitual criminal" and sentenced to preventative detention by Magistrate Douglas Hume. After being sentenced, my attorney advised me not to appeal my case. Needless to say, I did not accept his advice. To the best of my ability, I had and did file my own application for Appeal. Also, I made an application to the Legal Aid Society for legal assistance.

I was informed by the Legal Aid Society that my attorney had advised me not to appeal, therefore, Legal Aid would not assist me. After that, although I was emotionally depressed and did not understand the law procedures, I was still prepared to represent myself in the Court of Appeals.

In April, 1964, at Oakalla Prison, another declared habitual criminal by the name of Thunder Tarlock, one cell away from me, committed suicide by hanging. Because of this incident, a riot broke out one day later. During the riot, I also attempted to commit suicide by hanging. My next recollection was being in the prison hospital under sedation, then being transferred to another section of the prison. It was at this time that I was asked if I would transfer to the B.C. Penitentiary and get away from all the noise caused by the riot. I agreed to the transfer, and was given some papers to sign. Unknowingly, I had signed and waived my rights to appeal — the prison officials did not inform me of what I was signing.

After my arrival at the penitentiary, I wrote a letter to the Court of Appeals Clerk, making inquiries about my appeal. The Court Clerk informed me the Court had ruled my appeal as "abandoned". Since that ruling, I have attempted to seek out ways of getting my case back into the courts for a hearing. I have contacted different people and lawyers. Usually, I am told, it will take a lot of money and without it, it is almost impossible.

I cannot accept the impossibility of regaining my freedom through the courts. Therefore, I continue to strive and hope that one day, I will regain my liberty as a free citizen with equal rights.

My past criminal acts consist of car thefts and property thefts.

I don't have money — the only thing I have is the determination to fight for equal justice — I was not born to be caged in a white man's zoo.

Norman Sanford
POBox 150
New Westminster, British Columbia

Thanks from Joanna LeDeaux

PEOPLE OF NOTES: Though this is very late in getting to you, I nonetheless would like to extend my hands in greeting, warmth, and thanks for the excellent coverage of my case, and also the coverage of events of interest and concern to native Americans. Via AKWESASNE NOTES I was also made aware of the concern people from many different places in the world had for what was happening to today's "Indians".

The native people I met in prison — women and men — were hungry for news from home. In many cases NOTES provided that — in others it was one of the few links to the outside world, and the only tangible part of a culture, a way of life, that sometimes seems so far away, from a distant past.

To the people everywhere, my sisters and brothers whose letters, prayers, and support encouraged me, I can say simply thank you.

Each time I found myself thinking too much of my own situation, I would remember the children I knew from the reservation, whose mothers or fathers are now dead, imprisoned or facing imprisonment, whose parents struggle each day just to provide their families with food, of the terror of irrational violence and to know that this need not be their reality.

Each day I pray for the brothers and sisters who still are not free of institutions, or poverty, or a strange culture. Each day I remember that I am a sovereign native American who will continue to struggle for self-determination.

death
hurts me
miss you
loved you so much
will not see you anymore
cannot talk to you
cannot talk about you
you left so fast
you did not say good-bye
cannot call you on the phone
will take a long long time to forget you
God plans
time heals

— Eileen Marquis

The respected medicine man and chief of the Great Sioux Nation, Lame Deer, passed into the spirit world on December 14. He passed to his children these instructions: "Always pray for the unborn, the little children, the old people, the animal world, the plants, the creatures of the sea, and the winged creatures. Those who are between childhood and old age have minds of their own, and can think for themselves. You cannot guide their paths — for they make up their own minds themselves. Some are strong in the white man's way. Help only those who want the traditional religion and want to help themselves. . . Tell the people that some place, a medicine man, Lame Deer, prays for them each and every day." Lame Deer was buried by Selo Black Crow, a young Lakota medicine man and spiritual leader. Leonard Crow Dog had a ceremony in prison. Ellis Chips and Godfrey Chips had a sacred pipe ceremony on the night of the burial. Lame Deer's pipe was passed on to his son, Archie Fire Lame Deer. Our grandfather used to make us laugh with his jokes when we talked with him — we hope his journey to the spirit world is a happy one.

Goodbye

Grampa!
the news came today,
earth who was your mother
gave to the Wakan wind
her son Lame Deer.
You, who raised your pipe
for all living beings
as the sun raised every morning.
you, who went to the vision hill
saw the world below you
yet walked with those who need.
you who called me every night
at 1 a.m. to read my mind
and guide my heart
like a prayer feather lifts the smoke
your words lifted my spirit
lifted the spirit of all beings.
no wonder that
white mans medicine
could not trap your life.
we shall not seek you
laid out in a grave.
we shall seek you now
in the wisdom of laughter
and the strength of natural ways,
there with your pipe
until we all may laugh again
together
Pikamaya Tunkasila Tacka Ushte.

Honor Eagle

The promise he gave us in his laughing wisdom and loving heart still lives.

And a birth, as the cycles of the Creation keep moving:

From within the lake

Father Sun sent me

Within the lake

our journey began From the Mountains

From the Mountains

Grandmother sent me

A mountain on my mother

our journey began

Instructed to carry

on this journey

A song, a dance, a language, a thanksgiving

the way of the journey

In the Universe

I am born

Oyaygee Aakaya Pin

The Frost on Top of the Mountain

(a son is born to Coyote of the Ylakis and Tsewaa of Tesuque Pueblo, Tewa Nation)

Marvin John Orr, chief of the People of Fort MacKay, Alberta, was killed in a car accident. He had been active in improving housing conditions. He worked as a carpenter's assistant building and renovating homes. The accident on November 14, came when a tire blew in a vehicle driven by friends. He was 30 years old.

Charles Soller, assistant solicitor for Indian Affairs in the U.S. Department of Interior, died of cancer on October 25, in Washington, D.C.

Grandma Josette Wahwassuck, who was loved by her many grandchildren during the siege on Wounded Knee in which she participated and acted as midwife, passed into the Spirit World this October, called to join her People. Her friends, family and people gathered for a traditional funeral, singing special songs to ease her on her journey. She was Bear Clan of the Pottawatomi.

The Salish, Pend D'Orielles and Kootenai People lost their oldest member last year when Alphonsine Lozeau Murray, age 103, passed on. She was born in 1873.

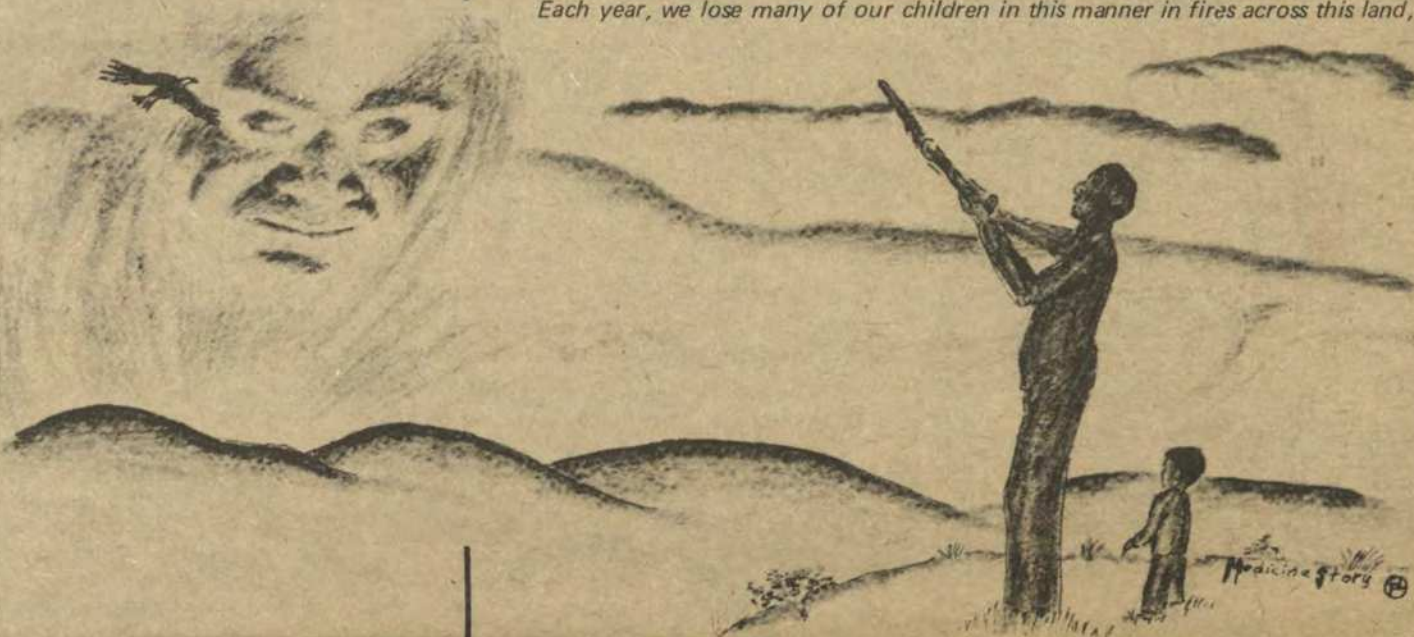


Leo C. Cooper, president of the Seneca Nation in the 1950s, died at age 67 this winter.

Morris Wheelock, 76, a leader of the Oneida People of Wisconsin, passed on this autumn. He was chief when the Oneidas came under the Indian Reorganization Act in the 1930s, and he served on the national council of the Consolidated Tribes of the American Indians.

Emma S. Johnson, 73, a widely-known Yavapai basket weaver and the first person from Ft. McDowell Reservation to protest against the proposed construction of the Orme Dam, passed on in December. She is buried now with her family, about whom she had written to the U.S. Congress: "My [family] is buried here. When I think that they will be under water, I always cry. But I will not move. I will die right here. No white people would let us do this to their place." She leaves her People to continue that struggle under the strength of her spirit.

Gone are the four children of Clarence Manitowabi of Manitowaning, Manitoulin Island. Albert, 8 months; Christopher, two years; Cynthia, three years; Anita, four years, died when an overheated woodstove ignited their newly-constructed government home while their mother was away at an adult school in Sudbury. Each year, we lose many of our children in this manner in fires across this land,



My Grandfather, My Son, My Grandfather:

You my Grandfather, who came to me,
by way of my wife, your mother, as my son,
during the coming of the new spring,
are now again my Grandfather.

You saw the changing of the clothes of Mother Earth
six times — with each changing season, so you changed
everything around you. You did not stop to rationalize
everything you saw, as your Mother and I were taught to do.
Instead, you saw, and heard, what was — and not
what I tried to tell you that was.

As my Grandfather, you gave me the power to see you as
my son. For as my Grandfather, you gave me the power
of dream to dream of what was,
and of what tomorrow would be.
You would be my tomorrow.
As my son, you gave me the joys of living a new day
to be able to see the one that would follow.
You made it possible for me to learn things
that I did not know, things that only something new can bring.
Through you, I was able to see, and feel, to laugh and cry
at all the beauty that Mother Earth has given us,
and at all the ugliness that civilization has brought.

When the Great Spirit saw it in his power to need you
again, to be again my Grandfather, it was only 22 moons
of your sixth seeing of spring.

As a man of physical make-up, I felt the crushing pressure
of sorrow, and grief, knowing that I would not be able to touch,
and hold and kiss and cry with you.

But on the fourth night, I was made aware, by you, that
you were again my Grandfather.
Now you enable me to see that you again will come,
when you so choose. Now you again give me
the power of dream for tomorrow,
to dream of you as my son again.
For the sacred hoop of life between you and me
can never be broken. As the sacred hoop goes in a circle,
so my life. I am you.
You are my Grandfather.
My Grandfather is my father.
My Father is me.
And again I am you.

So, my Grandfather, my Son, my Grandfather —
I await for you/me to return.

[These thoughts are about the son of Fernando and Oralann Rodriguez, who
liked to be remembered as the youngest and bravest warrior at the Alexiar
Abbey when it was occupied by the Menominee Warriors Society. His name is
Monolito.

wear your feathers
wear your beads
imitation spirit
walking the streets . . .

pieces of copper
pieces of silver
hang round you like
bargained spectres of
mountains and
rivers

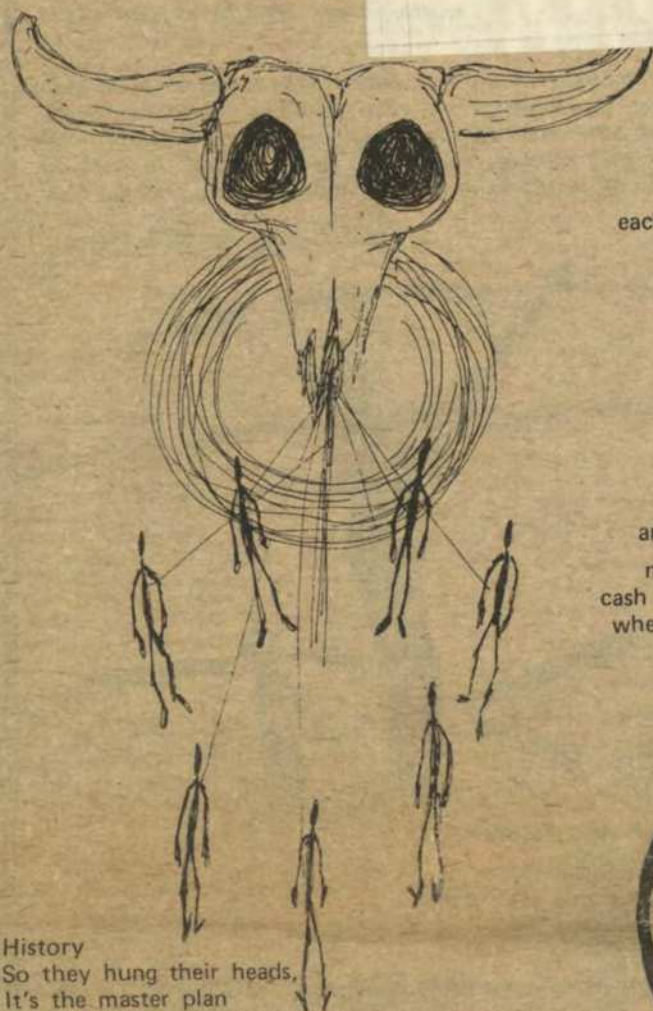
broken treaties
broken bodies
broken dreams
broken minds
broken land of unity

happy birthday america
child of illusionmaker of images
spinner

welcome
home
purification



Ray Shackelton /1
RD 1, Box 146
Bristol, Vermont 05443



History

So they hung their heads,
It's the master plan
You laid out

— and now you demand my spirit
But I am stronger than you,
wasichu.

The little ones are strong and
The old ones grow strong again.

Forget your dream called manifest destiny
Forget your dream of genocide —
It won't happen,
Ever.

Now you put on the costumes
More fancy than ours,
With bone flutes you
Haven't earned,
Doing steps that
Mean nothing.
Do you spend that money
To mock us,
Confuse us?
What is it, exactly,
You want?

— you demand my spirit
but maybe in the demanding
you will find yours.

— Barbara Booth

TO A PLANT (MEDICINE)

Sickness has entered our lodge
Sickness has entered into our brother
There is pain
There is weakness
There is sadness
Sickness will not leave our lodge

Little plant
Small and frail
Give up your beauty
Give us your life and strength
Lend your healing power

Drive away the sickness from our lodge
Drive away the sickness from our brother
Ease his pain
Give him strength
Give us gladness
Bring health into our lodge.

— Basil H. Johnston

Buffalo cougar bear
are magic
but the long death has begun
is happening with our consent

wild beings play for time
know we deny our own wildness
each time we eliminate it in other beasts
but do we know this

after buffalo cougar bear are gone
there'll be that much less magic

after the last saguaro
has been used for target practice
what'll hold its arms
to the desert each night

nothing —

no coyote to curl his tongue
around a howl and hurl it at the moon

nothing left but the sound of Circle K
cash registers and the clink of beer bottles
where a hundred years ago Cochise stood

— Franz Douskey



It was late one night and we all sat around together by the fire
When the old man began to talk —
I can not tell you when these things began
I have forgotten the season
So distant and long ago it was
But when generations passed
These things come to you
Share them with your children
Instruct them to do the same
These are the things of our father
So listen to what is said
For this knowledge will sustain you
Through all the seasons to come
Because this is how he made it
Listen to the words of those gone too
Remember them well he said
For there is wisdom and knowledge to guide you —
Like our father
But ancestors wish us a long life
Like our ancestors
We wish a long life for you. Listen — listen well
Hear the things said
And believe in them
You will not lose the way
Nor will darkness enfold you
For our father promised light
So I listened and I heard what the old man said
He began to teach me and I remember well
I will tell my children — all the things I learned
And they will tell theirs — this is how it is From out of nothingness
Our father creator came
And with him vast knowledge
He instructed our ancestors
About the elements and things therein
From these would come, he said
A long and prosperous life
To help us remember the way
He gave us certain things
These are the laws he said
Know them — live by them
You must depend upon them
And therefore depend upon me —
Because he knew of our weaknesses
He also added this
From time to time I will send you messengers
When I see that you have strayed from the way
They will give you instructions from me
Listen and follow them —
Now you, the people, the animals and the elements
You will live among one another
You will live upon one another
I have arranged it so
Go and live in the lands I have prepared for you
There is an abundance and enough to go around
Remember this —
The land and earth — they are one and the same
It is your mother — treat her with respect
As our children know we will look after you
Know me with reverence — I will protect you
Know her with respect — she will feed you
This is how it was — this is how it is. . .

Cheryl Jackson

Walk In Beauty

Walk in beauty
tread softly on the rickety floor
baby is sleeping
now.

Don't disturb him
He'll too soon waken.

Walk in beauty
as he creeps across the wood
exploring every footstep in
search

Of what shall be
He'll too soon know.

Walk in beauty
as you guide his little steps
baby is awake
now.

You must not sleep
He needs you.

Walk in beauty
for when he is old enough to understand
you must gently tell
him.

For he must know

To walk in beauty
And in beauty
See.

— Monie

